92
C392

92
C392
MARYLAND
DIOCESAN LIBRARY.
Lending Dep't.
Gift of Wm. J. C. Gray.
1903.

St. Mark's Library
THE
General Theological
Seminary

SERMO · TUUS · VERITAS · EST

Chelsea Square · New York

Maryland Diocesan Library
The Memorial Library
of the Reverend Edwin A. Dalrymple.
Whittingham Collection

JOHN C. GRAY
FROM THE LIBRARY OF
REV. W. S. SOUTHGATE

CRITICISMS ON THE FIRST EDITION.

"Forty years ago, Mr. Cottle and myself thought nothing more could be gleaned respecting Chatterton. You, however, have struck on a new vein in the mine of Biographical investigation—your perseverance is most creditable—so is your work."

FROM A LETTER FROM ROBERT SOUTHEY TO THE AUTHOR.

"Mr. Dix has so completely written the Life of Chatterton, that the labours of future biographers can well be spared."

JOHN FOSTER.—Vide Works.

"Mr. Dix's excellent Biography."

MRS. S. C. HALL.—(Art Union.)

"By far the best Life of the 'Marvellous Boy' which has hitherto appeared."

ATHÆNEUM.

THE LIFE

OF

THOMAS CHATTERTON;

INCLUDING HIS

UNPUBLISHED POEMS AND CORRESPONDENCE.

BY JOHN DIX,

AUTHOR OF "PEN PICTURES OF POPULAR ENGLISH PREACHERS,"
"PEN AND INK SKETCHES," ETC.

LONDON:

PARTRIDGE & OAKEY, PATERNOSTER ROW.

MDCCCLI.

92
C392

190219

MARYLAND DIOCESAN
LIBRARY

PREFACE.

EIGHTY-one years have elapsed since the death of Thomas Chatterton; and his memoirs, which have appeared from several pens, seemed to the author of this biography to have held up the shadowed side of his brief life to public observation, and to have studiously concealed those traits in his character, which should have rescued him from the ill nature of those who neglected him whilst living, and traduced him when dead. Much new information respecting "the marvellous boy" having fallen into the author's hands, he has with pleasure performed a task which has not been altogether devoid of difficulties. These, however, have been considerably lessened by the kind offices

of friends, and it is his pleasing duty to acknowledge the assistance he has received.

To John Matthew Gutch, Esq., the author is especially indebted for the use of his unrivalled "Haslewood" collection of Chatterton papers. To Dr. Southey, and to Joseph Cottle, Esq., for valuable assistance. To George Cumberland, Esq., for his appendix. To W. Tyson, Esq., for his most interesting communication respecting Chatterton's early poems; and to Dr. Dalton for the loan of works connected with the subject.

THE LIFE

OF

THOMAS CHATTERTON.

THOMAS CHATTERTON, the son of Thomas and Sarah Chatterton, was born on the 20th of November, in the year 1752, in a house situated on Redcliff Hill, behind the shop now occupied by Mr. Self, Chemist. Of his family comparatively little is known; indeed, until after his death, from their humble station, few or no inquiries were made respecting them, and after that occurrence, intense grief, or perhaps a feeling of indignation against those who neglected him whilst living, but who sought to spread his fame, from interested motives, when fame was no longer an object of pursuit to its young aspirant, may have deterred them from satisfying the numerous inquiries which poured upon them from various quarters; especially when in some instances the request assumed the character of a menace, and a threat that the name of their gifted relative should be transmitted to posterity with the brand of infamy upon it, unless they gave up all his papers and letters in their possession.

The father of Chatterton was, in the early part of his life, a writing master to a classical school; he afterwards became sub-chaunter of the Cathedral of Bristol, which office he held, together with that of master of the free school in Pyle Street, at the time of his death.

The edition of the works of Chatterton, published in 1803, contains an anecdote of the method the father took, when he was sexton of Redcliff Church, to obtain money from some ladies. This anecdote, it was said, was communicated by a gentleman of Bristol, who was present at the transaction. But it happens, unfortunately for the veracity of the gentleman in question, that Chatterton's father never was sexton of Redcliff Church; his uncle, John Chatterton, having been the last of the family who held that office: he was elected to it, March, 1725, and continued in it till his death, which happened in the year 1748. A catch for three voices is also inserted in the work referred to, communicated by Edward Williams, the Welsh bard; the words and music of which are said to be Mr. Chatterton's, and where he is also perversely called the sexton of St. Mary Redcliff.

If the catch was really composed by him, it ill accords with the character which Mr. Gardner gives of him—"a complete master of the theory and practice of music." That he had made some proficiency in the science is certain, from the situation he held in the choir of the Cathedral.

That he was a man of some talent and shrewdness is evident, from the various testimonials of those who knew him well, but he was inclined to dissipated habits and was of a "brutal disposition."* The house in which he lived had only two sitting

* Mrs. Edkins. Vide Appendix, for which I am indebted to G. Cumberland, Esq.

rooms, and he often passed the whole night roaring out catches in one of them, with some of the lowest rabble of the parish. His wife he always treated with the greatest indifference, and once, upon being asked why he married her, he coolly replied, "*solely for a housekeeper.*" Mrs. Chatterton has been described as a plain, worthy woman, without any extraordinary qualities; and as having been most devotedly attached to her son. Her husband died on the 7th of August, 1752, and his posthumous son was born in the November following. "By the premature loss of his father," says Dr. Gregory, "he was deprived of that careful attention, which would probably have conducted his early years through all the difficulties, that circumstances or disposition might oppose to the attainment of knowledge." That he was not likely to experience much "careful attention" from his father, may be inferred from the fact of the ill usage Mrs. Chatterton received from him; and few will doubt, that as the *wife* was treated with harshness and neglect, the *son* would have experienced similar treatment.

At the age of five years Chatterton was placed under the care of a Mr. Love, who succeeded to the office of schoolmaster on the death of his father; but such was his apparent dulness or incapacity, that, after exhausting the patience of his schoolmaster, he was sent back to his mother with the character of a stupid boy, and one who was absolutely incapable of receiving instruction. Chatterton, however, is not the only instance of this kind; many of those, whose names stand high in the various departments of science and literature, gave no intimation in the dawning of their days, of that splendour, which afterwards eclipsed the lesser light of some whose morning was full of promise.

On his removal from the Pyle Street school, his widowed mother, who was rendered extremely unhappy by what appeared a most untoward circumstance, herself commenced teaching her son, but her efforts were all in vain, and she almost despaired of ever even teaching him his letters. "Many," says Mrs. Edkins, "were the uneasinesses that his singularities caused his mother, and until he was six years and a half old she thought him to be an absolute fool, and often, when correcting him, told him so." But, on her one day showing him an old musical manuscript, in French, with illuminated capitals, with it, to use her own words, *he fell in love*. From this manuscript he learned the alphabet, and he soon afterwards was able to read in an old black lettered Bible. This circumstance, it is possible, may have caused in some degree his inclination for antiquarian research. His progress was now as rapid as it had formerly been tardy, and we learn, from the authority just quoted, that "at *seven* he visibly improved, to his mother's joy and surprise; and at *eight* years of age he was so eager for books, that he read from the moment he waked, which was early, until he went to bed, if they would let him." He now began to borrow books of all his acquaintance; and he would frequently assure his mother and sister, that when he grew up he would repay them for their trouble in teaching him, promising them plenty of finery as a reward for their care.

His thirst for fame discovered itself at a very early age; before he was five years old he was the master of his playmates, "and they his hired servants."* And on one occasion, when a friend promised to make Mrs. Chatterton's children a present of some earthenware, on asking young Chat-

* Mr. Newton's Letter.

terton what device he would have painted on his, he replied, "paint me an angel, with wings and a trumpet, to trumpet my name over the world."

Under the tuition of his mother and sister he remained for nearly three years, during the latter part of which period he was much engaged in reading all the books he could procure. He scarcely ever drank anything but water, and frequently when his mother had a hot meal, which it appears was an uncommon occurrence, he would refuse to take any thing but bread and water, alleging, as his reason, that "he had a work in hand, and he must not make himself more stupid than God had made him." He also occupied himself with mechanical pursuits, and "if any thing was out of order he was always set to mend it;" indeed, his ingenuity in the mechanic arts was surprising, and he used to observe, "a man might do any thing he chose." At other times he would sit crying for hours, nobody knew why; and once, when he was in one of his silent moods, his mother exclaimed, "*when will this stupidity cease?*" A friend of Mrs. Chatterton, who was present, said to him, "*I wish your father was alive, he would manage you;*" at which, starting, he replied, "*I wish he was!*" uttering a deep sigh, and speaking no more for a long time.

The house in which Mrs. Chatterton at this time resided was situated on Redcliff Hill, nearly opposite the upper church gate, at the corner of Colston's Parade. In it was a small room generally used for the purpose of keeping lumber, &c.; the door was locked, but young Chatterton prevailed on his mother to give him the use of the apartment, and to entrust the key to his care; this he called his own room, and here he frequently spent hours together in solitude; but it does not

appear that at this time he produced either any poetry or prose, as the fruit of his study.

On the 3rd of August, 1760, at the age of seven years and nine months, Chatterton was admitted into Colston's school; through whose influence it does not appear, nor is the matter of much importance. This establishment is situated on St. Augustine's Back, in Bristol, and was founded, in 1708, by Edward Colston, Esq., a character for whom Chatterton ever appears to have felt great veneration. The rules of the school are strict; the boys are boarded in the house; the school hours in summer are—from seven o'clock to twelve in the morning, and from one to five in the afternoon; and in winter, from eight to twelve, and from one to four. The boys are obliged to be in bed every night in the year at eight o'clock, and are never permitted to be absent from school, except on Saturdays and saints' days, and then only from between one and two in the afternoon to between seven and eight in the evening. The boys are clothed by the charity, and they are taught nothing but reading, writing, and arithmetic. Chatterton, on his first entering the school, was very proud of his election. "Here," said he, exultingly, "I shall get all the learning I want:" but the young enthusiast had not been long an inmate of the establishment before he became wearied and disgusted with the monotony of his scholastic duties, which were such as to qualify him for a trade; and asserted that "he could not learn so much at school as he could at home, for they had not books enough there." The same anti-mercantile spirit evinced itself in after-life. In a letter dated London, 20th July, 1770, and addressed to his sister, he says, "my company is courted every where; and could I humble myself to go into a

compter, I could have had twenty places before now, but I must be among the great; *state* matters suit me better than *commercial*."

After he had been at the school about two years, he began, by means of the small portion of pocket money allowed him by his mother, to hire books from a shop then kept by Mr. Goodal, nearly opposite the Cider-house Passage, in Broad Street; and Mrs. Newton states, in her letter to the author of "Love and Madness," on the authority of the usher of the school, that at this period he made rapid progress in arithmetic. Between his eleventh and twelfth years he wrote a catalogue of books he had read, to the number of seventy; history and divinity were the chief subjects; and he used to retire for the purpose of reading, during the hours allotted for play.

The assistant-master of Colston's school at this time was one Thomas Phillips, who it appears, notwithstanding the disadvantage of a very confined education, possessed a taste for history and poetry; of the latter the magazines and other periodicals of that time furnish no very contemptible specimen. The poetical attempts of Phillips excited a kind of literary emulation amongst the elder classes of the scholars, but Phillips, to the mortification of his opponent, always came off victorious. Chatterton in all these contentions took no part, appearing merely as an idle spectator, no ways interested in the business of the drama, apparently possessing neither inclination, nor indeed ability, for literary pursuits. At this time, however, there can be little doubt but that he was preparing himself for higher and nobler achievements; not expending the knowledge he had already acquired in fruitless exertions, but storing it up, and adding thereto in the garner of his

capacious mind, against a period when he might, like the Israelitish stripling, go forth, and fearlessly encounter the Goliaths of literature. Owing to such pursuits, his spirits were widely different from those of youths of his own age. Instead of the thoughtless levity of childhood, he possessed the pensiveness, gravity, and melancholy, of maturer life. He was frequently so lost in contemplation, that for many days together he would say but very little, and that apparently by constraint. His intimates in the school were few, and those of the most serious cast.

It was, and still is, I believe, customary for the boys educated at Colston's school to take the post of door-keepers in rotation, the office continuing for the space of a week at a time in the occupation of one boy. Of course the lad in office had much leisure time during this period, and Chatterton, in the week he held the situation, composed several verses on the last day; these are not to be found. Mrs. Newton thinks there were about eighteen lines. He also paraphrased the ninth chapter of Job, and some chapters in Isaiah. After he began to write poetry his disposition changed in some measure; the gloom that had hung over him was partially dispelled, and he became somewhat cheerful. His sister also mentions having made him a present of a pocket book, as a new-year's gift; which he filled at intervals with pieces of poetry, and at the end of the year presented to her.

No sooner had he begun to put couplets together than his inclination for satire developed itself, and occasionally his schoolmaster and his fellow pupils and friends felt its force. To use his own words, recorded not long afterwards, he had "an unlucky way of railing, and when the strong fit of satire was on him, spared neither friend nor foe." Satire

was his forte, if any thing could be called his forte, who excelled in every thing he undertook. The earliest of these compositions with which we are acquainted was transcribed by Sir Herbert Croft, from an old pocket book in his mother's possession; probably the one which had been given to Chatterton by his sister, and by him returned to her. "It appears," says Sir Herbert, "to be his first, perhaps his only, copy of it, and is evidently his hand writing. By the date, he was eleven years and almost five months old. It is not the most extraordinary performance in the world; but, from the circumstance of Chatterton's parentage and education, it is unlikely, if not impossible, that he should have met with any assistance or correction; whereas, when we read the ode which Pope wrote at twelve, and another of Cowley at thirteen, we are apt to suspect a parent, friend, or tutor, of an amiable dishonesty, of which we feel perhaps that we should be guilty. Suspicions of this nature touch not Chatterton. He knew no tutor, friend, or parent, at least no parent who could correct or assist him.

The following poem appears to have been aimed at somebody who had formerly been a Methodist, but who afterwards left that body and joined the Established Church from mercenary motives, and who, it appears, preached the gospel merely for the sake of putting money in his pocket. Chatterton ever had a contempt for religious hypocrites, and never failed to lash their vices when they came under his notice. In the letter of Mr. Thistlethwaite to Dean Milles, Mr. T. states, that Chatterton told him, in case all his resources in London should fail, he would turn Methodist preacher; but this, as Dr. Gregory justly remarks, "might have been no more than a temporary piece of

gaiety, and that he might still, though released from religious scruples, have abhorred the dishonourable character of a hypocrite."

APOSTATE WILL.

"In days of yore, when Wesley's power
Gather'd new strength by every hour;
Apostate Will, just sunk in trade,
Resolv'd his bargain should be made;
Then strait to Wesley he repairs,
And puts on grave and solemn airs;
Then thus the pious man address'd:
'Good sir, I think your doctrine best;
Your servant will a Wesley be,
Therefore the principles teach me.'
The preacher then instructions gave
How he in this world should behave:
He hears, assents, and gives a nod,
Says, 'every word's the word of God;'
Then, lifting his dissembling eyes,
'How blessed is this sect!' he cries;
'Nor Bingham, Young, nor Stillingfleet,
Shall make me from this sect retreat.'
He then his circumstance declar'd,
How hardly matters with him far'd,
Begg'd him next meeting *for* to make
A small collection for his sake.
The preacher said, 'do not repine,
The whole collection shall be thine.'
With looks demure, and cringing bows,
About his business straight he goes.
His outward acts were grave and prim,
The Methodist appear'd in him;
But, be his outward what it will,
His heart was an apostate's still.
He'd oft profess an hallow'd flame,
And every where preach'd Wesley's name;
He was a preacher, and what not,
As long as money could be got;
He'd oft profess, with holy fire,
'The labourer's worthy of his hire.'
It happen'd, once upon a time,
When all his works were in their prime,
A noble place appear'd in view;
Then to the Methodists adieu.

A Methodist no more he'll be,
The Protestants serve best for *he*.
Then to the curate strait he ran,
And thus address'd the reverend man:
'I was a Methodist, 'tis true;
With penitence I turn to you:
O that it were your bounteous will
That I the vacant place might fill!
With justice I'd myself acquit,
Do every thing that's right and fit.
The curate straightway gave consent—
To take the place he quickly went;
Accordingly he took the place,
And keeps it with dissembled grace."

April 14, 1764.

It is evident, from this poem, that even at the early age at which it was written, he was conversant with the works of Young, Stillingfleet, and Bingham; and, no doubt, if the catalogue of books which he wrote out could be procured, their works would be found among the list of those he had studied.

The only holidays which the blue coat boys ever had were, as before stated, on saints' days and on Saturday afternoons; on these occasions, Chatterton always spent the time allowed him at home, generally in the room which he designated as his own: here he frequently remained without meals for many hours, returning from it with face and hands completely begrimed. In this room he had a pounce bag of charcoal, a great nub of ochre, and a bottle of black lead powder; and the table was covered with letters, papers, and parchments. Sometimes, however, he would write on the seat of a window, which was high, and to accomplish which he was obliged to stand on a chair. If any of his mother's pupils interrupted him, he would get down from it in a great rage, and strike them to make them quiet. Occasionally his mother would take the children into an upper room, when he was thus engaged, that he might not be disturbed.

There can be little doubt but that Chatterton contemplated the production of the Rowleian MSS. before he entered Colston's school, and that he was engaged in forwarding his design during the time he was an inmate of that establishment. A strong proof of this supposition is contained in the letter of Mr. Thistlethwaite to Dean Milles. "Going down Horse Street," he says, "near the school, during the summer of 1764, I accidentally met with Chatterton; entering into conversation with him, the subject of which I do not now recollect, he informed me he was in possession of certain old MSS. which had been deposited in a chest in Redcliffe Church, and that he had lent some or one of them to Phillips. Within a day or two after this I saw Phillips, and repeated to him the information I had received from Chatterton. Phillips produced a MS. on parchment or vellum, which I am confident was *Elenoure and Juga*, a kind of pastoral eclogue, afterwards published in the Town and Country Magazine for May, 1769. The parchment or vellum appeared to have been closely pared round the margin, for what purpose or by what accident I know not, but the words were evidently entire and unmutilated.

"As the writing was yellow and pale, manifestly as I conceive by age, and consequently difficult to decipher, Phillips had with his pen traced and gone over several of the lines, (which, as far as my recollection serves, were written in the manner of prose, and without any regard to punctuation;) and by that means laboured to attain the object of his pursuit, an investigation of their meaning. I endeavoured to assist him, but, from an almost total ignorance of the characters, manners, language, and orthography, of the age in which the lines were written, all our efforts were

unprofitably exerted; and although we arrived at an explanation, and corrected many of the words, still the sense was notoriously deficient.

"For my own part, having little or no taste for such studies, I repined not at the disappointment; Phillips, on the contrary, was to all appearance mortified; indeed, much more so than at that time I thought the object deserved; expressing his sorrow at his want of success, and repeatedly declaring his intention of resuming the attempt at a future period."

This statement of Mr. Thistlethwaite is strongly corroborative of the evidence adduced by Mrs. Edkins, for the details of which the reader is referred to the appendix by Mr. Cumberland; and when we consider, that during the period which elapsed from his learning to read to that of his entering Colston's school, he was frequently, for days together, alone in his private room, where he kept all his antiquating materials, the presumption is strongly in favour of his having, even then, begun, at least, the frame-work of the Rowley poems.

But a stronger proof that he had commenced the Rowley papers is afforded by the circumstance of his having produced the De Burgham pedigree, whilst an inmate of that seminary. For much of the information respecting this production of Chatterton, I am indebted to Mr. Joseph Cottle, who possesses the original MS., and who has made it the subject of an essay in his "Malvern Hills."

Mr. Burgum, (partner of Mr. Catcott,) was a pewterer, who had come to Bristol, early in life, in a very humble capacity, from Gloucestershire. He had often noticed Chatterton, as an acute blue-coat boy, fond of books, and had occasionally given small sums of money. Mr. Burgum was a vain man, credulous, and fond of notoriety; of whose

mind Chatterton had, no doubt, taken an admeasurement, and, as a proof of his discernment, gravely practised on him the deception most likely to succeed with one who longed for the distinction of an illustrious and ancient descent.

One Saturday afternoon, during his holiday hours, Chatterton called on Mr. Burgum, (whose business was then carried on in the house now occapied by Messrs. Saunders, Bristol Bridge,) in the school dress, and with great solemnity told him that he had made a great discovery! "What?" said Mr. Burgum eagerly, "Why," replied the young bard, "that you are related, in lineal descent, to some of the first nobles of the land." "I did not know it, Tom," was Mr. Burgum's reply. "Perhaps not," rejoined Chatterton; "but amongst the treasures I have obtained from Redcliff Church room, I have found *your* pedigree, clearly traced from a very remote period." On Mr. Burgum's expressing an urgent desire to see so extraordinary a document, Chatterton promised to transcribe the pedigree from the original manuscripts. Having no pence to spare, Chatterton had not been able to procure a book to copy it in, but, recollecting that he had one half written through, he appropriated it to the purpose. The writing alluded to was portions of ancient poems, translated from the originals, with the following title: "Poems by Thomas Rowley, priest of St. John's, in the city of Bristol, containing the Tournament and Interlude; and a piece by Cannynge, called the Gouler's (Usurer's) Requiem."

A few days after his promise to Mr. Burgum, he presented him with the book alluded to, to which was prefixed the De Burgham arms, laboriously painted on parchment, and which bore all the appearance of an ancient document. It may be

important to state, that it is the same *kind* of parchment as that on which all the presumed originals of Rowley are written, now placed in the British Museum. The title of the book is "An Account of the family of the De Burghams, from the Norman Conquest to this time; collected from Original Records, Tournament Rolls, and the Heralds of March and Garter Records, by T. Chatterton." Chatterton stated that the documents in Redcliff Church extended only to a certain period, and that he had been obliged to fill up the hiatus by a reference to other sources.

We may conceive the exultation of Mr. Burgum, when he first perused this singular document, on finding that he was descended from Sir Simon de Leyncte Lyze, *alias* Lenliz, in the reign of William the Conqueror, who married Matilda, daughter of Waltheof, Earl of Northumberland, Northampton, and Huntingdon, of Burgham Castle, in Northumberland. Not doubting the validity of the record, in which his own honours were so deeply implicated, he presented the poor blue-coat boy, who had been so fortunate in *finding* so much, and so assiduous in his endeavours to collect the remainder, with the plebeian remuneration of *five shillings*. Five shillings, however, was more by half-a-crown than poor Chatterton had expected to receive; and observing that Mr. Burgum thought it unnecessary to question him very minutely as to the miraculous manner in which this precious document was preserved for so many ages, amid the revolution of states and the decay of empires, he, a fortnight afterwards, presented the pewterer with a second book, being a supplement to the pedigree, bearing the following title:—"Continuation of the Account of the Family of the De Burghams, from the Norman Conquest to this time, by T. Chatterton."

In this second part, to flatter his Mæcenas, as well as to remove suspicion, Chatterton introduced one of the identical poems which he said he had found in the muniment room, in the true old English, with a modernization by himself. But the singularity was augmented by its being found that the following *genuine* old poem, which was entitled, "The Romaunte of the Cnyghte," was absolutely written by John De Burgham, one of Mr. Burgum's own ancestors! who was, according to Chatterton, "the greatest ornament of his age," and whom he introduces in the following familiar way:—"To give you, (Mr. Burgum) an idea of the poetry of the age, take the following piece, wrote about 1320."

"THE ROMAUNTE(*a*) OF THE CNYGHTE,(*b*)

BY JOHN DE BERGHAM.

"The sunne ento Vyrgyne was gotten,
The floureys al arounde onsprynedi, (*c*)
The woddie (*d*) grassie blaunched (*e*) the fenne
The quenis ermyne arised fro bedde;
Syr knyhte dyd ymounte oponn a stede
Ne rouncie(*f*) ne drybbette(*g*) of make
Thanne asterte (*h*) for dur'sie(*i*) dede
Wythe morglaie(*l*) hys fooemeune(*m*) to make blede,
Eke(*n*) swythyn(*o*) as wynde. Trees, theyre harty to shake,
Al doune in a delle a merke(*r*) derne delle

a ROMAUNTE, romance.
b CNYGHTE, knight.
c ONSPRYNGED, faded, fallen.
d WODDIE, woody.
e BLAUNCHED, whitened.
f ROUNCIE, a cart-horse, or one put to menial services.
g DRYBBLETTE, small, little.
h ASTERTE, passed, or went forth.
i DUR'SIE, from duress, hardship, signifying hardness.
l MORGLAIE, a fatal sword.
m FOOEMEUNE, foes.
n Eke, also.
o SWYTHYN, quickly.
r MERKE, dark.

Where coppys, eke thighe trees there bee,
There dyd he perchaunce(*o*) I see
A damoselle askedde for ayde on her kne
An cnyghte dydde bie her stonde
Hee hollyd herr faeste bie her honde,
Discorteous cnyghte, I doe praie now thou telle
Whirst doeste thee be soe to the Damselle.
The knyghte him assoled(*p*) eftsoones,(*q*)
Itte beethe ne mattere of thyne,
Begon for I wayte notte thye boones.

The knyghte sed I proon on thie gaberdyne (*r*)
Alyche (*s*) boars enchafed (*t*) to fyghte heie flies.
The discoorteous knyghte bee strynge (*u*) botte strynger the righte,
The dynne (*v*) bee herde a'myle, for fuire (*w*) in the fyghte,
Tyl the false knyghte, y fallentre and dyes.

Damoysel, quod the knyghte, now comme thou wi me,
Y wotte (*x*) welle quod shee I nede thee ne fere,
The knyghte yfallen badd wolde I schulde bee,
Butte loe he ys dedde maie ilte spede heavenwere. (*y*)

For the better information of Mr. Burgum, Chatterton modernized this poem, and so delighted was the pewterer with the idea of his being descended from one of the sons of Parnassus, that he presented his informant with a second five shillings. This pedigree, one of the most ingenious and complicated of Chatterton's forgeries, is contained in two volumes, each the size of a schoolboy's copy book.

Mr. Cottle was informed by the officers at the herald's college, that Mr. Burgum formerly submitted to them this, his pedigree, stating it to have been found, for the most part, in the archives of

o PERCHANCE, by chance.
p ASSOLED, answered. Used by Rowley in the same sense.
q EFTSOONES, quickly, presently.
r GABERDYNE, a manner of challenging. So in Rowley's Tournament; "Thanne, theeres my gauntlette on the gaberdyne."
s ALYCHE, alike
t ENCHAFED, heated, furious, vexed.
u STRYNGE, strong.
v DYNNE, sound, noise.
w FUIRE, fury.
x WOTTE, know.
y HEAVENWERE, to God.

Redcliff Church. Its authenticity, he affirmed, could not be questioned for a moment, and he appeared to have brought it to the college, not to excite doubt or to provoke discussion, but merely as a matter of course, to receive the herald's corroborative attestation. The affair, however, was not so soon to be settled. The officers of the institution examined this authentic pedigree with the closest attention; this very pedigree, which was founded, professedly, on the records of March and Garter, and yet the very Heralds of March and Garter unspeakably surprised and mortified the half-ennobled Mr. Burgum, by informing him that the whole was a hoax, by that prodigy of genius the Bristol boy, Thomas Chatterton.

Nor was Mr. Burgum the only person for whom Chatterton *made* a pedigree. Wishing to obtain the good opinion of his relation, Mr. Stevens, leather breeches maker, of Salisbury, and from something which it is possible his keen observations had remarked in Mr. Stevens, he deems it the most effectual way by informing him that he is descended from Fitz Stephen, grandson of the venerable Od, Earl of Blois and Lord of Holderness, who flourished about the year 1095!

It has been observed, that the pedigree of De Bergham forms a subject for important consideration, exhibiting an unquestionable proof of that *radical* tendency of mind which Chatterton felt for inventing plausible fictions, and in support of which sentiment his whole life forms one mass of authority. Few can doubt but that Chatterton possessed that peculiar disposition, as well as those pre-eminent talents, the union of which was both necessary and equal to the great production of Rowley.

Chatterton left Colston's School on the 1st of July, 1767, having remained there about seven

years; and was bound apprentice on the same day to Mr. John Lambert, attorney of Bristol, who had offices on St. John's Steps, for the term of seven years, to learn the art and mystery of a scrivener. How far Chatterton's inclinations were consulted, with regard to this step, does not appear to have been stated, and it is most probable, from after circumstances, and from the fact of the necessitous situation of his mother at the time, that he was merely a passive agent. On leaving the school, according to the usual custom, ten pounds were paid with him to Mr. Lambert. The indentures of his apprenticeship are now deposited in the Bristol Institution; from them it appears that Chatterton was to be found by Lambert in meat, drink, clothing, and lodging, and, by a special agreement, his mother was to wash and mend for him.

Mr. Lambert's house was situated at some distance from the office, and Chatterton was required to be at the latter place by eight o'clock in the morning, where, with the exception of an hour allowed him for dinner, he remained the whole of the day, or until eight o'clock in the evening; after which time he was allowed two hours to go where he chose. At ten he was always required to be at Mr. Lambert's house. The treatment he experienced from Mr. Lambert, who was incapable of appreciating the talents of his apprentice, seems to have been a source of great dissatisfaction to him. He was obliged to sleep in the same room with the foot boy, and take his meals with the servants. This degradation, to one possessing such pride as Chatterton, must have been mortifying in the highest degree. "We saw him," says his sister, "most evenings before nine, and he would, in general, stay to the limits of his time, which was

ten. He was seldom two evenings together without seeing us. The time of his return to Mr. Lambert's, on Sunday evenings, was eight o'clock; and if by chance he ever staid with his mother over the time specified, he would say, with a sigh, 'well, I must go, I suppose, to be reproved now.'"

From all that can be ascertained, Chatterton had the greatest contempt both for his master and for the profession with which he was connected; yet Mr. Lambert bears honourable testimony to his conduct whilst he was in his service. His attendance on his stated duties was most regular, never having, but on one occasion, absented himself from his master's service, and then he had obtained leave to spend the evening with his mother and some friends.

Once, only, Mr. Lambert thought himself under the necessity of correcting him, owing to the exercise of his apprentice's satirical talent. Soon after he was bound to Mr. Lambert, his old schoolmaster received an anonymous and abusive letter, which he suspected came from Chatterton, and he complained of it to his master, who, from the circumstance of the letter being written on the same kind of paper as that used in the office, and from the ill-disguised writing, was convinced that he was the offending party. On this occasion Mr. Lambert corrected his apprentice with a blow or two.

The business transacted by Mr. Lambert was but little, and Chatterton was scarcely ever occupied more than two hours a day on his master's affairs, and as Mr. Lambert was seldom there, Chatterton had a great deal of time to himself, which he employed in writing for the periodicals of the day. Mr. Lambert was much averse to his thus employing himself; at times he used him very harshly in

consequence, and, according to Chatterton's own expression, "he was continually insulting him, and making his life miserable," taking every opportunity to vex, cross, and mortify him; and if by chance at any time he found on his desk any scrap of poetry, he would instantly tear it to pieces, and scattering it abroad, say "*there is your stuff*," always speaking contemptuously of the lad and his compositions. Mrs. Edkins frequently gave Chatterton money to buy paper for his own use; but Mr. Lambert always destroyed any MSS. of Chatterton he could find, because not written on subjects appertaining to the law; sometimes he would throw them at him with great brutality. This conduct of Lambert's, no doubt, was a source of great mortification to the young enthusiast, for he used to regret these ravages; not so much for the loss of occasional letters written to friends, for these, he said, he could re-write, but his *poetical* compositions were for ever lost.

A curious remark was once made by Lambert to Mrs. Chatterton, on her asking him if her son was a good apprentice? He replied, that he was, but there was no keeping boys from *idleness;* this, at least, could not be laid to his account, and has about as much foundation in truth as many other of the faults with which he has been charged. It appears that the continued ill-usage he received made him thoroughly dislike his employment, and he used every endeavour to thwart his master, that he might be induced to emancipate him, from a state which he deemed little better than slavery. His stated employment, when Mr. Lambert was absent, and when no other business interfered, was to copy precedents; a book of which, containing three hundred and forty-four large folio pages, closely written by Chatterton, while he remained in the

office, is still extant, as well as another of about thirty pages. The office library contained but a few law books, and an old edition of Camden's Britannia, from which work, no doubt, he borrowed much of his intelligence. He also obtained from Mr. Green, bookseller, of Bristol, Speight's Chaucer, and from its glossary compiled one for his own use, in two parts; the first contained old words, with the modern English; the second, the modern English with the old words. It enabled him to turn modern English into old, as an English and Latin dictionary enables the student to turn English into Latin.

Shortly after Chatterton entered Mr. Lambert's service, the office was removed to Corn Street, in the premises now (1837) occupied by Mr. Short, silversmith, opposite the Exchange. Two rooms were rented by Mr. Lambert; the front shop was occupied by Mr. Becket, bookseller; and the apartment behind by Mr. Anthony Henderson, a jeweller. Mr. Thomas Palmer, one of the few surviving companions of Chatterton, has kindly furnished me with some particulars respecting him, whilst he was at the offices in Corn Street. Mr. P.—— states that Chatterton was much alone in his office, and much disliked being disturbed in the day time, but he, with some of the other apprentices in the house, were in the habit of spending much of their time of an evening with Chatterton, Mr. Thomas Tipton, and Mr. Thomas Capel, in the office; these, with Mr. Thistlethwaite,* were in the habit of consulting together on literary sub-

* Author of the "Consultation," the Prediction of Liberty," "the Tories in the Dumps," "Corruption," &c. &c. Thistlethwaite was a Colston's-Schol boy, and apprenticed to Mr. Grant, bookseller and stationer, near Leonard's Gate, at the bottom of Corn-Street. He afterwards went to London, and studied the law. He advocated Cruger's party.

jects, and in preparing articles for the Bristol newspapers and magazines. Chatterton used frequently to send articles to Felix Farley's Journal; and several pieces of his appeared in that paper before the description of "the Fryars passing over the Old Bridge" attracted attention to him.

Mr. Palmer describes Chatterton as having been, at this time, very reserved, and apparently possessed of great pride. He would sometimes, for days together, go in and out of the house without speaking to any one, seemingly absorbed in thought; after such occasions he frequently called some of his associates into his room, and read them some portions of Rowley. He was also very partial to the study of heraldry, and used to inform persons what their arms were. He one day said to Mr. Palmer, "I'll tell you the meaning of *your* name. Persons used to go to the Holy Land, and returned from thence with palm branches, and so were called Palmers:" he said the arms of the Palmers were, three palm branches, and the crest a leopard, or tiger, with a palm branch in his mouth. Chatterton was very anxious to understand the drawing of heraldry, and for this purpose he applied to Mr. Palmer for some instructions respecting it; the employment of the latter chiefly being that of engraving coats of arms and crests on plate. Mr. P.—— also taught him how to colour his designs. A number of these drawings of Chatterton were in Mr. Palmer's possession, which he afterwards gave up to some person who was making inquiries with a view to writing his life.

Chatterton, after he had been about fifteen months in the service of Mr. Lambert, commenced that series of papers which was afterwards to confer immortality on his name. The new bridge at Bristol was finished some time in the month of

September, 1768, and in October there appeared, in Felix Farley's Bristol Journal, the following account of the ceremonies observed at the opening of the old structure; the manuscript being accompanied by the following note to the printer.

"*To the Printer of Farley's Bristol Journal.*

"Oct. 1, 1768.

"The following description of the fryars first passing over the old bridge, taken from an old manuscript, may not at this time be unacceptable to the generality of your readers.

"Yours,

"Dunelmus Bristoliensis."

"On Fridai was the time fixed for passing the new brydge. Aboute the time of tollynge the tenthe clocke, Master Greggoire Dalbenye mounted on a fergreyne horse, informed Master Mouer all thynges were prepared, when two beadils want fyrst streying stre. Next came a manne dressed up as follows, hose of goot skynne crine part outwards, doublette and waistcoat; also over which a white robe without sleeves, much like an albe, but not so long, reachinge but to his hands. A girdle of azure over his left shoulder, rechede also to his hands on the right and doubled back to his left, bucklynge with a goulden buckle dangled to his knee, thereby representinge a Saxon earlderman.

"In his hands he bare a shield, the maistre of Gille a Brogton, who painted the same, representinge Sainte Warburgh crossynge the foord; then a mickle strong man in armour, carried a huge anlace, after whom came six claryons and six minstrels, who sung the song of Sainte Warburgh. Then came Master Maier, mounted on a white

horse, dight with sable trappyngs wrought about by the nunnes of Saint Kenna, with gould and silver, his hayre braded with ribbons, and a chaperon with the auntient armes of Bristowe fastened on his forehead. Master Maier bare in his hande a goulden rodde, and a congean squire bare in his hande his helmet, waulkinge by the syde of the horse. Then came the earldermen and city broders, mounted on sabyell horses dyght with white trappyngs and plumes, and scarlet caps and chaperons, having thereon sable plumes; after them the preests and frears, parish mendicant and secular, some syngynge Sainte Warburgh's songe, others sounding clarions thereto and others some citrialles.

"In thilke manner reachynge the brydge, the manne with the anlace stode on the fyrst top of a mounde, yreed in the midst of the brydge, than went up the manne with the sheelde, after him the minstrels and clarions; and then the preestes and freeres, all in white albes, making a most goodly shewe, the maier and earldermen standinge round, they songe with the sounde of claryons, the songe of Sainte Baldwyne, which being done, the manne on the top threw with great might his anlace into the sea, and the clarions sounded an auncient charge and forloyne. Then theie song again the song of Sainte Warburge and proceeded up Xts hill to the crosse, where a Latin sermon was preached by Ralph de Blunderville, and with sound of clarion theye againe want to the brydge and there dined, spendynge the rest of the daye in sports and plaies, the freers of Sainte Augustyne doing the play of the knyghtes of Bristowe, meekynge a great fire at night on Kynslate hill."

This article, as may readily be imagined, excited considerable curiosity amongst the literati of Bristol.

It evinces strong inventive powers, and an uncommon knowledge of ancient customs; and is so specific, appropriate, and characteristic, that, when we remember it to be produced by a boy not yet sixteen, it must be regarded as a real wonder.

The attention of Bristol was now awakened, and many of the citizens applied to Mr. Farley for a sight of the original, and the name of the transcriber. Mr. Farley, however, only knew that it had been brought to his office by a stranger; but some time after, Chatterton presenting another piece for insertion in the same paper, suspicion attached itself to him, with regard to the authorship of the ancient manuscript. The youth was at first very unwilling to discover whence he had the original. To the threats of those who treated him (agreeably to his age and appearance) as a child, he returned nothing but haughtiness, and a refusal to give any account: but what threats failed to do, milder usage and promises of patronage effected. His first account was, that he was employed to transcribe the contents of certain ancient manuscripts by a gentleman, who had also engaged him to furnish complimentary verses, inscribed to a lady with whom that gentleman was in love. This account not being deemed satisfactory, he was further questioned, and, at last, he stated that he had received the manuscript of "the Fryars passing over the Old Bridge," with many other ancient manuscripts, from his father, which he had found in an old chest in the muniment-room, on the north side of Redcliff Church.

Soon after he had printed this account of the bridge, in Felix Farley, he told a Mr. Rudhall, (a native of Bristol, and then apprentice to Mr. Francis Gresley, apothecary,) that he (Chatterton) was the author of it; but, it occurring to him

afterwards that he might be called on to produce the original, he brought to him one day a piece of parchment, about the size of a half-sheet of foolscap paper; Mr. Rudhall does not think that anything was written on it when produced by Chatterton, but he saw him write several words, if not lines, in a character which Mr. Rudhall did not understand, which he said was totally unlike English, and, as he apprehended, was meant by Chatterton to imitate or represent the original from which this account was printed.

It appears that over the north porch of Redcliff Church, which was rebuilt by Mr. William Canynge, an eminent merchant of Bristol, in the fifteenth century, and in the reign of Edward the Fourth, there is a room in which were placed several large chests, one of which were especially known as *Mr. Canynge's cofre, or chest*, which, it is said, was secured by six keys, of which, two were entrusted to the minister and procurator of the church, and one to each of the churchwardens. About the year 1727, it was suspected that some title deeds and other valuable writings were contained in the cofre in question; by an order of the vestry the chest was forced open, in the presence of an attorney, all the keys having been accidentally lost: the other chests were also opened, and all the writings and deeds immediately relating to the church were removed, the other manuscripts being left as of no value. Chatterton's father used frequently to carry off large parcels of these parchments, and on one occasion, with the assistance of his boys, he filled a large basket with them. These he deposited in a cupboard in his school, and employed them for different purposes, such as the covering of books. Mr. Gibbs, the vicar of the parish, having presented the boys with twenty

bibles, Mr. Chatterton, in order to preserve them from injury, covered them with these old parchments. After his death, his widow, when she removed, carried the remainder to her own house. Mr. Smith, one of Chatterton's most intimate friends, gives the following account of the manner in which Chatterton pretended to discover the value of these manuscripts; the information was given to Dr. Glynn, and published by Mr. Bryant, in his Observations; it is as follows: "Chatterton told him, Mr. S.,—about the time he first went to Lambert's, that he had them from a box which had belonged to his father; and his father had them from Redcliff Church. His father being dead, and these parchments in the possession of his mother, they for many years shared the common fate that old parchments usually do, that is, some were turned into threadpapers; some into patterns; some into dolls, and the like: in short, they were applied to all those vile and mean uses, which waste writings are liable to be put to. He added that the manner of their being discovered to be of value was this: when young Chatterton was first articled to Mr. Lambert, he used frequently to come home to his mother by way of a short visit. There one day his eye was caught by one of these threadpapers; he found not only the writing to be very old, the characters very different from common characters, but the subject therein treated was different from common subjects. Being naturally of an inquisitive and curious turn, he was very much struck with these appearances; and, as one would expect, began to question his mother what those threadpapers were, how she got them, and from whence they came. Upon farther inquiry he was led to a discovery of all the parchments which remained, and of what value they were." Mr.

Smith states that Chatterton was very fond of walking in the fields, and particularly in Redcliff meadows, and of talking about these manuscripts, which he asserted to consist of poetical and other compositions by Mr. Canynge,* and an individual, who existed alone in the prolific imagination of Chatterton, described as a monk, and a particular friend of the builder of Redcliff church, named Thomas Rowley. Many have been the arguments brought forward by those who believed that Chatterton was merely the discoverer of the ancient poems, to prove that such an individual as Thomas Rowley, a priest, did really exist; much time and labour have been expended on this subject, but no satisfactory evidence whatever has been adduced in support of their assertion. Chatterton's own account, (who was the only person who knew anything of them) is contained in the notes, and was no doubt his own contrivance to aid him in his principal deception. "'Come,' he would say, 'you and I will take a walk in the meadow. I have got the cleverest thing for you that ever was; it is worth half a-crown merely to have a sight of it, and to hear me read it to you.' When we were arrived at the place proposed, he would produce his parchment, shew it and read it to me. There was one spot in particular, full in view of the church, in which he always seemed to take a peculiar delight. He would frequently lay himself down, fix his eyes upon the church, and seem as if he were in a kind of ecstasy or trance. Then,

* "Canynge, according to Chatterton, was the patron of Rowley. Chatterton calls him Sir William Canynge. His 'great house,' or 'rudde house,' was said to be that now in the possession of Mr. Charles Jefferies, bookseller, Redcliffe Street. A part of the carved ceiling still remains. His remains lie in Redcliff church, of which he was the founder. He was the younger son of a citizen of Bristol, and in his youth afforded early prognostics of wisdom and ability."

on a sudden and abruptly, he would tell me, 'that steeple was burnt down by lightning; that was the place where they formerly acted plays;' (meaning, if I rightly remember right, what is now called the Parade;) I recollect very assuredly that he had a parchment in his hand at the very time when he gave me this description, but whether he read this history out of that parchment I am not certain." From the account of the mother of Chatterton, it appears that when he first examined the contents of the old parchments, he told her "that he had found a treasure, and was so glad, nothing could be like it." That he then removed all these parchments out of the large deal box, in which his father used to keep his clothes, into the square oak box; that he was perpetually ransacking every corner of the house for more parchments, and, from time to time, carried away those he had already found by pockets full; that one day happening to see Clarke's History of the Bible covered with one of those parchments, he swore a great oath, and stripping the book, put the cover in his pocket, and carried it away; at the same time stripping a common little bible; but finding no writing upon the cover, he replaced it very leisurely. Of all the manuscripts, however, that have been produced, none are sufficiently large to cover a small book; and if Chatterton had really found any valuable matter upon the parchments, so many of which he carried to Mr. Lambert's office with him, it is most probable that he would have produced them, as his voucher, when so very closely questioned by his friends respecting them. It is very possible that he learned the *characters*, which he afterwards asserted to be Rowley's handwriting, from these papers, but

from the evidence adduced by Mr. Rudhall, who states, with reference to the parchment on which the bridge account was written, that "when Chatterton had written on the parchment, he held it over the candle, to give it the appearance of antiquity, which changed the colour of the ink, and made the parchment appear black, and a little contracted;" and also that of Mr. Gardner,*

* Mr. Edward Gardner.—In the year 1798 he published at Bristol, "Miscellanies, in prose and verse," by Edward Gardner, in 2 vols. 12mo. At the end of his work Mr. G—— has printed "Original Poems of the late unfortunate Thomas Chatterton, to which is prefixed, a short Sketch of the Controversy concerning the Poems attributed to Rowley."

Mr. G—— thus introduces the poems: "The following poems may certainly be regarded as a literary curiosity. The name of Chatterton is well known in the learned world; the agitation of the question concerning the authenticity of the poems attributed to Rowley, a priest of Bristol, who is said to have flourished in the fifteenth century, has rendered his fame immortal

"I was acquainted with this unfortunate youth during the space of three months previous to his departure from Bristol to London, in the spring of the year 1770. Being at that time extremely young, I could be but a slender judge of the extent of his literary acquirements, or of any transactions which may tend to throw light on the Rowlein controversy; yet I distinctly remember two circumstances, which strongly operate against the claim of the Bristol priest.

"I saw him once rub a piece of parchment with ochre, and afterwards rub it on the ground, at the same time saying, that was the way to antiquate it, (I remember the very word,) or to give it the appearance of antiquity.

"I remember him once affirm, that it was very easy for a person who had studied antiquities, and with the aid of books which he could name, to copy the style of our elder poets so exactly that the most skilful observer should not be able to detect him—no, said he, not Mr. Walpole himself.

"I remember his mentioning Bayly as one of the books which was to enable him to deceive the learned world.

"The following pieces came into my hands about a month before his unfortunate journey to London; I did not receive them from Chatterton himself; they were lent me by a particular friend of his, who soon after finally left Bristol. The poems have ever since remained in my possession.

"I can speak but little concerning the acquirements or manners of this extraordinary youth. I was too young to be a competent judge of either, and my acquaintance with him was very short: yet I par-

who, in his Miscellanies, published in 1798, writes, "once I saw him (Chatterton) rub a parchment with ochre, and afterwards rub it on the ground, saying, 'that was the way to antiquate it.' And again, in a letter dated October 8, 1802, 'I can add but little to what I have said in the foregoing extract; Chatterton first rubbed the piece of parchment, in several places, in streaks with the yellow ochre, (the scene was a breeches-maker's shop, in Maryport Street, once my father's wine-cellar, the next door towards Peter Street to Tanner's, the barber, and three doors above the Swann Inn, then rubbed it on the ground, which was dirty, several times, and afterwards crumpled it in his hand. He said, at the conclusion of the operation, that it would do pretty well, but he could do it better were he at home. I mention the breeches-maker's shop, to account for the parchment and ochre being so ready at hand. It seemed the sudden start of the moment, done without consideration; probably had he reflected, he would have perceived that it might contribute to the detection of his forgeries."—There can be little doubt of his having manufactured the few manuscripts which are now in existence, especially when we consider that his abilities were in every respect equal to such a deception.—Besides, he may have had a secret pleasure in hearing the poems, which he brought forward as Rowley's, so highly appreciated by the world, the consciousness that those works were the production of his own muse, must have filled him with exultation; and the success which attended his first efforts, no doubt incited him to further exer-

ticularly recollect the philosophic gravity of his countenance, and the keen lightning of his eye. He seemed wholly absorbed in antiquarian and heraldic researches, and fascinated with the brilliancy of literary fame."

tions in the same direction. How many have been the attempts, since Chatterton's death, to practise the same species of imposition! but not possessing the genius of their illustrious prototype, the unfortunate adventurers have only reaped a bitter harvest from the field which they hoped and expected to have yielded a rich store of fame. "The Vortigern and Rowena," of Ireland, for example, will exemplify this remark; the attempt was *too* daring. We were before possessed of the writings of Shakespeare; with regard to Rowley, he burst at once on the world, and his writings could not be compared with any former production, thus rendering detection more improbable. Ireland's tragedy was at once pronounced a forgery, but its author still retained that inordinate vanity which induced him to pass off his own production as that of our great dramatist; for in a note appended to his work entitled "Neglected Genius," (an imitation of the styles of the various authors whose ill fortunes he deplores) referring to Chatterton's "antique style,' he says: "as there are yet some individuals at Bristol who are willing to attribute Chatterton's production to the supposed Rowley, the author, without any wish of arrogating to himself the genius of that sublime youth, has inserted these specimens, in order to prove that it is by no means impossible to accomplish this species of versification; *and the writer further begs to assert, that he could, with little trouble, accomplish a regular poem in the same style.*"

In modern times we have an illustrious example of the pleasure afforded to an author, by his remaining incognito; I allude to Sir Walter Scott, who asserted that he felt a pleasure in concealing his name from the public, for which he could not account, and that the applause awarded to him as

"the unknown author of Waverly," was a thousand-fold more gratifying than all the honours which were heaped on him after he had avowed himself as the author of those works which now bear his name, by all classes.

Chatterton *knew* that if he had introduced his poetry to the world with his own name attached, it would not have, *at once*, attracted such attention, as if given out to be the newly-discovered production of the fifteenth century. He knew that by making such a startling assertion, that public notice would immediately be directed toward him, as their discoverer; and, although the compositions were such as would have done honour to any age, yet he preferred present fame, in the person of Rowley, to the remote posssibility of his own name being numbered amongst the

> "Poets, who on earth have made us heirs
> Of love and truth, by their immortal lays."

The borrowed name of Rowley gave *consequence* to the borrower, Chatterton. Had he been a youth of common attainments, in all probability the poems of the monk had never been heard of. Let those who would wish to transfer the fame of Chatterton, tell me from whence should he derive ability to read these poems, to understand and value them, but from some uncommon fire of youth, premature in him, which, blended with an attachment to history and poetry, might go great lengths? As to his knowledge of Homer and Virgil, &c., those authors are all so elegantly translated in this age, that in a little time Chatterton might acquire more knowledge of them, and their beauties, than by studying the originals for many years. The same cannot be said of Rowley, who had only

the originals to copy from, and those, in this time, scarcely understood.

Soon after the account of the Fryars passing over the old Bridge appeared in Felix Farley's Bristol Journal, Chatterton became acquainted with Mr. George Catcott, whose name afterwards figured very conspicuously in the Rowleian controversy. Mr. Catcott is described as a gentleman "of an inquisitive turn, and fond of reading." One day, when Mr. Catcott was walking with a friend in Redcliff Church, he was informed by him of some pieces of ancient poetry which had been discovered there, by a young man, the friend of the informant; Mr. Catcott's curiosity being aroused, he earnestly desired an introduction to this youth, who proved to be Thomas Chatterton. Through Mr. Catcott he procured an introduction to Mr. William Barrett, surgeon, of Bristol, and who was engaged in collecting materials for a history of that city; these gentlemen occasionally furnished him with money, in return for which he gratified them with new fragments of the supposed Rowley, and through their influence extending the list of his admirers and acquaintance. He spent many agreeable hours in their company; and his vanity was now fed by their praise, and by their eagerness to become possessed of the works of the "priest of Saint John's," whom both these gentlemen believed to be the veritable author of these reliques. "His ambition," says his sister, "increased daily. His spirits were rather uneven, sometimes so gloom'd that for many days together he would say but very little, and that by constraint. When in spirits he would enjoy his rising fame; confident of advancement he would promise my mother and me should be partakers of his success. The Roman Poet,

who, in addressing his celebrated patron, Mæcenas, exclaimed :

> " Quod si me lyricis ratibus inseris,
> Sublimi feriam sidera vertice,"

could not have felt more enthusiasm, or flattered himself with greater success, than did Chatterton, when the applause of his Bristol patrons fed at once the flame of his pride and his genius. Praise, however, appears to have been the chief return made by these gentlemen ; and it is evident, from some of his later productions, that he did not consider himself as remunerated for his communications. " The very contracted state of his finances," remarks Mr. Thistlethwaite, " aided by a vain desire of appearing superior to what his circumstances afforded, induced him, from time to time, to dispose of the poems in his possession, to those from whose generosity and patronage he expected to derive some considerable pecuniary advantages. I will not hesitate to assert, (and I speak from no less authority than Chatterton himself) that he was disappointed in this expectation, and thought himself not sufficiently rewarded by his Bristol patrons, in proportion to what he thought his communications deserved.

Chatterton does not appear to have had any very high opinion of either Mr. Barrett or Mr. Catcott, for he afterwards ridicules the former for his superstition, and in his poem on happiness, he thus satirizes the latter :

> " Catcott is very fond of talk and fame ;
> His wish a perpetuity of name ;
> Which to procure, a pewter altar's made,
> To bear his name, and signify his trade,
> In pomp burlesqued the rising spire to head,
> To tell futurity a pewterer's dead.
> Incomparable Catcott, still pursue
> The seeming happiness thou hast in view ;

Unfinish'd chimnies, gaping spires complete,
Eternal fame on oval dishes beat;
Ride four inch'd bridges, clouded turrets climb,
And bravely die—to live in after time.
Horrid idea! if on rolls of fame
The twentieth century only find thy name.
Unnotic'd this in prose or . . .
He left his dinner to ascend the tower."

Very soon after the commencement of his acquaintance with Mr. Catcott, Chatterton presented him, without fee or reward, with the "Bristow Tragedy," "Rowley's Epitaph upon Mr. Canynge's Ancestor," with some smaller pieces. In a few days afterwards he gave him the *yellow roll.* During the conversations which passed between them, at various interviews, Mr. Catcott heard Chatterton mention the names of many of the poems which afterwards appeared, as being in his possession. He afterwards grew more suspicious and reserved; and it was rarely and with difficulty that any more originals could be obtained from him. He told Mr. Catcott that he had destroyed several MSS., and some which he asserted to be in his possession were never brought to light. Amongst these was one entitled "the Apostate, a Tragedy;" the subject of which was the apostacy of a person from the Christian to the Jewish faith. These pretended originals were soon communicated to Mr. Barrett, whose friends were on the alert, to pick up every scrap of information in reference to his History of Bristol. Mr. Barrett suggested the propriety of his diligently examining all the Rowley papers, with great care, for the purpose of discovering whether they contained any particulars respecting the ancient city of Bristol. The young poet soon discovered that a mine was now opened, which he might work with considerable advantage; true, the subject of the communications was some-

what different, but, as has been well observed, "Chatterton possessed an anvil of all work, and with the same case could sharpen a needle or mould a colossus."

Soon after Mr. Barrett's intimation to Chatterton, the latter one day appeared before the historian of Bristol, in "breathless haste," exclaiming, like the acute philosopher of old, "I have found it! and placed in Mr. B.——'s hands, two or three notices, in his own hand-writing, which he declared were copied faithfully from the originals: these related to a few of the ancient Bristol churches. The credulous historian received them in the full belief that they were veritable documents, and considered them as wholly above suspicion. Chatterton, pleased with his success, promised to make a farther search, and it was not long before he presented Mr. Barrett with many curious particulars relating to the old Castle, and also, of *every* church and chapel in Bristol. These accounts, unsupported by either document or tradition, were published in Barrett's History of Bristol, (a work otherwise valuable,) as from the pen of "Thomas Rowley, the gode prisete," from behind whose cowl the pretended young transcriber smiled, at the dupe of his ingenuity.

Chatterton, whose researches were never confined to one subject alone, borrowed from Mr. Barret several works on medicine; and, by his request, Mr. B—— also gave him some instructions in surgery. In a letter from Mr. Thistlethwaite to the author of "Love and Madness," he says, "in the course of the years 1768 and 1769, wherein I frequently saw and conversed with Chatterton; the eccentricity of his mind, and the versatility of his disposition seem to have been singularly displayed. One day he might be found busily em-

ployed in the study of heraldry and English antiquities, both of which are numbered among his most favourite pursuits; the next discovered him deeply engaged, confounded, and perplexed, amidst the subtilties of metaphysical disquisition, or lost and bewildered in the abstruse labyrinth of mathematical researches; and these in an instant again neglected and thrown aside, to make room for astronomy and music, of both which sciences his knowledge was entirely confined to theory. Even physic was not without a charm to allure his imagination, and he would talk of Galen, Hippocrates, and Paracelsus, with all the confidence and familiarity of a modern empiric."

Mr. Corser, of Totterdown, has favoured me with the following anecdote of Chatterton: Mr. C—— was intimately acquainted with him, and well remembers that he once met him on a Sunday morning, at the gate of Temple Church, when the bells were chiming for service; there being yet some time to spare, before the prayers commenced, Chatterton proposed their taking a walk together, in the church-yard, which was then open to the public, and laid out like a garden. "Come," said he, "I want to read to you something I have just written;" and when arrived at a secluded spot, he read to Mr. Corser a treatise on Astronomy, and stated that he had not yet finished it, but that he intended to make it the subject of a poem. Not long afterwards there appeared the following poem, in the Town and Country Magazine.

THE COPERNICAN SYSTEM.

The sun, revolving on its axis, turns,
And, with creative fire, intensely burns;
Impell'd the forcing air, our earth supreme,
Rolls, with the planets, round the solar gleam:

First Mercury completes his transient year,
Glowing, refulgent, with reflected glare;
Bright Venus occupies a wider way,
The early harbinger of night and day;
More distant still our globe terraqueous turns,
Nor chills intense, nor fiercely heated burns;
Around her rolls the lunar orb of light,
Trailing her silver glories through the night;
On the earth's orbit see the various signs,
Mark where the sun, our year completing, shines;
First the bright Ram, his languid ray improves;
Next glaring watery through the Bull he moves;
The am'rous Twins admit his genial ray;
Now burning, through the Crab he takes his way;
The Lion, flaming, bears the solar power;
The Virgin faints beneath the sultry shower.
Now the just Balance weighs his equal force,
The slimy serpent swelters in his course;
The sabled Archer clouds his languid face;
The Goat, with tempests urges on his race;
Now in the Water his faint beams appear,
And the cold Fishes end the circling year.

Beyond our Globe the sanguine Mars displays
A strong reflection of primæval rays;
Next belted Jupiter far distant gleams,
Scarcely enlightened with the solar beams;
With four unfixed receptacles of light,
He tours majestic through the spacious height:
But farther yet the tardy Saturn lags,
And five attendant luminaries drags;
Investing with a double ring his pace,
He circles through immensity of space.

These are Thy wondrous works, first source of good,
Now more admired in being understood.

BRISTOL, DEC. 23. D. B.

Although his knowledge of the sciences was but superficial, his acquaintance with heraldry and English antiquities was profound, and he was continually increasing the knowledge he had obtained on these subjects. Mr. Barrett lent him Skinner's Entymologicon, and Benson's Saxon Vocabulary, but he soon returned them, on account of the interpretations being in Latin, and consequently useless to one who was not acquainted with that lan-

guage; to remedy this defect, however, he determined to learn it, and intimated to his friend Mr. Smith his determination to teach himself the Latin tongue; Mr. Smith dissuaded him from it, but advised him by all means to try at French. All the accounts concerning Chatterton's ignorance of any other language than his own, agree; and the fact is strikingly proved in the De Bergham pedigree, before referred to, for in it he introduced several paragraphs, and epitaphs in Latin and old French, some of them extensive, without knowing one word of their meaning. These he had obtained from Weaver and other writers, and guessed at their meaning from the sentences in connection with them, or from the manner of their introduction; his extreme sagacity enabling him to judge of the general import, and appropriateness to his purpose, and then by excluding the original proper names, and substituting his own, the learned references fitted with exactness. After he had crowded his pages with this imposing erudition, he was ignorant of the specific meaning, and applied to his patron, Mr. Barrett, for the various translations; and through the whole pedigree, these Latin and French extracts are regularly translated by Mr. Barrett, in his own hand-writing, spaces being left in the manuscript for that purpose. Such is the exact adjustment of those extracts to the subjects they illustrate, that no reader, who did not know the fact, would consider it *possible* for a mere English scholar to wield so dextrously the weapons of the learned.

The first London periodical to which he sent his contributions was, the "Town and Country Magazine." His pieces were chiefly satirical; but he also furnished several essays, in prose and verse, to that and other publications. The first notice of

anything relating to Chatterton, discoverable in any of these works, is in the Town and Country Magazine, in the acknowledgment to correspondents, in the number for November, 1768, where it states: "D. B. of Bristol's favour will be gladly received:" *Dunelmus Bristoliensis* being the signature generally employed. To this publication he was a large contributor, and in it appeared, amongst other productions, some extracts from Rowley's manuscripts; some letters on the tinctures of the Saxon heralds; and also some articles, entitled Saxon Poems, written in the style of Ossian.

He now became anxious to see his favourite Rowley in print, and he applied to Dodsley, the bookseller, to forward his views, in the following letter.

"Bristol, December 21, 1768.

"Sir,

"I take this method to acquaint you that I can procure copies of several ancient poems; and an interlude, perhaps the oldest dramatic piece extant; wrote by one Rowley, a priest in Bristol, who lived in the reigns of Henry the VIth and Edward the IVth. If these pieces will be of service to you, at your command, copies shall be sent to you, by

"Your most obedient Servant,

"D. B.

"Please to direct for D. B., to be left with Mr. Thomas Chatterton, Redclift Hill, Bristol.

"For Mr. J. Dodsley, bookseller, Pall Mall, London."

It is not known whether he received any answer from Dodsley or not, most probably the latter, for in the following letter, written nearly two months afterwards, he repeated his offer.

"Bristol, Feb. 15, 1769.

Sir,

"Having intelligence that the tragedy of Ælla was in being, after a long and laborious search, I was so happy as to attain a sight of it. Struck with the beauties of it, I endeavoured to obtain a copy of it to send you; but the present possessor absolutely denies to give me one unless I give him a guinea for a consideration. As I am unable to procure such a sum, I made search for another copy,

but unsuccessfully. Unwilling such a beauteous piece should be lost, I have made bold to apply to you; several gentlemen of learning, who have seen it, join with me in praising it. I am far from having any mercenary views for myself in this affair, and, was I able, would print it at my own risque. It is a perfect tragedy; the plot clear, the language spirited, and the songs (interspersed in it) are flowing, poetical, and elegantly simple. The similies judiciously applied, and, though wrote in the reign of Henry the VIth, not inferior to many of the present age. If I can procure a copy, with or without the gratification, it shall be immediately sent to you. The motive that actuates me to do this is, to convince the world that the monks (of whom some have so despicable an opinion) were not such blockheads as generally thought, and that good poetry might be wrote in the dark days of superstition, as well as in these more enlightened ages. An immediate answer will oblige me. I shall not receive your favour as for myself, but as your agent.

"I am. Sir, your most obedient Servant,

"THOMAS CHATTERTON.

"P. S. My reason for concealing my name was, lest my master (who is now out of town) should see my letters, and think I neglected his business. Direct for me on Redcliff Hill."

Enclosed in this letter, or added to it, was a part of the Tragedy of Ælla (the speech of Ælla) as a specimen of the poem. And he further remarks:

"The whole contains about one thousand lines. If it should not suit you, I should be obliged to you if you would calculate the expense of printing it, as I will endeavour to publish it by subscription on my own account.

"For Mr. James Dodsley,
"Bookseller, Pall Mall, London."

The Tragedy of Ælla, referred to in the preceding letters, may be perhaps considered as the greatest production of the genius of Chatterton. It abounds in the noblest imagery, and the most exalted sentiment; but the recommendatory letter of Chatterton failed to impress the matter-of-fact bookseller, with the importance of giving it to the world, and the poor poet's offer was rejected, although he only asked the modest sum of *one guinea* for the copy. This poem was first published in 1777; in Mr. Tywhwytt's edition of the works of

Rowley, and afterwards by Dean Milles. It is also included in Southey and Cottle's edition of the poet's works, and printed for that collection from a folio manuscript furnished by Mr. Catcott, in the beginning of which was written by Mr. C. "Chatterton's transcript, 1769."

Although disappointed in his application to Mr. Dodsley, Chatterton, conscious of the superiority of his productions, determined to make another effort to disenthral himself from his present pursuits, and procure some situation where he might pursue, without interruption, the bent of his genius. It has been asserted that Chatterton, at this period, felt a secret longing for the patronage of the great: never was statement more untrue! He despised rank for its own sake; he was not one of that class of beings who would bow to his fellow man, because he owned a title, or boasted a long line of ancestry. These are things only prized by those who know not rightly how to value "the mind, the standard of the man." Chatterton despised such adventitious aids, or only used them as steps in the ladder of his ambition; nor would he, though poor, bear in silence "the proud man's contumely." The conduct of Horace Walpole towards Chatterton has been the subject of various discussions; and, after the lapse of so many years, it may, by some, be thought illiberal to renew the subject; but its importance demands for it a place here, especially as Dr. Gregory, in his memoirs of the poet, has attempted to defend the conduct of the aristocrat of Strawberry Hill.

Mr. Walpole was, at this time, engaged in some antiquarian researches; and Chatterton, who was acquainted with his "Anecdotes of Painting," forwarded him the following letter and manuscript.

LETTER I.

"Sir,

"Being versed a little in antiquities, I have met with several curious manuscripts, among which the following may be of service to you, in any future edition of your truly entertaining Anecdotes of Painting. In correcting the mistakes if any in the note, you will greatly oblige,

"Your most humble Servant,
"THOMAS CHATTERTON."

"Bristol, March 25th, Corn Street."

"*The Ryse of Peyncteyne in Englande, wroten by T. Rowlie,(a)* 1469, *for Mastre Canynge.(b)*

"Peynetynge yn England, haveth of ould tyme bin yn uze; for saieth the Roman wryters, the Brytonnes dyd depycte themselves, yn soundrie wyse, of the fourmes of the sonne and moone wythe the hearbe woade: albeytte I doubte there were no skylled carvellers. The Romans be accounted of all menne of cunnynge wytte yn peyncteynge and carvellynge; aunter theie mote inhylde theyre rare devyces ynto the mynds of the Brytonnes; albeytte at the commeynge of Hengeyst, nete appeares to wytteness yt, the Kystes are rudelie ycorven, and for the moste parte houge hepes of stones. Hengeste dyd brynge ynto this reaulme herehaughtrie, whyche dydde peyncteynge.

a "T. Rowlie was a secular priest of Saint John's, in this City; his merit as a biographer, historiographer, is great; as a poet still greater: some of his pieces would do honour to Pope; and the person under whose patronage they may appear to the world, will lay the Englishman, the antiquary, and the poet, under an eternal obligation."

b "The founder of that noble gothic pile St. Mary Redclift Church, in this city; the Mæcenas of his time; one who could happily blend the poet, the painter, the priest, and the Christian, perfect in each: a friend to all distress, an honour to Bristol, and a glory to the church."

Hengeste bare an asce(*a*) ahreded bie an afgod.(*b*) Horsa, an horse sauleaunte, whych eftsoones hys troder eke bore. Cerdyke, a sheld adryfene.(*c*) Herchaughtrie was yn esteem amongste them take yee these Saxon acheumentes. Heofmas(*d*) un œcced-fet was ybore of Leof, an abthane of Somertonne. Ocyre(*e*) aaded-ybore bie Elawolf of Mercier. Blac(*f*) border adronet an stowe adellice—the auntiaunte armourie of Bristowe. A scelde(*g*) agrefen was the armourie of Ælle Lord of Bristowe Castle, crosses in maynte nombere was ybore, albeyt chiefes and oder partytiones was unknowen, untill the nynth centurie. Nor was peyncteyne of sheeldes theire onlie emploie, walles maie be seene, whereyn ys auntiaunte Saxonne peynteynge; and the carvellynge mai be seene yn imageies atte Keyneshame; Puckilchyrche; and the castel albeyt largerre thae life, their bee of feeytyre handie warke. Affleredus was a peyncter of the eighth centurie, hys dresse bee ynne menne, a longe alban, braced wyth twayne of azure gyrdles; labelles of redde clothe onne his arme and flatted beaver uponne the heade. Next Aylward in tenthe centurie yeorven longe paramentes; wythoute, of redde uponne pourple, wyth gould beltes and dukalle couronnes beinge rems of floreated goulde. Afflem a peyncter lived ynne the reygne

a Asce, &c., a ship supported by an idol.

b Afægrod, a shield, painted in the same taste as the carving of the following.

c Adryfene, an embossed shield; being rudely carved with flowers, leaves, serpents, and whatever suited the imagination of the carver.

d Heofmas, &c., azure, a plate; which is the signification of æced-fed.

e Ocyre, &c., or promeise, and in Saxon, was little green cakes offered to the afgods or idols.

f Blac, &c., sable, within a border under, a town walled and crenelled proper.

g A scelde, &c., a shield, carved with crosses.

of Edmonde: whane, as storie saiethe was fyrst broughte ynto Englande, the connynge mysterie of steineynge glasse, of which he was a notable performer; of his worke maie bee seene atte Ashebyrne, as eke at the mynster chauncele of Seyncte Bede, whych doethe represente Seyncte Warburghe to whose honoure the mynster han bin dedycated. Of hys lyfe be fulle maint accountes. Goeynge to partes of the londe hee was taken bie the Danes, and carryed to Denmarque, there to bee forslagen bie shotte of arrowe. Inkarde, a soldyer of the Danes, was to slea hym; onne the nete before the feeste of deathe hee found Afflen to bee hys broder. Affryghte chaynede uppe hys soule. Ghastenesse dwelled yn his breaste. Oscarre, the greate Dane, gave hest hee shulde bee forslagen, with the commeynge sunne, no teares coulde availe, the morne cladde yn roabes of ghastness was come; whan the Danique kynge behested Oscarre, to arraye his knyghtes eftsoones, for warre: Afflem was put yn theyre flyeynge battailes, sawe his countrie ensconced wyth foemen, hadde eys wyfe ande chyldrene broghten capteeves to hys shyppe, and was deieynge wythe sorrowe, whanne the loude olantaunte wynde hurled the battyle agaynst an heck. For fraughte wythe embolleynge waves, he sawe hys broder, wyfe, and chyldrenne synke to deathe: himselfe was throwen onne a bank ynne Isle of Wyghte, to lyve hys lyfe forgarde to alle emmorse: thus moche for Afflem. John,* second abbatte of Seyncte Austyn myn-

* "This John was inducted abbot in the year 1186, and sat in the dies 29 years. He was the greatest poet of the age in which he lived; he understood the learned languages. Take a specimen of his poetry on King Richard I.

"Harte of lyone! shake thie sword
Baie thie mortheynge steinede honde;

sterre, was the fyrste Englyshe paynstere in oyles; of hym have I sayde in odere places relateynge to his poesies. He dyd wryte a boke of the Proportione of Imageries, whereynne he saieth the Saxonnes dydde throwe a mengleture over theyre coloures to cheoie them from the weder. Nowe methynkethe steinede glasse motte need no syke a casinge, butte oile alleynge, botte albeytte ne peyncteynge of the Saxonnes bee in oyle botte watter, or as Whylome called eau. Chatelion, a Frenchmane, learned oyle paynteynge of abbot Johne. Carvellynge ynne hys daies gedered new beauties, botte mostelie was wasted in small and dribelet pieces, the ymageries beeynge alle cladde ynne longe paramentes, whan the glorie of a carveller shulde bee in ungarmented ymagerie, therebie showinge the semblamente to kynde. Roberte of Glowster lissed notte his spryghte to wane ne learnynge, butte was the sonne, under whose raies the flourettes of the field shotte into lyfe: Gilla a Brogtoune was kyndelie notriced bie himme, who depycted notable yn eau. Henrie a Thornton was a geason depyctor of countenances; he payncted the walles of master Canynge hys howse, where bee the councelmenne atte dynnere; a most dayntie and fætyve performaunce nawe yrased beeynge done M.CC.I. Henrie a Londre was a curyous broderer of scarces ynne sylver and golde and selkes diverse of hue. Childeberte West was a depyctour

Quace whole armies to the queede,
Worke thie wylle yn burlie bronde.
Barons here on bankers browded,
Fyghte yn furres gaynste the cale;
Whilest thou ynne thonderynge armes
Warriketh whole cyttyes bale.
Harte of lyon! sound the beme!
Sounde ytte ynto inner londes,
Feare flies sportine ynne thee cleeme,
Inne thie banner terror stondes."

of countenances. Botte above alle was the peyncter, John de Bohunn, whose worke maie be seene yn Westmynster halle.* Of carvellers and oder peyncters I shall saie hereafter, fyrst Englyschynge from the Latyne cit to wytte. Peynctynge improveth the mynde, and smotheth the roughe face of our spryghtes.

"For Horace Walpole Esq.
"To be left with Mr. Bathoe, bookseller, near Exeter Change, London."

To this letter Chatterton received the following reply :—

"Arlington Street, April 21, 1769.

"Sir,

"I cannot but think myself singularly obliged, by a gentleman with whom I have not the pleasure of being acquainted, when I read your very curious and kind letter, which I have this minute received. I give you a thousand thanks for it, and for the very obliging offer you make me of communicating your manuscript to me. What you have already sent me is valuable, and full of information: but, instead of correcting you, Sir, you are far more able to correct me. I have not the happiness of understanding the Saxon language, and without your learned notes, should not have been able to comprehend Rowley's text.

"As a second edition of my Anecdotes was published last year, I must not flatter myself that a third will be wanted soon, but I shall be happy to lay up any notices you will be so good as to extract for me, and send me at your leisure; for as it is uncertain when I may use them, I would by no means borrow and detain your MSS.

"Give me leave to ask you, where Rowley's poems are to be found. I should not be sorry to print them, or at least a specimen of them, if they have never been printed.

"The abbot John's veses, that you have given me, are wonderful for their harmony and spirit; though there are some words I do not understand. You do not point out exactly the time when he lived, which I wish to know: as I suppose it was long before John al Eetry's discovery of oil painting: if so, it confirms what I have guessed, and have hinted in my Anecdotes, that, oil painting was known here much earlier than that discovery or revival.

* "I have the lives of several eminent carvers, painters, &c. of antiquity, but as they all relate to Bristol, may not be of service in a general history. If they may be acceptable to you, they are at your service."

"I will not trouble you with more questions now, Sir, but flatter myself, from the urbanity and politeness you have already shewn me, that you will give me leave to consult you. I hope, too, you will forgive the simplicity of my direction, as you have favoured me with none other.

"I am, Sir, your much obliged
"and obedient humble Servant,
"HORACE WALPOLE.

"P. S. Be so good as to direct to Mr. Walpole, Arlington Street."

In consequence of Mr. Walpole's intimation, Chatterton, on the receipt of his letter, forwarded a second communication to that gentleman. It appears, from an examination of the original document, that he had written to Horace Walpole a longer letter than this, and the line and a half, which now seems to form the letter, was merely the conclusion to it; but for some unapparent reason, Chatterton *cut off* the former part, which consisted of about six lines. This defacement probably took place after the letter was returned from Walpole.

. . . . . .

"I offer you some further anecdotes and specimens of poetry, and am,

"Your very humble and obedient Servant.
"THOMAS CHATTERTON.

"March, 30, 1769,
Corn Street, Bristol."

"*Historie of Peyncters yn Englande,*

BIE T. ROWLIE.

"Haveynge sayde yn oder places of peyncteynge and the ryse thereof, eke of somme peyncteres; now bee ytte toe be sayde of oders wordie of note. Afwolde was a skylled wyghte yn laeings onne of coloures; hee lyved yn Merciæ, ynne the daies of Kynge Offa, and depycted the countenaunce of

Eadburga, his dawter, whyche depycture beeynge borne to Bryghtrycke he toke her to wyfe, as maie be seene at large in Alfredus.* Edilwald Kynge of the Northumbers understode peynctynge, botte I cannot fynde anie piece of hys nemped.*(d)* Inne a mansion at Copenhamme I have seene a pencteynge of moche antiquite, where is sitteynge Egbrychte in a royaul mannere, wythe kynges yn chaynes at his fote, wythe meincte semblable *(e)* fygures, whyche were symboles of hys lyfe; and I haveth noted the Saxons to be more notable ynne lore and peyncteynge thann the Normannes, nor ys the monies sythence the daies of Willyame le Bastarde so fayrelie stroken as aforetyme. I eke haveth seene the armorie of East Sexe most fetyvelie *(f)* depycted, ynn the medst of an auntient wall. Botte nowe we bee upon peyncteynge, sommewhatte maie bee saide of the poemes of these daies, whyche bee toe the mynde what peyncteynge bee toe the eyne, the coloures of the fyrste beeynge mo dureynge. Ecca Byshopge of Hereforde yn D.LVII. was a goode poete, whome I thus Englyshe:

Whan azure skie ys veylde yn robes of nyghte
  Whanne glemmrynge dewe droppes stounde *a* the faytours *b* eyne,
Whanne flying clouaes, betinged wyth roddie lyghte,
  Doth on the bryndlynge wolfe and wood bore shine,
Whanne ever star fayre herehaughte of nyghte,
  Spreds the darke douskie sheene along the mees, *c*)

* "This is a writer whose works I have never been happy enough to meet with."

d NEMPED, mentioned.
e SEMBLABLE, metaphorical.
f FETYVELIE, elegantly, handsomely.
a STOUNDE, astonish.
b FAYTOURS, travellers.
c MEES, mead.

The wrethynge neders (*d*) sends a glummie (*e*) lyghte,
And houlets wynge from levyn (*f*) blasted trees.
Arise mie spryghte and seke the distant delle,
And there to echoing tonges thie raptured joies ytele.

Gif thys manne hau no hande for a peynder, he had a head ; a pycture appearethe ynne each lyne, and I wys so fyne an even tyghte mote be drawn as ynne the above. In anoder of his vearses he saithe,

The leaves of hawthorne boddeynge on hys hedde,
And wythe prymrosen coureynge to the wynde :
Thanne dydd the Shepster (*a*) hys longe albanne (*b*) spredde
Uponne the greenie bancke and daunced rounde
Whilest the soest flowretes nodded onne his hedde,
And hys fayre lambes besprenged (*c*) onne the grounde,
Anethe hys fote the brooklette ranne alonge,
Whyche strolleth rounde the vale to here his joyous songe.

Methynckethe these bee thoughtes notte oft to be metten wyth, and ne to bee excellede yn theye kynde. Elmar, Byshoppe of Selseie, was fetyve yn workes of ghastlienesse, (*d*) for the whyche take yee thys speeche :—

Nowe maie alle helle open to glope thee downe,
Whylst azure merke (*e*) immenged (*f*) withe the daie,
Shewe lyghte on darkned peynes to be moe rounde, (*g*)
O mayest thou die lyvinge deathes for aie :
Maie floodes of Solfirre bear thie sprighte anonne, (*h*)
Synkeynge to depths of woe, maie levynne brondes, (*i*)
Whanne sprynge came dauncynge onne a flourette bedde,
Dighte ynne greene raimente of a chaungynge kynde :

d NEDERS, adders, used perhaps as a glow-worm.
e GLUMMIE, dun. gloomy.
f LEVYN, blasted by lightning.
a SHEPSTER, shepherd.
b ALBANNE, a large loose white robe.
c BESPRENDED, scattered.
d GHASTLIENESSE, terror.
e MERKE, darkness.
f IMMENGED, mingled.
g ROUNE, terrific.
h ANONNE, ever and anon.
i LEVYNNE BRONDES, thunderbolts.

Tremble upon thie peyne devoted crowne,
And senge thie alle yn vayne emploreynge hondes;
Maie all the woes that Godis wrathe can sende
Uponne thie heade alyghte, and there theyre furie spende.

Gorweth of Wales be saydt to be a wryter goode, botte I understande notte that tongue. Thus moche for poetes, whose poesies do beere resemblance to pyctures in mie unwordie opynion. Asserius was wryter of hystories; he ys buryed at Seynte Keynas College ynne Keynsham wythe Turgotte, anoder wryter of hystories. Inne the walle of this college ys a tombe of Sayncte Keyna* whych was ydoulven anie, and placed ynne the walle, albeit done yn the daies of Cerdyke, as appeared bie a crosse of leade upon the kyste;(*a*) ytte bee moe notablie than meynte(*b*) of ymageries(*c*) of these daies. Inne the chyrche wyndowe ys a geason(*d*) peyncteynge of Seyncte Keyna syttynge yn a trefoliated chayre, ynne a long alban braced wythe golden gyrdles from the wayste upwarde to the breaste, over the whyche ys a small azure coape;(*e*) benethe ys depycted Galpidus, MLV. whyche maie bee that Geoffroie who ybuilded the Geason† gate to Seynct Augustyne's chapele once leadynge. Harrie Piercie of Northomberlande was a quaynte(*f*) peyncter; he lyved yn M.C. and depycted severalle of the wyndowes ynne Thonge Abbye, the greate windowe at Battaile Abbiee; he depycted the face verie welle wythalle, botte

* "This I believe is there now."

a KYSTE, coffin.
b MEYNTE, many.
c YMAGERIES, statues.
d GEASON, curious.
e COAPE, cloak or mantle.

† This gate is now standing in this city, though the chapel is not to be seen.

f QUAYNTE, curious.

was lackeynge yn the most-to-bee-looked-to accounte, proportione. John a Roane payncted the shape of a hayre: he carved the castle for the sheelde of Gilberte Clare of thek(*a*) feytyve performaunce. Elwarde ycorne(*b*) the castle for the seal of Kynge Harolde of most geason worke; nor has anie seale sythence bynne so rare, excepte the seale of Kinge Henrie the fyfthe, corven by Josephe Whetgyfte. Thomas a Baker from corveynge crosse loafes, took to corveying of ymageryes, whych he dyd most fetyvelie; he lyved ynne the cittie of Bathe, beeynge the fyrste yn Englande, thatte used hayre ynne the bowe of the fyddle,* beeynge before used wythe peetched hempe or flax. Thys carveller dyd decase yn MLXXI. Thus moche for carvellers and peyncters.

"John was inducted abbot in the year 1146, and sat in the dies 29 years. As you approve of the small specimen of his poetry, I have sent you a larger, which though admirable is still (in my opinion) inferior to Rowley,† whose works when I have leisure I will fairly copy and send you."

With this letter and pretended transcript from Rowley's manuscript, he forwarded Horace Walpole the following lines, by the Abbott John, referred to in the preceding paragraph:—

a THEK, very.
b YCORNE, a contraction of *ycorven*, carved.

* "Nothing is so much wanted as a History of the Antiquity of the Violin, nor is any antiquary more able to do it than yourself. Such a piece would redound to the honour of England, as Rowley proves the use of the bow to be knowne to the Saxons, and even introduced by them."

[Singularly enough, a work on the History of the Violin, by Mr. Dubourg, has just been announced, 1837.]

† "None of Rowley's pieces were ever made public, till the year 1631, shut up in the iron chest in Redcliff Church."

"Of warre's glumm(a) pleasaunce do I chante mie laie,
Trauthe tips the poynctelle, (b) wysdomme skemps,(c) the lyne,
Whylst hoare experiaunce telleth what toe saie,
And forwyned (d) hosbandrie wyth blearie eyne,
Standeth and woe bements (e) the treycklynge bryne
Rounnynge adone hys cheeks which doethe shewe,
Lyke hys unfrutefulle fieldes, longe straungers to the ploughe.

Saie, Glowster,(f) whanne besprenged (g) on evrich syde,
The gentle hyndlette and the vylleyn felle;
Whanne smetheynge (h) sange (i) dyd flowe like to a tyde,
And Sprytes were damned for the lacke of knelles,
Diddest thou kenne ne lykeness to an helle,
Where all were misdeedes doeynge lyche unwise,
Where hope unbarred and deathe eftsoones dyd shote theyre eies.

Ye shepster (l) swaynes who the ribibble (m) kenne,
Ende the tyghte (n) daunce, ne loke uponne the spere:
In ugsommnesse (o) ware moste bee dyghte toe menne,
Unseliness (p) attende the honourewere;(r)
Quaffe your swote (s) vernage, (t) and attreted (u) beere."

In one of Chatterton's letters to Walpole (most probably it formed the subject of the part cut off from the second letter to Mr. Walpole after it was returned to its writer,) he frankly stated his circumstances; that he was only sixteen years of age, and the son of a poor widow, who supported him

a GLUMM, gloomy.
b POYNCTELLE, pen.
c SKEMPS, marks.
d FORWYNED, blasted, burnt.
e BEMENTS, laments.
f GLOWSTER, Earl or Consul of Gloucester.
g BESPRENGED, scattered.
h SMETHEYNGE, smoking.
i SANGE, blood.
l SHEPSTER, shepherd.
m RIBIBBLE, a fiddle.
n TYGHTE, compact, orderly, tight.
o UGSOMMNESSE, terror.
p UNSELINESS, unhappiness.
r HONOUREWERE, the place or residence of honour.
s SWOTE, sweet.
t VERNAGE, vintage, wine, cyder.
u ATTRETED, extracted from corn.

with great difficulty; that he was apprenticed to an attorney, but had a taste for more elegant studies: and expressed a wish that Mr. Walpole would assist him with his interest in emerging out of so dull a profession, by procuring him some place in which he could pursue his natural bent. He affirmed that great treasures of ancient poetry had been discovered in his native city, and were in the hands of a person who had lent him those he had transcribed. With this letter he sent some other poems, amongst which was (says Mr. Walpole) an absolute modern pastoral,* thinly sprinkled with old words.

On the receipt of this letter, Mr. Walpole wrote to a relative at Bath, to inquire into the situation and character of Chatterton: the answer was corroborative of Chatterton's description of his situation. In the meantime he had communicated the specimens of the poems he had received, to Mr. Gray and Mr. Mason, "who at once pronounced them forgeries, and declared there was no symptoms in them of their being the productions of near so distant an age; the language and metres being totally unlike anything ancient."

Now came the change: the man, or rather, Horace Walpole, for that is his *proper* name, who had expressed himself as "*singularly obliged;*" who gave a thousand thanks for the "curious letter;" who stated its contents as "very valuable and full of information;" who declared, that instead of correcting the writer of that letter, he, the writer, was "far more able to correct him;" and who complimented poor Chatterton on his "learned notes;" and spoke of the Abbot John's verses as being "wonderful for their harmony and spirit:" this Horace Walpole, (when his correspondent,

* Eleanoure and Juga.

with hopes engendered in his breast, by the more than favourable reception of his letters, opened his circumstances to him, never doubting but that he should find a generous patron,) returned the poor author but cold approbation of his compositions; being unable, according to his own account, to help admiring the spirit of poetry which animated them. Walpole, of all men alive, had the least reason to be offended at the literary imposition attempted to be practised upon him.

"Who wrote Otranto?"

exclaimed the poor bard, in the bitterness of his disappointment. But Mr. Walpole, who had himself attempted to deceive the world, could not bear that one so humble as Chatterton should deceive *him*. Mac Pherson's Ossian, too, was fresh in his memory. Before he behaved so harshly to Chatterton, Mr. Walpole would have done well to have reperused his own preface to the first edition of the "Castle of Otranto," the production of his *riper* years, in which he solemnly asserts that it was found in the "library of an ancient catholic family in the north of England, and was printed at Naples, in the black letter, in the year 1529." In the second edition, the honourable author "flatters himself he shall appear *excusable* for having offered his work to the world under the borrowed personage of a translator. Thus after giving, by his "respectable example," a sanction to literary deception, he unblushingly and heartlessly asserts, in his "Vindication," that "all of the house of forgery are relations; and that, though it be just to Chatterton's memory to say his poverty never made him claim kindred with the richest or more enriching branches, yet that his ingenuity in counterfeiting styles, and, I believe, hands, might easily have

led him to those more facile imimations of prose, promissory notes." "Oh ! ye," (wrote the late lamented Samuel Taylor Coleridge, in reference to this remark) Oh ! ye, who honour the name of *man*, rejoice, that this Walpole is called *a lord*."

The following remarks on this subject are so excellent, that I cannot refrain from quoting them ; they are from the pen of a gentleman to whom the literary world is indebted for much of the information concerning Chatterton. "Horace Walpole," he says, "had *no right* to feel very indignant at a literary forgery, after the deception he practised on the public, in affirming that his 'Castle of Otranto' was a translation from the Indian. He expressly admits that no doubt rested on his mind, that Rowley was a fictitious character, and that all Chatterton's communications were spurious. He must have asked himself, by whom then *were* they written ? embodying a mass of ingenuity and excellence which, in the first place, had extorted from him the highest encomiums ! He must have known that the whole was written by that 'marvellous boy,' who now stood before him as a humble dependant, and who had thus given evidence of a genius susceptible of unlimited attainments ! What was now the conduct of Horace Walpole, the man who could fly to Tunbridge Wells, or hurry down to Bath, to meet a favourite party ? What was his procedure at the period when a noble spirit would have almost rushed to administer both solace and relief to a poor boy of sixteen, who could not then be contemplated without wonder, and within those reach, had he met with moderate encouragement, lay all that man was capable of attaining !

"A slight effort, at this time, on the part of Horace Walpole, might have saved from destruction

Thomas Chatterton. That he should have suffered so fair an occasion to pass for ever by, will associate no *blessings* with his name; whilst, in every generous breast, it will awaken keen but unavailing regrets, that the appeals of this fine spirit should not have been made to one endued with the best sympathies of our nature, and who could foster and recognise genius, even under an uncourtly garb of poverty."

Chatterton constantly affirmed to Mr. Catcott that Horace Walpole *despised* him, from the time he made known to him his indigent circumstances, and this assertion appears to be founded on truth and justice. From the moment this intelligence reached him, the admiration, once so ardent, suddenly ceased, and that, on an occasion when new admiration ought to have been excited, and respect unspeakable augmented; instead of which he insulted the high-minded bard of Bristol, by forwarding, instead of his former deferential epistles, as cold, phlegmatic a letter of common-place advice, (considering the occasion,) as ever issued from hard-hearted dulness: and in the very act of writing it, he himself commits a forgery on the bank of morality, where he never possessed any real capital. To return, however, to the correspondence; Mr. Walpole states, that, in answer to Chatterton's letter, which contained the application for assistance in a literary way, he wrote him a kind letter, with as much kindness and tenderness as if he had been his guardian; he undeceived him about his being a person of any interest, and urged to him, that in duty and gratitude to his mother, who had straitened herself to breed him up to a profession, he ought to *labour* in it, that in her old years he might absolve his filial debt; and told him that when he *had made a fortune* he might

unbend himself with the studies more consonant with his inclinations. He also told him that he had communicated his transcripts to much better judges, and that they were by no means satisfied with the authenticity of his supposed MSS. He mentioned also their reasons for concluding that the poems could not be the production of the age to which they were assigned.

The absolute certainty that Chatterton was the author of these poems, and that they were not written in the fifteenth century, should have impelled instead of prevented Mr. Walpole from assisting him. But it is a well-known fact that Horace Walpole was all his life the enemy of his brother authors; he was unjust to the dead, injurious to the living. He says he wrote him a letter of *advice*, the constant substitute with frozen souls for good offices, when they are requested: with this "*guardian*-like" letter this affectionate and Christian guardian sent his poor ward no substantial mark of his compassion. No, with a shameful insincerity, he assumed a sympathy he did not feel; for not long afterwards, in reference to the unfortunate subject of this memoir, he made the heartless remark, "*that singing birds should not be too well fed.*"

It is to be regretted that this letter is not in existence, as the only account we have of it is from the pen of Mr. Walpole himself, an authority certainly not to be implicitly relied on.

To this letter, actuated by mingled feelings of pride and mortification, Chatterton, in about a week subsequently to the writing his second letter to Mr. Walpole, replied as follows:

LETTER III.

"Sir,

"I am not able to dispute with a person of your literary character. I have transcribed Rowley's poems, &c., &c., from a transcript in the possession of a gentleman who is assured of their authenticity. St. Austin's minster was in Bristol. In speaking of painters in Bristol. I mean glass stainers. The MSS. have long been in the hands of the present possessor, which is all I know of them. Though I am but sixteen years of age, I have lived long enough to see that poverty attends literature. I am obliged to you, Sir, for your advice, and will go a little beyond it, by destroying all my useless lumber of literature, and never using my pen again but in the law.

"I am,

"Your most humble servant,

"THOMAS CHATTERTON.

"Bristol, April 8, 1769."

On the 14th of April, Chatterton again wrote:

LETTER IV.

"Sir,

"Being fully convinced of the papers of Rowley being genuine, I should be obliged to you to return me the copy I sent you, having no other. Mr. Barrett, an able antiquary, who is now writing the History of Bristol, has desired it of me; and I should be sorry to deprive him, or the world indeed, of a valuable curiosity, which I know to be an authentic piece of antiquity.

"Your very humble Servant,

"THOMAS CHATTERTON."

"Bristol, Corn Street,

"April 14, 1769.

"P. S. If you wish to publish them yourself, they are at your service.

The letter, No. III. Mr. Walpole describes as "*rather a peevish answer*," but the truth of his assertion is by no means proved. Chatterton said "he would not contend with a person of Mr. Walpole's learning," and desired, in his next letter, that his manuscript may be returned; and had it been *very* peevish, would any one be surprised that

Chatterton, thus tantalized and trifled with, should return *such* an answer to the insults he received, instead of that encouragement which he expected?

Two other letters were addressed by Chatterton to Horace Walpole, dated also on the 14th of April, 1769. He seems to have hesitated concerning the one sent on that day, as the following (the originals of which are in the British museum) were written on the same occasion, but never forwarded.

LETTER V.

"For Horace Walpole, Esq., Arlington Street, London.

"Sir,

"As I am *now* fully convinced that Rowley's papers are genuine, should be obliged to you if you'd send copies of them to the Town and Country Magazine, or return them to me for that purpose; as it would be the greatest injustice to deprive the world of so valuable a curiosity.

"I have seen the original from which the extracts first sent you were copied. The harmony is not so extraordinary, as Joseph Iscam is altogether as harmonious.

"The stanza Rowley writes in, instead of being introduced by Spenser, was in use 300 years before . . . .

. . . . . .

by Rowley: although I have seen some poetry of that age exceeding alliterations without rhyme.

"I shall not defend Rowley's pastoral; its merit can stand its own defence.

"Rowley was employed by Canynge, to go to the principal Monasteries in the kingdom to collect drawings, paintings, and all the MSS. relating to architecture: is it then so very extraordinary he should meet with the few remains of Saxon learning? 'Tis allowed by every historian of credit, that the Normans destroyed all the Saxon MSS. paintings, &c., that fell in their way; endeavouring to suppress the very language. The want of knowing what they were, is all the foundation you can have for styling them a barbarous nation.

"If you are not satisfied with these conspicuous . . .

. . . . . .

the honour to be of my opinion.

"I am, Sir,

"Your very humble and obedient Servant,

"T. CHATTERTON.

"Bristol, Corn Street,

"April 14, 1769."

LETTER VI.

"Sir,

"Being fully convinced of the papers of Rowley being genuine, I should be obliged to you to return the copy I sent you, having no other. Mr. Barrett, who is now writing the History and Antiquities of the City of Bristol, has desired it of me; and I should be very sorry to deprive him, or the world, indeed, of a valuable curiosity, which I know to be an authentic piece of antiquity. However barbarous the Saxons may be called by our modern virtuosos, it is certain we are indebted to Alfred and other Saxon kings for the wisest of our laws, and, in part, for the British constitution. The Normans, indeed, destroyed the MSS. paintings, &c., of the Saxons that fell in their way; but some might be, and certainly were, recovered out of the monasteries, &c., in which they were preserved. Mr. Vertue could know nothing of the matter—'twas quite out of his walk. I thought Rowley's Pastoral had a degree of merit that would be its own defence. Abbot John's verses were translated by Rowley out of the GREEK, and there might be poetry of his age something more than mere alliterations, as he was so great a scholar. The stanza, if I mistake not, was used by Ischan, Gower, Ladgate, in the sense as by Rowley, and the modern 'gloomy' seems but a refinement of the old word. Glomming, in Anglo-Saxon, is 'ye twilight.'

"From, Sir,

"Your humble Servant,

"T. CHATTERTON.

"April 14th."

When Mr. Walpole received the letters, Nos. 3 and 4,) from Chatterton, demanding his manuscripts, he was preparing for a journey to Paris, and he either forgot Chatterton's request, or had delayed having them copied; he therefore deferred complying with the request of the writer of the letters, and proceeded on his journey, without deigning to answer his correspondent. "I *protest*," says Horace Walpole, "I do not remember which was the case; *and yet, though in a case of so little importance*, I would not utter a syllable of which I am not positively certain; nor will charge my memory with a title beyond what it retains." The case to Walpole *was* of *very little importance* for to Paris he went, where he remained six weeks; and on his return, found the following letter on his

table, which was termed singularly impertinent by the frivolous Walpole, but which has been also, by abler judges, designated as, "dignified and spirited."

LETTER VII.

"Sir,

"I cannot reconcile your behaviour with the notions I once entertained of you. I think myself injured, Sir; and did you not know my circumstances, you would not dare to treat me thus. I have sent twice for a copy of the manuscripts:—no answer from you. An explanation or excuse for your silence would oblige

"THOMAS CHATTERTON.

"July 24th."

This is the "*singularly impertinent*" letter. Surely Mr. Walpole's *singularly insolent* treatment of Chatterton sufficiently apologized for its warmth. The letter was so far from impertinent, that it was gentler than the haughty neglect deserved. If one of Mr. Walpole's aristocratical correspondents had sent him fifty letters, containing the most insignificant stuff, they would have all been answered in the most respectful, and no doubt, servile manner.

Mr. Walpole says, "*My heart* did not accuse me of insolence to him. I wrote an answer expostulating with him on his injustice, and renewing *good advice;* but upon second thoughts, reflecting that so wrong-headed a young man, of whom I knew nothing, and whom I had never seen, might be absurd enough to print my letter, I flung it into the fire:* and wrapping up both his poems and letters, without taking a copy of either, for which I am now sorry, I returned all to him, and thought no more of him till a year and a half after." Mr. Walpole regretted that he did not take a copy of the poems sent him; it was his intention, but it

* A copy of this letter appears in Walpole's Narrative.

was omitted, either from neglect or hurry. Surely this is an unparalleled acknowledgment of a mind boasting the desire of committing a breach of faith. One is really at a loss which to admire most, the premeditated intent of doing a mean action, or the cool indifference with which he relates what should tend to his shame and confusion.

The letters and manuscripts were returned to Chatterton in a *blank cover*, on the 4th August, 1769. Chatterton never forgave the insult he received from Walpole. Young and ardent as he was, and unaccustomed to have to do with the cold realities of life, the repulse must have been bitter indeed. Had Walpole inflicted on him an *injury*, his more noble nature would have borne it in dignified silence; but an insult, by a sensitive mind, is never forgotten. Yet how many such are the suffering children of genius compelled to bear, from hard-hearted, weak-headed men, whom, in their inmost souls, they despise. The class of beings to which Walpole belonged, is not yet extinct; the false friends; the good-advice-givers—men, who, like the priest in the fable, only bestow their blessing, because it costs them nothing;—who themselves write volumes of trash, "full of sound and fury, signifying nothing," to the unutterable joy of trunk liners and cheese venders; yet, who in their blindness, deem themselves "arbiters of taste and masters of opinion."

The following stanza (from a copy of verses addressed to Miss M. R. and sent, by Chatterton, to the Town and Country Magazine, and printed in the number for January, 1770) has been brought forward by the friends of Mr. Walpole, as a proof that Chatterton altered his opinion with respect to Mr. Walpole's treatment of him: most probably, however, it is only satire in disguise:—

" Yet when that bloom and dancing fire,
In silver'd reverence shall expire,
Age wrinkled and defac'd,
To keep one lover's flame alive
Requires the genius of A CLIVE,
With Walpole's mental taste."

CHATTERTON'S MISCELLANIES, p 88.

The following lines, never before published, are more expressive of his feelings :—

TO HORACE WALPOLE.

" Walpole, I thought not I should ever see
So mean a heart as thine has proved to be.
Thou who in luxury nurs'd behold'st, with scorn,
The boy, who, friendless, fatherless, forlorn,
Asks thy high favour—thou may'st call me cheat.
Say, did'st thou never practise such deceit ?
Who wrote Otranto ? but I will not chide:
Scorn I'll repay with scorn—and pride with pride ;—
Still, Walpole, still thy prosy chapters write,
And twaddling letters to some fair indite:
Laud *all* above thee, fawn and cringe to those
Who for thy fame were better friends than foes ;
Still spurn the incautious fool who dares—
. . . . . .
Had I the gifts of wealth and luxury shared,
Not poor and mean, Walpole! thou had'st not dared
Thus to insult. But I shall live and stand
By Rowley's side, when thou art dead and damned."

T. C.

I shall not now remark on the apology of Dr. Gregory, or on that of his " learned and respectable friend," for Mr. Walpole, but shall insert Mr. Walpole's own Narrative, that the reader may form a just conception of the transaction. This Vindication was printed at Strawberry Hill for private use, in 1779: and was reprinted in the Gentleman's Magazine for 1782, in separate portions. It is now presented to the reader entire.

The following letters from Horace Walpole, respecting Chatterton, from the MSS. of the Rev. Mr. Cole, were written by Mr. W. *before* the Vin-

dication appeared, and are inserted here in their chronological order.

MS. Cole, Vol. XXIII. F. 103, B.

"To the Rev. Mr. Cole, at Milton, near Cambridge,

"Strawberry Hill, June 19, 1777.

"I thank you for your notices, dear Sir, and shall remember that on Prince William. I did not see the Monthly Review, but hope one is not guilty of the death of every man who does not make one the dupe of a forgery. I believe Mac Pherson's success with Ossian was more the ruin of Chatterton than I. Two years passed between my doubting the authenticity of Rowley's poems and his death. I never knew he had been in London, till some time after he had undone and poisoned himself there. The poems he sent me were transcripts in his own hand; and even in that circumstance he told a lie, he said he had them from the very person at Bristol to whom he had given them. If any man were to tell you that monkish rhymes had been dug up at Herculaneum, which was destroyed several years before there was any such poetry, should you believe it? Just the reverse is the case of Rowley's pretended poems. They have all the elegance of Waller and Prior, and more than Lord Surrey's; but I have no objection to any body believing what he pleases. I think poor Chatterton was an astonishing genius: but I cannot think that Rowley foresaw metres that were invented long after he was dead, or that our language was more refined at Bristol in the reign of Henry V., than it was at our court under Henry VIII. One of the chaplains of the bishop of Exeter has found a line of Rowley in Hudibras. The monk might foresee that too! The prematurity of Chatterton's genius is, however, full as wonderful as that such a prodigy as Rowley should never have been heard of till the eighteenth century: the youth and industry of the former are miracles, too, yet still more credible. There is not a symptom in the poems, but the old words, that savours of Rowley's age; change the old words for modern, and the whole construction is of yesterday.

"The other story you tell me is very credible, and perfectly in character.

"Yours ever,

"Horace Walpole."

In one of Mr. Michael Tyson's letters to Mr Cole,* dated February 4, 1799, he writes: "I find, from Mason, that Mr. Walpole is about to print an account of his transactions with Chatterton; Gray

* MS. Cole, vol. XXV. fol. 50, B.

and Mason both saw the poems at Mr. Walpole's house, and both pronounced to be modern forgeries, and recommended the returning them without any further notice."

From Mr. Cole's MSS. I extract two other letters of Walpole, written after the Vindication appeared.

MSS. Cole. Vol. XXV. F. 61. B.

"Berkeley Square, Dec. 30, 1781.

"You will be surprised when I tell you that I have only dipped into Mr. Bryant's book, and lent the dean's before I had cut the leaves, though I had peep'd into it enough to see that I shall not read it. Both he and Bryant are so diffuse on our antiquated literature, that I had rather believe in Rowley, than go through their proofs.—Mr. Wharton and Mr. Tyrwhytt have more patience, and intend to answer them; and so the controversy will be two hundred years out of my reach. Mr. Bryant, I did find, begged a vast many questions, which proved to me his own doubts. Dr. Glynn's foolish evidence made me laugh, and so did Mr. Bryant's sensibility for me. He says Chatterton treated me very *cruelly*, in one of his writings; I am sure I did not feel it so. I suppose Bryant means under the title of Baron of Otranto, which is written with humour: I must have been the sensitive plant, if anything in that character had hurt me! Mr. Bryant, too, and the dean, as I see by extracts in the papers, have decorated Chatterton with sanctimonious honour. Think of that young rascal's note, by summing up his gains and losses, by writing for and against Beckford, he says, 'am glad he is dead by £3 13s. 6d.' There was a lad of too nice honour to be guilty of a forgery! and a lad, who they do not deny forged the poems in the style of Ossian, and fifty other things. In the parts I did read, Mr. Bryant, as I expected, reasons admirably, and staggered me; but when I took up the poems called Rowley's, again, I protest I cannot see the smallest air of any antiquity but the old words; the whole texture is conceived on ideas of the present century. The liberal manner of thinking of a monk, so long before the reformation, is as stupendous; and where he met with Ovid's Metamorphosis, Eclogues, and plans of Greek tragedies, when even Caxton, a printer, took Virgil's Æneid for so rare a novelty, are not less incomprehensible: though these things I speak at random, nor have searched for the æra when the Greek and Latin classics came again to light—at present, I imagine, long after our Edward IV.

"Another thing struck me in my very cursory perusal of Bryant. He asks, where Chatterton could find so much knowledge of English events? I could tell him where he might, by a very natural hypothesis, though merely an hypothesis. It appears by the evidence that

Canning left six chests of MSS. and that Chatterton got possession of some, or several. Now what was therein *so probably* as a diary drawn up by Canynge himself, or some churchwarden, or wardens, or by a monk or monks? Is any thing more natural, than for such a person, amidst the events of Bristol, to set down such other public facts as happened in the rest of the kingdom? Was not such almost all the materials of our ancient story? There is actually such a one, with some curious collateral facts, if I am not mistaken, for I write by memory, in the history of Furnese, or Fountain's Abbey, I forget which. If Chatterton found such a one, did he want the extensive literature on which such stress is laid? Hypothesis for hypothesis; I am sure this is as rational a one, as the supposition that six chests were filled with poems never else heard of.

"These are my undigested thoughts on this matter; not that I ever intend to digest them, for I will not, at sixty-four, sail back into the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, and be drowned in an ocean of monkish writers of those ages, of this!

"Yours most sincerely,
"H. WALPOLE."

MS. COLE, VOL. XXV. p. 66.

"To the Rev. Mr. Cole, Milton,

"February 22, 1782.

"I doubt you are again in error, my good Sir, about the letter in the Gentleman's Magazine, against the Rowleians, unless Mr. Malone sent it to you, for he is the author, and not Mr. Steevens, from whom I imagine you received it. There is a report, that proof of some part of Chatterton's forgery is to be produced, from an accomplice; but this I do not answer for, nor know the circumstances. I have scarce seen a person who is not persuaded that the *fashion* of the poems was Chatterton's own; though he might have found some old stuff to work upon, which was very likely the case; but now that the poems have been so much examined, nobody (that has an ear) can get over the modernity of the modulation, and the recent cast of the ideas and phraseology corroborated by such palpable pillage of Pope and Dryden. Still the boy remains a prodigy, by whatever means he procured or produced the edifice he erected; and still will it be inexplicable how he found time or materials for operating such miracles.

"Yours ever,
"HORACE WALPOLE."

Now for the Narrative,† which it is but fair to give entire.

† The Narrative was printed in the form of a letter, by H. Walpole, at Strawberry Hill, and afterwards reprinted in the Gentleman's Magazine.

"You have so clearly marked me out as the person whom T. Chatterton first addressed, in order to extricate himself from his irksome situation; and you have accompanied that description with so injurious a picture of my behaviour, that my appearing to the citation will certainly not subject me to the suspicion of vanity. Perhaps I do not think that an anonymous editor, who, to satisfy an idle curiosity, calls on a private man for an account of a private transaction, is much entitled to an answer, still less to a public answer; because, were such summons to be obeyed, the public would be troubled with ten thousand impertinent discussions. But as you have gone much farther, and founding yourself on a very unjust assertion, (I hope on misinformation.) have called for the 'indignation' of the public against me, it becomes necessary to my character to clear it in as public a manner.

"And although, Sir, you are the person to whom I shall address my Vindication, you will allow me to forget for a moment, while I make an apology to your superior and mine, that public you appeal to, for the liberty I take in troubling them with the cause of so insignificant person as I am. Your mention of me as the first to whom Chatterton applied, is not the first notice before the public of my having been involuntarily involved in his story. Rumours, grafted on circumstances not fathomed, have even represented me as the primary cause of his dismal catastrophe: in some publications the expressions have been so little weighed and so unguarded, as almost to insinuate this cruel and most unjust aspersion. Some of my friends have been so kindly hurt at the misrepresentation, as to advise me to give an open account of my conduct towards Chatterton, with which they were acquainted, and which they knew had been irreproachable. Conscious of my perfect innocence on that head, I chose to rest upon it. My time of life, aversion to controversy, and, above all, conviction that I am not of consequence enough to interest the attention of the public, made me decline the solicitation of my friends. You say, Sir, that I am 'well known in the republic of letters;' the description, I doubt, is too magnificent. A trifling, whose celebrity is confined to a very narrow sphere, scarce deserves that predication. However, my having been an author, was an additional reason why I chose not to be so again, especially in my own cause. To be an author, indicates respect for the public; it implies ambition of meriting their regard To cease to be an author, if one has not been totally an unsuccessful one, is a stronger mark of respect. It implies apprehension of forfeiting their approbation, when declining years may have impaired our faculty of pleasing. But there is a spacious difference between attempting to amuse the public by one's writings, and presuming to demand attention to one's self. This latter arroganee I dreaded; and it preponderated to make me silent. All I yielded to, was, to set down a faithful account of my intercourse with Chatterton, and to communicate it to some few persons. With that narrative I shall now indulge you, Sir, as you express a wish to see it. If I violate my own law of not intruding the interests of a private man on the awful examination of the public, you, not I, Sir, ought to be responsible. You, by your own con-

fession, ignorant of the circumstances of my transaction with Chatterton, have not only stigmatized it with the charge of having been 'contemptuous,' but have most unwarrantably insinuated that *that*, my behaviour, calls for the 'indignation' *of* the public. I shall examine your reasoning in support of that anathema presently; but, thus dragged out from a tranquil obscurity in which I had sought to pass the remnant of life; thus traduced before the most respectable of all auditories, the judgment of my countrymen, I must stand acquitted in the first instance of not having voluntarily presented myself before this tribunal. It would be wanting respect to what I ever reverence, the good opinion of mankind, if I declined submitting not only my cause, but my defence. to their judgment. It would be wearing that arrogance to all, which you unjustly charge me with towards one, an ingenious young man, but still more entitled to my respect, as he was a poor and unhappy young man; though, as you will find, Sir, during my acquaintance with him, he appeared to me in none of those lights. You will find, too, that though I was far from treating him either with 'contempt or neglect,' he did not seem totally unworthy of both, as I could consider him under no aspect but that of a youth who endeavoured to impose upon me.

"Having thus, Sir, with the deference I owe them, accepted the jury you have chosen for me, not excepting even to you, however prejudiced against me; for, (as I have flattered myself you have rather endeavoured to provoke me to gratify your curiosity, than meant me any ill-will, which, as you are totally unknown to me, I hope I have not deferred,) I trust I shall bring you over to join in my acquittal; I will forbear to consider that I stand before my country, and will argue the case with you with the familiarity of equals: yet having the better of you by my being the person wronged, it shall be with that good humour which is the characteristic of innocence; and which, though prohibited from controversial, and rarely admitted into literary disputes, is better suited to so ridiculous a subject, as that which gave birth to this correspondence between you and me; I mean the question of the authenticity or forgery of the poems called Rowley's. Had that controversy never been agitated, you and I, Sir, had probably remained unknown to each other. You seem more interested for the honour of Chatterton's abilities, than sedulous to prove that he and Rowley, if such a poet as the latter ever existed, were animated by so congenial a spirit, that the compositions of the one can hardly, very hardly, be discriminated from the other. You give us many specimens of prose and poetry, which you maintain were indubitably Chatterton's. If they were, the wit of man can assign no reason why the rest, ascribed to Rowley, should not have been coined in the same mint. The same soul animates all; and the limbs that would remain to Rowley, would, indeed, be 'disjecta membra poetæ.' Rowley would not only have written with a spirit by many centuries posterior to that of his age, but this mantle, escaping the hands of all his contemporaries and successors, must have been preserved, notwithstanding the worse for time, and reserved to invest Chatterton from head to foot. I, who rather smile at the importance bestowed on this fantastic controversy, as-

sure you, that, as I was originally an actor in this interlude without my consent, so I am a spectator most indifferent how it shall terminate. It is of no consequence, in my eyes, whether Rowley, an unknown monk of the fifteenth century, wrote like poets of a polished age, in the same metres and the same numbers, though then neither used nor known, nor for many years afterwards: or whether Chatterton, an attorney's clerk at Bristol, could, in his very youth, counterfeit the language of the fifteenth century. That he could, is plain, for he did; and it is indubitably easier to copy the style of those who have gone before us, than to imitate that of those who will not be born till many ages after we shall be dead. But it is not my business to enter into the general spirit of this grave controversy, but to clear myself from having been the innocent cause of its remaining so embroiled Still I am so much obliged to you for having owned that you know none of the circumstances of my part in the affair; and there is such honest simplicity in condemning a man first, and then desiring him to tell you his story, that it would be unpardonable to be angry with, or to deceive you; and I will give you my word I will be guilty of neither.

"What relates to me is contained in the following passages of your preface:—'One of his (Chatterton's) first efforts to emerge from a situation so irksome* to him, was an application to a gentleman well known in the republic of letters; which, unfortunately for the public and himself, met with a very cold reception; and which the disappointed author always spoke of with a high degree of acrimony, whenever it was mentioned to him' p. xviii. xix

"Again, (p. 21.) 'Perhaps the reader may feel some indignation against the person to whom his first application was made, and by whom he was treated with neglect and contempt. It were to be wished that the public was fully informed of all the circumstances attending that unhappy application; the event of which deprived the world of works, which might have contributed to the honour of the nation, as well as the comfort and happiness of their unfortunate author.'

"In these passages, Sir, there are propositions of different kinds, which, amounting to a heavy charge on me, you will allow me to analyze I am first taxed with giving 'a very cold reception' to Chatterton's address; within two pages that coldness is grown to 'neglect and contempt,' and within a few words more my contempt is swoln to the heavy accusation of driving the unhappy youth to despair and suicide. I shudder, Sir, and so ought you, not at the consequence of his dismal fate, the depriving the world of works that Chatterton might have written, and which you fondly imagine would 'have contributed to the honour of the nation;' but I shudder at

* "He was bound apprentice to a lawyer, and 'possessed,' says the preface, 'all the vices and irregularities of youth; and his profligacy was at least as conspicuous as his abilities Although he was of a profession, which might be said to accelerate his pursuits in antiquities, yet so averse was he to that profession, that he could never overcome it.'"—p. xviii.

having that dismal catastrophe imputed to my cruelty and arrogance; nor have you cause to exult at lightly calumniating an innocent person in so black a manner! I have reason to say, you calumniated me lightly; for, if you knew the circumstances, would you be reduced to wish that the world were fully informed of them? Would you not lay them before the world? Or is it from tenderness to me that you suppress them? I entreat you to tell all you know; conceal nothing. I am going to give my narrative; canvass it as rigorously as you have accused me. Detest the most minute grain of falsehood. Surely you had better grounds than the partial relation of a disappointed author, who, you say, never mentioned me without 'a high degree of acrimony.'

"To so serious an apostrophe as this I am almost ashamed to join remarks, on the ridiculous conclusion of your peroration; but can I help smiling at your lamentation over imaginary abortions which my freezing breath nipped in their præ-existent state? Let me administer other comfort to you than you have bestowed on me. Recollect, Sir, that premature genius is seldom equally great in its meridian. Psalmanazar, the prototype of Chatterton, as you and I coincided in thinking, though he reformed his morals and died a virtuous man, which we cannot be sure would have been Chatterton's case, seemed, though always a very sensible man, to have exhausted his inventive faculties in the creation of Formosa. The thread of my argument will suggest other consolations to you; but the pain you have given to my sensibility will not allow me to indulge longer mirth. It is very seriously that I must ask you, whether it was the part of a wise man to credit the tales of an acrimonious and disappointed youth, and whose profligacy, you say, was so conspicuous? Was it the part of a just man [for that part you could not receive from Chatterton] to couple his first unsuccessful application with his fatal exit, and then load me with both? Does your enthusiastic admiration of his abilities, or your regret for the honour of England's poetry, warrant such a concatenation of ideas? Was poor Chatterton so modest or so desponding as to abandon his enterprises on their being damped by me? Did he not continue to pursue them? Is this country so destitute of patrons of genius, or do I move in so eminent and distinguished a sphere, that a repulse from me is a dagger to talents? Did not Chatterton come to London after that miscarriage? Did he relinquish his counterfeiting propensity on its being lost on me? Was he an inoffensive, ingenuous youth, smit with the love of the muses, and soaring above a sordid and servile profession, whose early blossoms, being blighted by my insolence, withered in mortified obscurity; and on seeing his hopes of fame blasted, sunk beneath the frowns of ignorant and insolent wealth? Or did he, after launching into all the excesses you describe, and vainly hoping to gratify his ambition by adulation to, or satires on, all ranks and parties of men, fall a victim to his own ungovernable spirit, and to the deplorable straits to which he had reduced himself? The interval was short, I own; but as every moment of so extraordinary a life was crowded with efforts of his enterprising genius, allow me to say with truth, that there was a large chasm between his appli-

cation to me, and his miserable conclusion. You know there was; and though my falling into the snare might have varied the area of his exploits, it is more likely that that success would rather have encouraged than checked his enterprises. When he pursued his turn for fabricating ancient writings, in spite of the mortification he received from me, it is not probable that he would have been corrected by success. Such is not the nature of success, when it is the reward of artifice. I should be more justly reproachable for having contributed to *cherish* an impostor, than I am for having accelerated his fate. I cannot repeat the words without emotions of indignation on my own account, and of compassson on his—but I have promised to argue calmly, and I will.

"How will you be surprised, and, for your sake, I hope, concerned [or you must be as unfeeling as you represent me], when you find that my share in Chatterton's fate is simply reduced to this? A lad at Bristol, whom I never saw then, before or since, sends me two or three copies of verses in old English, which he tells me had been found there, and were lent to him by another person; acquaints me that he is clerk to an attorney, but, having more inclination to poetry, wishes that I would procure him a place that would enable him to follow his propensity: I suspect the poetry to be modern; he is angry, re demands it; I return it—and two years after, the youth is found dead—and, by the strength of a warm imagination, I am accused of blasting this promising genius, and of depriving the world of the Lord knows what Iliads and Lost Paradises, which this youth might have procreated in his own or any other name—for in truth he was fonder of inventing great bards than of being one.

"Thus, Sir, am I become perhaps the first instance of a person consigned to judgment for not having been made a tool of! But is it not hard that a man on whom a forgery has been tried unsuccessfully, should for that single reason be held out to the world as the assassin of genius? If a banker to whom a forged note should be presented, should refuse to accept it, and the ingenious fabricator should afterwards fall a victim to his own sleight of hand, would you accuse the poor banker to the public, and urge that his caution had deprived the world of some supposititious deed of settlement, that would have deceived the whole court of chancery, and deprived some great family of its estate?

"With me why are you offended? You seem yourself to question the authenticity of the poems attributed to Rowley. Are you angry that I was not more a dupe than you? If I suspected his forgeries, how did they entitle him to my assistance? Are you sure that I was acquainted with Chatterton's genius or distresses? Do you know certainly which of his productions were communicated to me? Is it candid to accuse me of rejecting forgeries, when you give proofs of his having forged? I do not mean to use the term *forged* in a harsh sense; I speak of Chatterton's mintage, as forgeries of poems in ancient language; and I am persuaded that when you condemn me for not having encouraged the coiner, you only mean to insinuate, that, if I had assisted him, I might have saved him from the dismal abyss into which he plunged. It is fair to interpret your words in

this candid sense. What I complain of is, that you convert that possibility into positive despair in Chatterton, that you couple my rejection with his suicide, and by your insinuations insinuate that there was something more in my repulse than the world is apprised of; and, lest it should want a name, you have baptized it 'neglect and contempt.'

"I lament, Sir, as much as you, that I was not deceived, if my being a dupe would have converted him into an honest man. I lament that his own impetuous temper and indiscretion prevented my ever seeing him; but when you have perused my narrative, I think you will no longer be of opinion that I was in the wrong to decline all correspondence with him. He could appear to me in no light, but in that of a bold young man, who for his interest wanted to impose upon me; and who did not commence his intercourse with me in a manner to dazzle my judgment, or give me a high opinion of his own—I allude to the article in his list of great painters at Bristol. I saw he was, as he told me himself, a youth tied to a profession he did not like, and born with a taste for more ingenuous studies. Consider, Sir, what would be the condition of the world, what the satisfaction of parents, and what Peruvian mines must be possessed by the Mæcenases of the times, if every muse-struck lad who is bound to an attorney, every clerk,

——— born his father's soul to cross,
And pen a stanza when he should engross,

should have nothing to do but to draw a bill or a couplet on the patron of learning in vogue, and have his fetters struck off, and a post assigned to him under the government! The duties of office perhaps would not be too well executed by these secretaries of the muses; and though Apollo's kingdom would certainly come, King George's would not be too well served. Mr. Pope, I know, laments the misapplication of talents, enumerates the deserters from Helicon, and tells us

How many Martials were in Pulteney lost;

but this was irony and compliment, and Pope himself would have been sorry that his friend our great chief justice,

He with a hundred arts refin'd,*

should have quitted the bar, and been nothing but poet laureate.

"There is another point, Sir, which you forget to measure, my abilities in the character of a Mæcenas My fortune is private and moderate; my situation, more private; my interest, none. I was neither born to wealth, nor to accumulate it: I have indulged a taste for expensive baubles, with little attention to œconomy; it did not become me to give myself airs of protection: and though it might not be generous, I have been less fond of the company of authors, than of their works. I have not the vanity to boast of virtues; but it is

* "V. Pope's imitation of Intermissa Venus diu."

surely allowable to clear myself from such odious qualities as insolence and cruelty, if I do not deserve the imputation. It is ingenuous, it is becoming, to confess our defects; arrogant presumptuous, to vaunt our merits; for how can men, conscious, as most men are, of a larger proportion of the former than of the latter, hope that few meritorious actions will leaven or obliterate the mass of their faults? Indeed, what have we but our faults that we can call our own? Our talents are given to us by the Giver of all good—what virtues we have are the productions of fear, prudence, experience, hypocrisy, and age. Some god-like natures there are, who love virtue for herself, and whom opulence and honours cannot corrupt; some whom trials and temptations exalt; and more, who in lowly spheres never deviate from the simplicity of truth and reason: but all these are precisely such as would not quarrel with my definition above, and are too modest not to be humble on their own conquest over themselves. In short, our frailties and weaknesses are so numerous, at least I am sure mine have been so, that benevolence ought to forbid exaggeration of the account.

"You may lament, Sir, as I do, that I was not better acquainted with the genius of Chatterton: but you will convince nobody that I deserve the 'indignation' of the public for that ignorance. Had I known him thoroughly, I do not believe that my admiration of his talents would have absorbed all distrust of his character. The public is too equitable to condemn any man for not countenancing a suspicious subject, however shining his abilities. Omit the term *contempt*, which you have groundlessly ascribed to me, and tell me in what respect my behaviour to Chatterton deserves reproach. Was it culpable in me to doubt at first what so many have since doubted? And, doubting, did not common prudence require that I should ask for farther satisfaction? Are unknown poets of so high an order, have they such chartered immunities, as to be dispensed from bringing a character from their last place? Was my asking for that satisfaction, 'contemptuous?' Was my giving him advice, 'neglect?' Was my returning his papers without a word of reproach on his arrogance, arrogant? You will not affirm it. Still, less, Sir, was I gifted with penetration enough, with such intuition into the powers of one I never saw, as for two or three brief letters, and two or three equivocal copies of verses, to conceive, to prophecy, that the writer would, if properly cherished, 'prove the first of English poets,' p xx.—but when I am tried by hyperbole, I cannot wonder the sentence should be bombast

"Might I be allowed to plead my own discretion against Chatterton's inspiration,—which by the way, he concealed from me, shrouding himself like a pagan divinity, under the mortal garb of an attorney's clerk, who had only borrowed some divine poems. I might urge in excuse for my caution, that this was the second time that I had been selected, I know not why, for communicating revelations of the muses to mankind; and not having my mission acknowledged in the first instance, I was *restive*, as even prophets have been, in accepting the commission; especially as I suspected that the second dispensation was but a copy of the first. In short, Sir, I was one of the first en-

trusted with specimens of Ossian's fragments, which, though I implicitly credited, I had not found universally received. I had not zeal enough to embark a second time in a similar crusade. I have told you how indifferent I am to the controversy about Rowley's poems. I confess as fairly that I see no reason for thinking they were not all Chatterton's. The only argument of any weight on the other side, is the greatness of the phenomenon. Men can scarce conceive how at his age, and under his disadvantages, he could collect such foundation for his forgeries; for there lies the stress of the argument, not in his genius. You, Sir, have proved that he had amassed such materials, and had sufficient genius to put them into shape. That some pieces produced by him as ancient, or translations from old writers, were of his own invention, you affirm; yet he gave them at first as transcripts of old originals, and under other names. Are the poems ascribed to Rowley superior in merit to the compositions now allowed to be Chatterton's own? Have they more of the spirit of the antique? Have they any thing antique in them but single words? Is the phraseology, or turn of thinking, that of the fifteenth century? Did his producing some as Rowley's, without ever acknowledging the fraud, deserve any credit? Does an authority so prostituted, deserve faith? Is there any other evidence, ancient or modern? Yes, it will be said, the ancient parchments. But is there not reason to believe that he did, what was much easier to perform, copy ancient hands as well as ancient language?—ancient style I deny that he ever imitated happily.

"Upon the whole, Sir, I cannot agree with you, that Chatterton's premature fate has defrauded the world of any thing half so extraordinary as the miracles he wrought in almost his childhood. Had he lived longer, ample proofs of his forgeries, which proofs he destroyed in his rage might have been preserved; and instead of the posthumous glory of puzzling the learned world, his name might now be only recorded as that of an arch impostor. The learned persons, who still believe in Rowley, might have been robbed of so great an ornament to a dark and monkish age. True antiquaries would not taste a genius, if they thought it a contemporary. The elegance of Waller, the fire of Dryden, want in some eyes the unintelligible jargon of a barbarous century to make them captivate. Ex anceastre,* Godred Crovan, Ceolwolf, and Tatwallin are dearer to modern Saxon eyes, than all the harmonious images in Ella. They cannot bear to divest their Gothic repositories of such precious gems. Controversy too has its charms, and delights the learned world more than indisputable discoveries—but, trust me, Sir, your friends and mine, the booksellers, have no cause to regret my not having been the dupe of Chatterton. He has made ten dupes for one that he would have gained by imposing upon me. Yet the cause of Rowley's poems would not last an hour in a court of law. If Chatterton had pretended to find a hoard of crown-pieces, but stamped with the face and titles of

* "Exanceastre, Exeter. Godred Crovan is the title of one of Chatterton's fictitious translations: Ceolwolf is one of his heroes, and Tatwallin one of his bards. See his Miscellanies."

Edward IV., and if it were proved that he had coined half of them, would a jury doubt a moment but that he had coined the other half? The metres ascribed to Rowley no more existed in the reign of Edward IV. than crown-pieces did.

"There remains a charge, insinuated at least, which I am still more desirous to repel, that of insensibility to Chatterton's distresses, and which will fall to the ground with the rest, on attending to dates Chatterton was neither indigent nor distressed at the time of his correspondence with me. He was maintained by his mother, and lived with a lawyer. His only pleas to my assistance were, disgust to his profession, inclination to poetry, and communication of some suspicious MSS. His distress was the consequence of quitting his master, and of coming to London, and of his other extravagances. He had depended on the impulse of the talents he felt, for making impression and lifting him to wealth, honours, and fame. I have already said, that I should have been blameable to his mother and society, if I had seduced an apprentice from his master to marry him to the nine muses; and I should have encouraged a propensity to forgery, which is not the talent most wanting culture in the present age. All of the house of forgery are relations; and though it is just to Chatterton's memory to say, that his poverty never made him claim kindred with the richest, or most enriching branches, yet his ingenuity in counterfeiting styles, and, I believe, hands, might easily have led him to more facile imitations of prose promissory notes. Yet it does not appear to my knowledge that his honesty in that respect was ever perverted. He made no scruple of extending the circulation of literary credit, and of bamboozling the misers of Saxon riches; but he never attempted to defraud, cheat, rob, unpoetically. He preserved dignity in despair; and, indignant alone at the delusions of his own genius, he tore to scraps the unsuccessful monuments of his parts, and poisoned himself on being refused a loaf of bread.

"It is that fierce and untameable spirit, that consciousness of superior abilities, that inattention to worldly discretion and its paths, that scorn of owing subsistence or reputation to any thing but the ebullitions of genius, that I regret not having known; that I lament not having contributed to rescue from itself. Some faint efforts of advice you will find in my Narrative I did attempt: nor were they delivered with contempt, arrogance, or cruelty. I should be ashamed with reason if I could charge myself with behaviour so unbecoming my own private situation, so unworthy of a man. But this part of my defence must be weak, as it must rest on my own asseveration, having kept no copies of my letters. Perhaps it may find collateral support from the silence of my accusers. Will any man charge me with positive insolence towards Chatterton? Did he accuse me of it in his most 'acrimonious' moments? Did he impute to me any thing but distrust of his MSS.? To myself, he did impute arrogance—but on what grounds?—on my not having returned his papers on his first summons. The world must decide on the weight of that crime. I confess the charge: I tell it myself. To judge me fairly, every man must place himself in my situation. If I have related the exact truth, in what light was my behaviour supercilious or intemperate? Let all

Chatterton's relations and friends tell all they know. Resting on my own innocence, I never saw, I never applied to one of them to suppress a tittle of my conduct. They are open to enquiries; let them be canvassed. No man living has had cause to resent my treatment of that unfortunate youth—except those, who, enamoured with the resurrection of the imaginary Rowley, were by my accidental and inadvertent doubts not left in the undisturbed possession of a world of novel antiquities, nor suffered quietly to become the dupes of an impostor of eighteen.

"You, Sir, indeed, have hypothetically condemned my serving as a beacon (for I protest I have taken no pains to destroy the visionary fabric invented by Chatterton, but by telling my own story, which from the first moment I have related occasionally and consistently as I tell it now) to warn the learned world against supposititious ancients and fabricated antiquities. You caution all the literati not to make use of their senses, lest promising impostors should be nipped in the bud, and mankind should be deprived of new Rowleys, who, as Richardson said a little boldly of Milton, would literally be *ancients born some centuries after their time*.

"I will detain you no longer from the perusal of my Narrative, but to satisfy you on its authenticity. It was sent in May last to a gentleman who will attest the receipt of it. The relation at Bath to whom I applied for information about Chatterton, is a noble lady of virtue and character, who well remembers the circumstances of my application to her. Several persons of honour and veracity were present at the royal academy when I first heard of Chatterton's death, and will attest my surprise and concern, and bear witness to my having related the story of my correspondence with him, exactly as in the subjoined Narrative. Mr. Mason was privy to the whole; others will confirm my always having given the same account, both before and after Chatterton's death.

"Corroborated by these authorities, do I flatter myself too much, Sir, if I hope that you will not only retract your accusation, but restore me to that share of your good opinion which I lost by your having received so unjust a state of my behaviour to the poor youth in question? The unprejudiced public, I trust, will not think I merit their 'indignation.' I sincerely ask their pardon for trespassing so long on their patience—but the length of my address is proof of my anxiety for being misrepresented to them: and they will be so gracious as to remember, that this memorial has been extorted from me, and not till I found that my innocence was not sufficient protection. If my countrymen acquit me, I shall be happy. If you, Sir, join your voice to theirs, I shall not think I have mis-spent the time I have employed to undeceive you. Perhaps I never drew the attention of the public towards myself to so good purpose; for to have one's name known, is of little use; to wipe off the aspersion of arrogance, is important; of inhumanity, very important indeed.

"I am far from determined to publish anything about Chatterton. It would almost look like making myself a party. I do not love controversy. If I print, my chief reason would be, that both in the account of the poems, and in Mr. Warton's last volume, my name has

been brought in with so little circumspection and accuracy, that it looks as if *my* rejection of Chatterton had driven him to despair; whereas I was the first person on whom he essayed his art and ambition, instead of being the last. I never saw him; there was an interval of near two years between his application to me and his dismal end; nor had he quitted his master, nor was necessitous, nor otherwise poorer than attorneys' clerks are, nor had he come to London, nor launched into dissipation, when his correspondence with me stopped.

"As faithfully as I can recollect the circumstances, without dates, and without searching for what few memorandums I preserved relative to him, I will recapitulate his history with me.

"Bathoe, my bookseller, brought me a pacquet left with him. It contained an ode, or little poem of two or three stanzas, *in alternate rhyme*, on the death of Richard I., and I was told in very few lines that it had been found at Bristol, with many other old poems; and that the possessor could furnish me with accounts of a series of great painters that had flourished at Bristol.

"Here I must pause, to mention my own reflections. At first I concluded that somebody having met with my Anecdotes of Painting, had a mind to laugh at me, I thought not very ingeniously, as I was not likely to swallow a succession of great painters at Bristol. The ode, or sonnet, as I think it was called, was too pretty to be part of the plan; and as is easy with all the other supposed poems of Rowley, it was not difficult to make it very modern by changing the old words for new; though yet more difficult than with most of them—you see, I tell you fairly the case. I then imagined, and do still, that the success of Ossian's poems had suggested the idea. Whether the transmitter hinted, or I supposed from the subject, that the discovered treasure was of the age of Richard I., I cannot take upon me to assert—yet that impression was so strong on my mind, that two years after, when Dr. Goldsmith told me they were then allotted to the age of Henry IV. or V., I said, with surprise, 'they have shifted the date extremely.' This is no evidence—but there is one line in the printed poems of Rowley that makes me firmly believe that the age of Richard I. was the æra fixed upon by Chatterton for his forgeries; for *that* line says,

Now is Cœur de Lion gone—

or some such words, for I quote by memory, not having the book at hand. It is very improbable that Rowley, writing in the reign of Henry VI. or Edward IV., as is now pretended, or in that of Henry IV., as was assigned by the credulous, before they had digested their system, should incidentally, in a poem on another subject, say, '*now* is Richard dead.' I am persuaded that Chatterton himself, before he had dived into Canning's history, had fixed on a much earlier period for the age of his forgeries.—Now I return to my Narrative.

"I wrote, according to the enclosed direction, for farther particulars. Chatterton, in answer, informed me that he was the son of a

poor widow, who supported him with great difficulty; that he was clerk or apprentice to an attorney, but had a taste and turn for more elegant studies; and hinted a wish that I would assist him with my interest in emerging out of so dull a profession, by procuring him some place, in which he could pursue his natural bent. He affirmed that great treasures of ancient poetry had been discovered in his native city, and were in the hands of a person who had lent him those he had transmitted to me; for he now sent me others, amongst which was an absolute modern pastoral in dialogue, thinly sprinkled with old words. Pray observe, Sir, that he affirmed having received the poems from another person; whereas it is ascertained that the gentleman at Bristol who possesses the fund of Rowley's poems, received them from Chatterton.

"I wrote to a relation of mine at Bath, to enquire into the situation and character of Chatterton, according to his own account of himself; nothing was returned about his character, but his own story was verified.

"In the mean time I communicated the poems to Mr. Gray and Mr. Mason, who at once pronounced them forgeries, and declared there was no symptom in them of their being the productions of near so distant an age, the language and metres being totally unlike any thing ancient; for though I, no doubt, to them, ascribed them to the time of Richard I., Mr. Gray nor Mr. Mason saw any thing in the poems that was not more recent than even the reign of Henry VIII — And here let me remark how incredible it is, that Rowley, a monk of a mere commercial town, which was all Bristol* then was, should have purified the language and introduced a diversified metre more classic than was known to that polished courtly poet, Lord Surrey; and this in the barbarous turbulent times of Henry VI.; and that the whole nation should have relapsed into the same barbarism of style and versification, till Lord Surrey, I might almost say, till Waller arose. I leave to better scholars and better antiquaries to settle how Rowley became so well versed in Greek tragedians. He was as well acquainted with Butler, or Butler with him, for a chaplain of the late bishop of Exeter has found in Rowley a line of Hudibras.

"Well, Sir, being satisfied with my intelligence about Chatterton, I wrote him a letter with as much kindness and tenderness as if I had been his guardian; for though I had no doubt of his impositions, such a spirit of poetry breathed in his coinage, as interested me for him: nor was it a grave crime in a young bard to have forged false notes of hand that were to pass current only in the parish of Parnassus. I undeceived him about my being a person of any interest, and urged to him that in duty and gratitude to his mother, who had straitened herself to breed him up to a profession, he ought to labour in it, that in her old age he might absolve his filial debt; and I told him, that, when he should have made a fortune, he might unbend himself with the studies consonant to his inclinations. I told him also, that I had communicated his transcripts to much better judges, and that they were by no means satisfied with the authenticity of his

* "Rowley is made to call it a city, which it was not till afterwards."

supposed MSS. I mentioned their reasons, particularly that there were no such metres known in the age of Richard I.,—and that might be a reason with Chatterton himself to shift the æra of his productions.

"He wrote me rather a peevish answer, said he could not contest with a person of my learning (a compliment by no means due to me, and which I certainly had not assumed, having mentioned my having consulted abler judges), maintained the genuineness of the poems, and demanded to have them returned, as they were the property of another gentleman. Remember this.

"When I received this letter, I was going to Paris in a day or two, and either forgot his request of the poems, or perhaps not having time to have them copied, deferred complying till my return, which was to be in six weeks. I protest I do not remember which was the case; and yet, though in a cause of so little importance, I will not utter a syllable of which I am not certain; nor will I charge my memory with a tittle beyond what it retains.

"Soon after my return from France, I received another letter from Chatterton, the style of which was singularly impertinent. He demanded his poems roughly; and added, that I would not have *dared* to use him so ill, if he had not acquainted me with the narrowness of his circumstances.

"My heart did not accuse me of insolence to him. I wrote an answer expostulating with him on his injustice, and renewing good advice—but upon second thoughts, reflecting that so wrong-headed a young man, of whom I knew nothing, and whom I had never seen, might be absurd enough to print my letter, I flung it into the fire; and wrapping up both his poems and letters, without taking a copy of either, for which I am now sorry, I returned all to him, and thought no more of him or them till about a year and a half after, when, 'Dining at the Royal Academy, Dr. Goldsmith drew the attention of the company with an account of a marvellous treasure of ancient poems lately discovered at Bristol, and expressed enthusiastic belief in them, for which he was laughed at by Dr. Johnson, who was present. I soon found this was the trouvaille of my friend Chatterton; and I told Dr. Goldsmith that this novelty was none to me who might, if I had pleased, have had the honour of ushering the great discovery to the learned world. You may imagine, Sir, we did not at all agree in the measure of our faith; but though his credulity diverted me, my mirth was soon dashed, for on asking about Chatterton, he told me had been in London, and had destroyed himself. I heartily wished then that I had been the dupe of all the poor young man had written to me, for who would not have his understanding imposed on to save a fellow-being from the utmost wretchedness, despair, and suicide?—and a poor young man not eighteen—and of such miraculous talents—for, dear Sir, if I wanted credulity on one hand, it is ample on the other. Yet heap all the improbabilities you please on the head of Chatterton, the impossibility on Rowley's side will remain. An amazing genius for poetry, which one of them possessed, might flash out in the darkest age—but could Rowley anticipate the phraseology of the eighteenth century? His poetic fire

might burst through the obstacles of the times; like Homer or other original bards, he might have formed a poetical style—but would it have been precisely that of an age subsequent to him by some hundred years? Nobody can admire the poetry of the poems in question more than I do—but, except being better than most modern verses, in what do they differ in the construction? The words are old, the construction evidently of yesterday; and by substituting modern words, aye, single words, to the old, or to those invented by Chatterton, in what do they differ? Try that method with any composition, even in prose, of the reign of Henry VI., and see if the consequence will be same—but I am getting into the controversy, instead of concluding my Narrative, which indeed is ended.

"You seem to think Chatterton might have assistance—I do'nt know but he might; but one of the wonderful parts of his prodigious story, is, that he had formed disciples—yes, at eighteen. Some of his youthful companions have continued to walk in his paths, and have produced Saxon and other poems of antique caste; but not with the poetic spirit of their master: nor can it be discovered that Chatterton received instruction or aid from any man of learning or abilities. Dr. P. and Mr. L. have collected every thing relating to him that can be traced, and all tends to concenter the forgery of Rowley's poems in his single person. They have numerous pieces of Chatterton's writing in various ways—nay, so versatile, so extensive, so commanding was his genius, that he forged architecture and heraldry; that is, could invent both in art and in folly. In short, I do not believe that there ever existed so masterly a genius, except that of Psalmanazar, who before twenty-two could create a language, that all the learned of Europe, though they suspected, could not detect.

"Thus, Sir, with the most scrupulous veracity, I have told you my share in that unhappy young man's story. With more pains I could add a few dates, but the substance would be identically the same. Rowley would be a prophet, a foreseer, if the poems were his; yet in any other light he would not be so extraordinary a phænomenon as Chatterton—whom, though he was a bad man, as is said, I lament not having seen. He might at that time have been less corrupted, and my poor patronage might have saved him from the abyss into which he plunged—but, alas! how could I surmise that the well-being and existence of a human creature depended on my swallowing a legend; and from an unknown person? Thank God! so far from having any thing to charge myself with on Chatterton's account, it is very hypothetical to suppose that I could have stood between him and ruin. It is one of those possible events, which we should be miserable indeed if imputable to a conscience that had not the smallest light to direct it! If I went to Bengal, I might perhaps interpose and save the life of some poor Indian devoted by the fury of a British nabob; but amiable as such Quixotism would be, we are not to sacrifice every duty to the possibility of realizing one conscientious vision. I believe I have tired you; I am sure I have wearied my own hand, which has written these seven pages without pausing; but when any thing takes possession of my mind, I forget my gouty fingers and my age—or perhaps betray the latter by my garrulity—however, it will save me more

trouble—I shall certainly never write a word more about Chatterton. You are my confessor; I have unburthened my soul to you, and I trust you will not enjoin me a public penance.

"Yours most sincerely,

"HOR. WALPOLE.

"Strawberry Hill,
"May 23, 1778."

"POSTSCRIPT.

"I recollect another passage that I must add. A gentleman of rank, being struck with the beauty of the poems, and believing their antique originality, purchased a copy of them, and shewed it to me.—I expressed my doubts. 'Now then,' said the person, 'I will convince you: here is a painter's bill that you cannot question. What think you now?' 'This,' I replied, 'I do believe to be genuine; and I will tell you why—' and taking down the first volume of my Anecdotes of Painting, I shewed him the identic bill printed some years before.—'This,' said I, 'I know is ancient: Vertue transcribed it twenty years ago from some old parchments in the church of St. Mary Redcliffe, at Bristol,'—*that* was the origin of Chatterton's list of great painters, and probably of his other inventions. Can it be supposed that Vertue should have seen that old bill, and, with his inquisitive and diligent turn, especially about painters, not have inquired whether there was nothing more? Vertue was even a versifier, as I have many proofs in his MSS., and searched much after Chaucer and Lidgate, of whom he engraved portraits—yet all Rowley's remains, it seems, were reserved for Chatterton, who, it cannot be denied, did forge poetry and prose for others: and who, as indubitably, was born a great poet—yet not a line of tolerable poetry in Rowley's own hand can be produced.—Did Chatterton destroy the originals to authenticate their existence? He certainly wrote his forgeries on the backs of old parchments; and there is both internal and external evidence against the antiquity of the poetry—but I will not take part in that dispute. Error, like the sea, is always gaining as much territory in one place as it loses in another, and it is to little purpose to make it change possessions."

"APPENDIX. NUMBER I.

"Since I wrote the preceding pages, I have been told that a gentleman at Bristol is in possession of my original letters to Chatterton, in my own hand-writing. Will he not be so candid as to produce them, when I declare he has my full consent? They will acquit or condemn me better than my

asseverations or reasoning. If they are what I have represented them on recollection after nine years are past, nothing more is necessary to my defence. If the matter or style of them is contemptuous and arrogant, be the shame mine; I deserve it. It is impossible for me to recall words written nine years ago, and which, when written, I most certainly did not expect would be publicly discussed; but I have repeated the transaction so often in that long period of time, and have such perfect remembrance of my own feelings on that occasion, that I have no fear of my sentiments being produced.

"Another reflection occurs to me, and probably will to my accusers. I have complained of Chatterton's unwarrantable letter to me, on my not returning his MSS. Shall I not be told that I probably did not restore to him *that* letter? I believe I did not; I believe I preserved it—but what has become of it in nine years, I cannot say. I have lost, or mislaid it. If I find it, it shall be submitted to every possible scrutiny of the expert, before I produce it as genuine—and though I hope to be believed that such letter I did receive, and did mention to several persons * long before I was charged with ill-treatment of Chatterton, I desire no imputation should lie on his memory, beyond what his character and my unprovoked † assertions render probable. I could not feel regret on his redemand of MSS. on which I had set no esteem. I

* It should be remembered that I gave this account while Chatterton was living, and he could have contradicted it, if false; for I gave it to any body that questioned me, the moment the MSS. began to be talked of, and I have no doubt but it came to Chatterton's knowledge.

† "I certainly had received no provocation from Chatterton but his telling me I should not have dared to detain his MSS. if he had not trusted me with his situation. If he gave me *that* provocation, it was true: if he did not, I had no reason to invent it."

might have preserved copies, both of the poems and of his letters, if I had been willing. No adequate reason can be given why I returned all promiscuously, but his insult and my own indifference. Every part of my narrative is consistent, not only with truth, but with Chatterton's character and the circumstances of his story. I have not the vanity to think that to palliate my own conduct, I could weave a tale, that, I have the boldness to say, will not be found false in a single fact. Still less should I have let the accusation gather head, and increase to its present bulk, had I apprehended my detection. I have neither gone, written, or sent to Bristol. I have left Chatterton's fautors in undisturbed possession of all documents. I have not tried to suppress a single circumstance. On the contrary, I desire the whole of my correspondence with Chatterton may be ascertained. I demand the publication of my letters to him. Let them be either printed, or deposited where every man may have recourse to them. Till that is done, and till *they* contradict me, I will trust to the candour of the public, that I shall not stand ill in their opinion, for my conduct towards that unhappy youth. If my letters are suppressed, will it not induce a suspicion that the adherents to the authenticity of Rowley's poems, in anger to me for having been the first to stagger belief in their great Diana, have converted my distrust of their originality into pride and inhumanity?—But I am in no pain. The public have been called in as judges; and, not being actuated by the prejudices of those whose interest it may be to support a fraud, or of those whose literary bigotry has attached them to a legend, will be under no difficulty to pronounce sentence. Nor is my cause so necessarily connected with Rowley's poems, as to stand and fall together.

If Rowley could rise from the dead and acknowledge every line ascribed to him, he could not prove that I used Chatterton ill. *I would take the ghost's word;* I am sure it would be in my favour.

"Having thus fulfilled what was due to the public and to myself, I declare I will never trouble myself any farther about Chatterton and his writings: much less reply to any anonymous persons that shall choose to enter into the controversy. I do not think myself of consequence enough to take up the time of the public; and I have probably too few years to live, to throw away one of the remaining hours on so silly a dispute."

———

"APPENDIX. NUMBER. II.

"Having said that 'Chatterton alternately flattered and satirised all ranks and parties,' the following list of pieces written by him, but never printed, will confirm that assertion. I have seen those pieces, copies of which are in the hands of a gentleman who favoured me with the list.

"1. KEW GARDENS. This is a long satirical rhapsody of some hundred lines, in Churchill's manner, against persons in power, and their friends at Bristol.

"2. THE FLIGHT: addressed to a great man; Lord B——e. In 40 stanzas of 6 lines each. Thus endorsed: 'Too long for the Political Register — Curtailed in the digressions — Given to Mr. Mortimer.'

"3. THE DOWAGER, A TRAGEDY. Unfinished —only two scenes.

"VERSES ADDRESSED TO THE REV. MR. CATCOTE, ON HIS BOOK ON THE DELUGE; ridiculing his system and notions.

"OTHER PIECES IN MS.

"1. TO A GREAT LADY. A very scandalous address; signed Decimus. On the back of this is written, 'Jeremiah Dyson, Esq., by the Whisperer. 10*s.* 6*d.* a column.)'

"TO C. JENKINSON, ESQ. An abusive letter; signed Decimus: (or Frobus, as it should seem from the indorsement) beginning thus:

'Sir,

'As the nation has long been in the dark in conjecturing the ministerial agent, &c.'

"3. To Lord Mansfield. A very abusive letter; signed Decimus: (or Æneneius, as it should seem from the endorsement) beginning thus:

'My Lord,

'I am not going to accuse you of pusillanimity, &c.'

"N. B. In this piece many paragraphs are cancelled, with this remark on the margin: '[Prosecution will lye upon this].'

"4. An introductory Essay to a political paper set up by him, called the Moderator, in favour of adminstration; thus beginning,

'To enter into a detail of the reasons which induced me to take up the title of this paper, &c'

"5. To Lord North. A letter signed 'the Moderator,' and dated May 26, 1770, beginning thus:

'My Lord,

'It gives me a painful pleasure, &c.'

"This is an encomium on the administration, for rejecting the lord mayor Beckford's remonstrance.

"6. A Letter to the Lord Mayor Beckford, signed Probus; dated May 26, 1770.—This is a violent abuse of government for rejecting the remonstrance, and begins thus:

'When the endeavours of a spirited people to free themselves from an insupportable slavery.'—On the back of this essay, which is directed to Carey, is this endorsement:

'Accepted by Bingley, set for and thrown out of the North Briton, 21June, on account of the lord mayor's death.

'Lost by his death on this essay	£1	11	6
'Gained in elegies	2	2	0
'——— in essays	3	3	0
'Am glad he is dead by	3	13	6'"

"APPENDIX. NUMBER III.

"As the warmest devotees to Chatterton cannot be more persuaded than I am of the marvellous vigour of his genius at so very premature an age, I shall here subjoin the principal æras of his life, which, when compared with the powers of his mind, the perfection of his poetry, his knowledge of the world, which, though in some respects erroneous, spoke quick intuition, his humour, his vein of satire, and, above all, the amazing number of books he must have looked into, though chained

down to a laborious and almost incessant service, and confined to Bristol, except at most for the last five months of his life, the rapidity with which he seized all the topics of conversation then in vogue, whether of politics, literature, or fashion; and when added to all this mass of reflection, it is remembered that his youthful passions were indulged to excess, faith in such a prodigy may well be suspended—and we should look for some secret agent behind the curtain, if it were not as difficult to believe that any man, possessed of such a vein of genuine poetry, would have submitted to lie concealed, while he actuated a puppet; or would have stooped to prostitute his muse to so many unworthy functions. But nothing in Chatterton can be separated from Chatterton. His noblest flights, his sweetest strains, his grossest ribaldry, and his most commonplace imitations of the productions of magazines, were all the effervescences of the same ungovernable impulse, which, cameleon like, imbibed the colours of all it looked on. It was Ossian, or a Saxon monk, or Gray, or Smollett, or Junius—and if it failed most in what it most affected to be, a poet of the fifteenth century, it was because it could not imitate what had not existed. I firmly believe that the first impression made on so warm and fertile an imagination was the sight of some old parchments at Bristol; that meeting with Ossian's poems, his soul, which was all poetry, felt it was a language in which his invention could express itself; and having lighted on the names of Rowley and Canninge, he bent his researches towards the authors of their age, and, as far as his means could reach, in so confined a sphere, he assembled materials enough to deceive those who have all their lives dealt in such uncouth lore, and not in our classic

authors, nor have perceived that taste had not developed itself in the reign of Edward IV. It is the taste in Rowley's supposed poems that will for ever exclude them from belonging to that period. Mr. Tyrwhitt and Mr. Warton have convicted them of being spurious by technical criterions; and Rowley, I doubt, will remain in possession of nothing that did not deserve to be forgotten, even should some fragments of old parchments and old verses be ascertained antique.

"Thomas Chatterton, born 20th of Nov.	1752
"Educated at the bluecoat school at Bristol, where reading and writing and accounts are only taught.	
"Put clerk to an attorney, July	1766
"First taken notice of for a paper put into Farley's Bristol Journal, and said to be from an old MS. October 1st.	1768
"First inserted a little poem of his own and an extract from an old MS. in the Town and Country Magazine, February	1769
"Sent specimens of several ancient poems to Mr. H. W. Said there were many more, and offered to transcribe the whole, March	1769
"He was then aged 16 years and 4 months.	
Went to London, April	1770
"Died, August	1770"

The poem of "Kew Gardens," in Mr. Walpole's Appendix, (p. 148) had never been published complete. In Southey and Cottle's edition of Chatterton's Works, a few of the concluding lines were published, and the following note was added, vol. i. p. 202.

"Every effort has been made to obtain the remainder of this poem, but without success. The last possessor who can be traced was the late Dr. Lort. His executor, Dr. Halifax, has obligingly communicated the preceding fragment, but the remainder of the poem never came into his possession. Many lines in the 'Extract from Kew Gardens' will appear in the 'Whore of Babylon,' but differently arranged."

Chatterton refers to this poem in his will. I have not been able to ascertain the precise time when it was written, but it is evident that it must have been produced before April, 1770, from the fact of his having named it in the document referred to. I have been fortunate enough to procure a copy of the whole poem, through Mr. Gutch, and it is here for the first time printed entire.

KEW GARDENS.†

Hail Kew! thou darling of the tuneful nine,
Thou eating-house of verse where poets dine;
The temple of the idol of the great,
Sacred to council-mysteries of state;
St. Gilbert oft, in dangerous trials known,
To make the shame and felony his own,
Burns incense on thy altars, and presents
The grateful sound of clam'rous discontents:
In the bold favour of thy goddess vain,
He brandishes his sword and shakes his chain.
He knows her secret workings and desires,
Her hidden attributes, and vestal fires,
Like an old oak has seen her godhead fall,
Beneath the wild descendant of Fingal,
And happy in the view of promis'd store
Forgot his dignity and held the door.
. . . . happy genius comes along
Humming the music of a Highland song:
Rough and unpolish'd in the tricks of state,
He plots by instinct, is by nature great.
Who, not a mantled herald, can dispute
The native grandeur of the house of Bute?
Who, not a Caledonian, can deny
By instinct all its noble branches lye?
'Tis an entail'd estate upon the name,
To plunder, plot, and pillage into fame,
To live in splendour, infamy, and pride,
The guiders of the tools who seem to guide;
Or starve on honesty, in state their own,
And marshal sheep unnotic'd and unknown.
. . . . vers'd in juntos and intrigues,
The fool and statesman in close union leagues;
Sits at the council's head; esteem'd at most
An useful kind of circulating post:
Through whose short stage each future measure's laid,
And all the orders of the Thane convey'd.
He gives the written text by fortune wrote;
Sir Gilbert adds his necessary note.
Dyson, a plodding animal of state,
Who's classically little to be great;
An instrument made use of to record
The future witty speeches of his lord:
To write epistles to his powerful dame,
And in the dark supply his loss of flame;

† Printed from a transcript in the hand-writing of the late Mr. Isaac Reed, contained in Mr. Halsewood's collection.

To sell preferment; grovel in the dust;
The slave of interest and the slave of lust.
To lick his lordship's shoes, and find a flaw
In every statute that oppos'd his law,
To carry orders to the guiding tool,
To flatter . . . . with the hopes of rule.
To send congratulations to the man,
Who stands so well affected to the clan,
To . . . . whose conscientious mind,
Does universal service to mankind,
When red with justice, and the royal cause,
His bloody musket shook with court applause:
When monarchs, representatives of God,
Honour'd the rascal with a gracious nod,
Three ghosts in George's sanguine field were seen,
And two struck horror into Bethnal Green,
Soft pity's voice, unnotic'd by the crown,
Stole in a murmur through the weeping town;
And freedom, wand'ring restless and alone,
Saw no redress expected from the throne;
Then bade remonstrance wear a bolder dress,
And loudly supplicate, and force success.
. . . . heard, and resting on his mace,
The usual fees, my lord, and state the case.
Three thousand, and reversion to your son:
The seals my lord are mine, the matter's done.
This house of foolish cits, and drunken boys,
Offends my ears, like Broderip's horrid noise:
'Tis a flat riot by the statute made,
Destructive to our happiness and trade.
Thy action . . . . is just in law,
In the defence of ministry *I'll* draw
Nor doubt I when, in solem pomp array'd,
To act as bravely, be as richly paid.
So . . . . spoke, and in his usual way,
When giving out his syllables for pay,
With happy fluency he scatter'd round
His nicely cull'd varieties of sound:
Unmeaning, unconnected, false, unfair,
All he can boast is—modulated air.
To bribe the common council to protest;
To learn a witless alderman to jest;
The father of the city to deprave,
And add the humm'd apostate to the knave,
Who wisely disinherits his first born,
And doats upon the blossom of his horn;
To fill up places by preferment void,
Is Dison by his quadruples employed;
He bears the message of the garter'd trate;
The running footman to the favour'd great;

When spent with labour, overgrown with spoil,
Some barony or earldom pays his toil.
Whilst two chief actors wisely keep away,
And two before the mystic curtain play;
The goddess, mourning for her absent god,
Approves the flying measures with a nod;
Her approbation, with her pow'r combin'd,
Exalts her tools above the common kind;
She turns the movements of the dark machine,
Nor is her management of state unseen;
Regardless of the world she still turns round,
And tumbles . . . . to his native ground.
Great in possession of a mystic ring,
She leads the Lords and Commons in a string.
Where is the modest muse of Jones retir'd;(*a*)
So bashful, so impatiently admir'd?
Ah! is that noble emulation dead,
Which bad the laurels blossom on his head,
When Kew's(*b*) enchanting heap of stones was sung,
In strains superior to a mortal tongue?
And kitchen gardens most luxurious glow'd,
With flow'rs which ne'er in Mayor's window blow'd;
Where cabbages, exotically divine,
Where tagg'd in feet, and measur'd with a line?
Ah! what invention grac'd the happy strain;
Well might the laureate bard of Kew be vain.
Thy Clifton(*c*) too! how justly is the theme,
As much the poet's as his jingling dream.
Who but a muse inventive, great, like thine,
Could honour Bristol with a nervous line?
What gen'rous, honest genius would have sold
To knaves and catamites his praise for gold?
To leave alone the notions which disgrace
This hawking, peddling, catamitish place,
Did not thy iron conscience blush to write
This tophet of the gentle arts polite?
Lost to all learning, elegance, and sense,
Long had the famous city told her pence,
Av'rice sat brooding in her white-wash'd cell,
And pleasure had a hut at Jacob's Well.(*d*)
Poor Hickey, ruin'd by his fine survey,
Perpetuates . . . . in the saving lay.

a Henry Jones, author of "the Earl of Essex," and other pieces. He had been a bricklayer, in Ireland, before he was taken under the protection of the late Earl of Chesterfield.

b See "Kew Garden," a poem, in two cantos. By Henry Jones, 4to. 1767.

c "Clifton, a poem, in two cantos, including Bristol and all its Environs." By Henry Jones, 4to. 1766.

d Where the old theatre at Bristol stood.

A mean assembly room, absurdly built,
Boasted one gorgeous lamp of copper gilt;
With farthing candles, chandeliers of tin,
And services of water, rum, and gin;
There in the dull solemnity of wigs,
The dancing bears of commerce murder jigs;
Here dance the dowdy belles of crooked trunk,
And often, very often, reel home drunk;
Here dance the bucks with infinite delight,
And club to pay the fiddlers for the night.
While . . . . (*a*) hum-drum symphonys of flats
Rival the harmony of midnight cats.
What charms has music, when great . . . . sweats,
To torture sound to what his brother sets,
With scraps of ballad tunes, and *gude Scotch sangs*,
Which god-like Ramsay to his bagpipe twangs:
With tatter'd fragments of forgotten plays;
With Playford's melody to Sternhold's lays,
This pipe of science mighty . . . . comes
And a strange, unconnected jumble thrums.
Rous'd to devotion in a sprightly air,
Danc'd into piety, and jigg'd to prayer;
A modern hornpipe's murder greets our ears,
The heav'nly music of domestic spheres;
The flying band in swift transition hops
Through all the tortur'd, vile burlesque of stops.
Sacred to sleep, in superstitious key,
Dull, doleful diapasons die away;
Sleep spreads his silken wings, and lull'd by sound,
The vicar slumbers, and the snore goes round;
Whilst . . . . at his passive organ, groans
Through all his slow variety of tones.
How unlike Allen! Allen is divine!
His touch is sentimental, tender, fine:
No little affectations e'er disgrac'd
His more refin'd, his sentimental taste:
He keeps the passions with the sound in play,
And the soul trembles with the trembling key.
The groves of Kew, however misapplied,
To serve the purposes of lust and pride,
Were, by the greater monarch's care, design'd
A place of conversation for the mind;
Where solitude and silence should remain,
And conscience keep her sessions and arraign,
But ah! how fallen from that better state!
'Tis now a heathen temple of the great;

a In this place the name of a musician was inserted, against whom the author conceived much prejudice, he having been turned by him out of the organ loft.

Where sits the female pilot of the helm,
Who shakes oppression's fetters through the realm:
Her name is tyranny, and in a string
She leads the shadow of an infant king; †
Dispenses favours with a royal hand,
And marks, like destiny, what lord shall stand;
Her four-fold representative displays
How future statesmen may their fortunes raise:
While thronging multitudes their offerings bring,
And bards, like Jones, their panegyrics sing.
The royal aldermen, a troop alone,
Protest their infamy to serve the throne;
The merchant-tailor minister declares
He'll mutilate objections with his shears.
Sir Robert, in his own importance big,
Settles his potent, magisterial wig;
Accepts the measure and approves it to.
Before the altar all the suppliants bow,
And would repeat a speech if they knew how;
A gracious nod the speaking image gave,
And scatter'd honours upon every knave.
The loyal sons of Caledonia came,
And paid their secret homage to the dame,
Then swore, by all their hopes of future reign
Each measure of the junto to maintain,
The orders of the ministry to take,
And honour . . . . for his father's sake.
Well pleas'd the goddess dignified his grace,
And scatter'd round the benefits of place;
With other pensions blest his lordship's post,
And smil'd on murder'd . . . . injur'd ghost;
Through all the happy lovers' num'rous clan,
The inexhausted tides of favour ran;
. . . . . happy in a name,
Emerg'd from poverty to wealth and fame;
And English taxes paid, (and scarcely too)
The noble generosity of Kew.
Kew! happy subject for a lengthened lay,
Though thousands write, there's something still to say;
Thy garden's elegance, thy owner's state,
The highest in the present list of fate,
Are subjects where the muse may wildly range,
Unsatiate, in variety of change;
But hold, my dedication is forgot,
How shall I praise some late ennobled Scot?
Exalt the motto of a Highland lord,
And prove him great, like Guthrie, ‡ by record?

† See the impudent frontispiece to the third volume of the New Foundling Hospital for Wit.

‡ William Guthrie, compiler of the "Complete History of the English Peerage," 4to. 1762

(Though was the truth to all the nobles known.
The vouchers he refers to are his own.)
Shall I trace . . . 's powerful pedigree,
Or shew him an attorney's clerk, like me?
Or shall I give to . . . . its due,
And to a Burgum recommend my Kew?
Why sneers the sapient Broughton at the man?
Broughton can'st boast the merit Burgum can.
How lofty must imagination soar,
To reach absurdities unknown before!
Thanks to thy pinions, Broughton, thou hast brought
From the moon's orb a novelty of thought.
Burgum wants learning—See the letter'd throng
Banter his English in a Latin song.
If in his jests a discord should appear,
A dull lampoon is innocently dear:
Ye sage, Broughtonian, self-sufficient fools,
Is this the boasted justice of the schools?
Burgum has parts, parts which will set aside
The labour'd acquisitions of your pride;
Uncultivated now his genius lies,
Instruction sees his latent talents rise;
His gold is bullion, yours debas'd with brass,
Imprest with folly's head to make it pass:
But Burgum swears, so loud, so indiscreet,
His thunders echo through the list'ning street;
Ye rigid Christians, formally severe,
Blind to his charities, his oaths you hear;
Observe his actions—Calumny must own
A noble soul is in these actions shewn:
Though dark this bright original you paint,
I'd rather be a Burgum than a saint.
Hail inspiration! whose Cimmerian night
Gleams into day with every flying light:
If Moses caught thee at the parted flood;
If David found thee in a sea of blood;
If Mahomet with slaughter drench'd thy soil,
On loaded asses bearing off the spoil;
If thou hast favour'd Pagan, Turk, or Jew,
Say had not Broughton inspiration too?
Such rank absurdities debase his line,
I almost could have sworn he copied thine.
Hail inspiration! whose auspicious ray
Immortaliz'd great Armstrong† in a day:
Armstrong, whose Caledonian genius flies
Above the reach of humble judgment's ties;
Whose lines prosaic, regularly creep,
Sacred to dulness and congenial sleep.

† "Day, an Epistle to John Wilkes, Esq." 4to. 176.—This poem was written by Dr. Armstrong, but is not collected in his works.

Hail inspiration! whose mysterious wings
Are strangers to what rigid . . . sings:
By him thy airy voyages are curb'd,
Nor moping wisdom's by thy flight disturb'd;
To ancient lore, and musty precepts bound,
Thou art forbid the range of fairy ground.
Irene (*a*) creeps so classical and dry,
None but a Greek philosopher can cry;
Through five long acts unletter'd heroes sleep,
And critics by the square of leading weep;
Hark! what's the horrid bellowing from the stage?
Oh! 'tis the ancient chorus of the age;
Grown wise, the judgment of the town refines,
And in a philosophic habit shines;
Models each pleasure in scholastic taste,
And heav'nly Greece is copied and disgrac'd.
The false alarm in . . . and subject great,
The mighty Atlas of a falling state,
Which makes us happy, insolent, and free;
O god-like inspiration! came from thee.
. . . . whose brazen countenance, like mine,
Scorns in the polish of a blush to shine,
Scrupled to vindicate his fallen grace,
Or hint he acted right—till out of place.
Why will the lovers of the truth deplore,
That miracles and wonders are no more?
Why will the deists, impudently free,
Assert what cannot now, could never be!
Why will religion suffer the reproach,
Since . . . . dresses well and keeps a coach?
Bristol and . . . . have bestow'd their pence,
And . . . after . . . echo'd sense.
Since . . . once by providence, or chance,
Tumbled his length'ning quavers in a dance;
Since Catcott seem'd to reason, and display
The meaning of the words he meant to say;
Since Warburton, his native pride forgot,
Bow'd to the garment of the ruling Scot;
And offer'd . . . . ghost (a welcome gift)
And hop'd, in gratitude, to have a lift;
An universal primacy, at least,
A fit reward for such a stirring priest.
Since Horne imprudently display'd his zeal,
And made his foe the powerful reasons feel;
Since . . . has meaning in his last discourse:
Since . . . . borrow'd honesty by force,
And trembled at the measures of the friend
His infant conscience shudder'd to defend;
Since , . . . in his race of vice outrun,
Scrupled to do what . . . , since hath done.

a Dr. Johnson's tragedy.

Hail inspiration! Catcott learns to preach,
And classic Lee attempts by thee to teach;
By inspiration North directs his tools,
And . . . above by inspiration rules;
Distils the thistles of the garter'd crew,
And drains the sacred reservoirs of Kew.
Inspir'd with hopes of rising in the kirk,
Here . . . . whines his Sunday's journey work:
Soft . . . . undeniably a saint,
Whimpers in accent so extremely faint,
You see the substance of his empty pray'r,
Is nothing to the purpose in his air;
His sermons have no arguments, 'tis true,
Would you have sense and pretty figures too?
With what a swimming elegance and ease
He scatters out distorted similies!
It matters not how wretchedly applied,
Saints are permitted to set sense aside;
This oratorial novelty in town
Dies into fame, and ogles to renown;
The dowdy damsels of his chosen tribe
Are fee'd to heav'n, his person is the bribe;
All who can superficial talk admire,
His vanity, not beauty, sets on fire:
Enough of . . . let him ogle still,
Convince with nonsense, and with fopp'ry kill,
Pray for the secret measures of the great,
And hope the Lord will regulate the state:
Florid as Klopstock,(*a*) and as quick as me,
At double epithet or simile;
His despicable talents cannot harm
Those who defy a Johnson's false alarm.
Hail inspiration! piously I kneel,
And call upon thy sacred name with zeal;
Come, spread thy sooty pinions o'er my pen,
Teach me the secrets of the lords of men;
In visionary prospects let me see,
How . . . employs his sense, deriv'd from thee.
Display the mystic sybil of the isle,
And dress her wrinkled features in a smile;
Of past and secret measures let me tell,
How . . . pilfer'd power, and Chatham fell:
Chatham, whose patriotic actions wear
One single brand of infamy—the peer;
Whose popularity again thinks fit
To lose the coronet, revive the Pitt;
And in the upper house (where leading peers
Practise a minuet step or scratch their ears,)

a A German writer, some of whose works have been translated into English. See particularly the "Messiah," and the "Death of Adam."

He warmly undertakes to plead the cause
Of injur'd liberty, and broken laws.
Hail inspiration! from whose fountain flow
The strains which circulate through all the row,
With humblest reverence thy aid I ask,
For this laborious and Herculean task;
How difficult to make a piece go down
With booksellers, reviewers, and the town;
None with a Christian, charitable love,
A kind and fix'd intention to approve,
The wild excursions of the muse will read.
Alas! I was not born beyond the Tweed:
To public favour I have no pretence,
If public favour is the child of sense:
To paraphrase on home in Armstrong's rhymes
To decorate Fingal in sounding chimes,
The self-sufficient muse was never known,
But shines in trifling dulness all her own.
Where rich with painted bricks and lifeless white
Four dirty alleys in a cross unite,
Where avaricious sons of commerce meet,
To do their public business in the street:
There stands a dome to dulness ever dear,
Where . . . models justice by the square;
Where bulky aldermen display their sense,
And Bristol patriots wager out their pence:
Here, in the malice of my stars confin'd,
I call the muses to divert my mind;
Come inspiration! mysticly instil
The spirit of a . . . in my quill,
An equal terror to the small and great,
To lash an alderman or knave of state.
Here . . . thund'ring through the spacious court
Grounds equity on Jeffries's report;
And oft, explaining to the lords of trade,
Proves himself right by statutes never made;
In . . . able politicians see,
Another . . . in epitome.
If good Sir . . . did not bawl so loud,
What has he else superior to the crowd?
His peruke boasts solemnity of law:
E'en there might counsellors detect a flaw.
But Providence is just, as doctors tell,
That triple memory's a good sentinel,
Was . . . not so noisy, and more wise,
The body corporate would close its eyes.
Unless the satire, stoically wise,
Bristol can literary rubs despise;
You'll wonder whence the wisdom may proceed;
'Tis doubtful if her aldermen can read;

This as a certainty the muse may tell,
None of her common-council men can spell:
Why busy . . . wilt thou trouble . .
Their worships hear, and understand like thee.
Few beings absolutely boast the man,
Few have the understanding of a Spanne;
Every idea of a city mind
Is to commercial incidents confin'd;
True! some exceptions to this gen'ral rule
Can shew the merchant blended with the fool.
. . . with magisterial air commits;
. . . presides the chief of city wits:
In jigs and country dances . . . shines,
And . . . slumbers over Mallet's lines;
His ample visage, oft on nothing bent,
Sleeps in vacuity of sentiment;
Where in the venerable gothic hall,
When fetters rattle, evidences bawl,
Puzzled in thought by equity or law,
Into their inner room his senses draw;
There as they sneer in consultation deep,
The foolish vulgar deem him fast asleep.
If silent . . . . senatorial pride,
Rose into being as his av'rice died,
Scatt'ring his hundreds, rattling in his coach,
What mortal wonders at the fair . . . .
Though royal Horners burn in powder'd flames,
When fell the pretty nymph of many names?
Still we behold her fiery virtue stand,
As firm as . . . . regulating band.
. . . . within whose sacerdotal face,
Add all the honorary signs of grace;
Great in his accent, greater in his size,
But mightier still in turtle and mince pies;
Whose entertaining flows of eloquence,
In spite of affectation, will be sense.
Why patriotic . . . . art thou still?
What pension'd lethargy has seiz'd thy quill?
Hast thou forgot the murmurs of applause
Which buzz'd about the leader of the cause;
When drest in metaphors the fluent . . .
Rose from his chair, and slumb'ring drawl'd his speech?
When . . . . fir'd with loyalty and place,
Forsook his breeding to defend his Grace;
And saving . . . . from a furious blow,
Insisted on his plan, a double row.
Rise . . . . bid remonstrance tell the throne,
When freedom suffers, London's not alone;
Take off the load of infamy and shame
Which lies on Bristol's despicable name;

Revive thy ardour for thy country's cause,
And live again in honour and applause.
Alas! the patriot listens to his whore,
And popularity is heard no more;
The dying voice of liberty's forgot,
No more he drinks damnation to the Scot.
. . . . no longer in his quarrel fights;
No further dulnes witty . . . . writes:
In organs and an organist renown'd,
He rises into notice by a sound,
Commemorates his spirit in a tone,
By . . . created, rival of a groan:
O be his taste immortal as the lays!
For . . . invents and tuneful . . . plays;
And this harmonious gangling of the spheres
To give the whole connection Bristol hears.
Hail Kew! thy more important powers I sing,
Powers which direct the conscience of a king;
The English number daringly would soar,
To thy first power . . .
. . . . . .
Come Newton, (*a*) and assist me to explain
The hidden meanings of the present reign.
Newton, accept the tribute of a line,
From one whose humble genius honours thine:
Mysterious shall the mazy numbers seem,
To give thee matter for a future dream;
Thy happy talent meanings to untie
My vacancy of meaning may supply;
And where the muse is witty in a dash,
Thy explanations may enforce the lash.
How shall the line, grown servile in respect,
To . . . and . . . . infamy direct,
Unless a wise . . . . . intervene,
How shall I satirize the sleepy dean?
Perhaps the muse might fortunately strike
A highly finish'd picture, very like,
But deans are all so lazy, dull, and fat,
None could be certain worthy Barton (*b*) sat.
Come then, my Newton, leave the musty lines
Where revelation's farthing candle shines;
In search of hidden truths let others go,
Be thou the fiddler to my puppet show.
What are these hidden truths but secret lies,
Which from diseas'd imaginations rise?
What if our politicians should succeed
In fixing up the ministerial creed,
Who could such golden arguments refuse,
Which melts and proselytes the harden'd Jews.

a Bishop of Bristol.
b Dean of Bristol.

When universal reformation bribes
With wants, and wealthy metaphors, the tribes,
To empty pews the brawny chaplain swears,
Whilst none but trembling superstition hears:
When ministers, with sacerdotal hands,
Baptize the flock in streams of golden sands,
Through every town conversion wings her way,
And conscience is a prostitute for pay.
Faith removes mountains: like a modern dean
Faith can see virtues which were never seen:
Our pious ministry this sentence quote,
To prove their instrument's superior vote.
Whilst . . . . happy in his lordship's voice,
Bids faith persuade us 'tis the people's choice.
This mountain of objections to remove,
This knotty rotten argument to prove,
Faith insufficient, ... caught the pen,
And prov'd by demonstration one was ten;
What boots it if he reason'd right or no,
'Twas orthodox, the Thane would have it so.
Whoe'er shall doubts and false conclusions draw
Against the inquisition of the law,
With gaolers, chains, and pillories must plead.
And . . . . 's conscience settle right his creed.
Is . . . . 's conscience then, will freedom cry,
A standard block to dress our notions by?
Why what a blunder has the fool let fall,
That . . . . has no conscience, none at all;
Pardon me, freedom, this and something more,
The knowing writer might have known before,
But bred in Bristol's mercenary cell,
Compell'd in scenes of avarice to dwell,
What gen'rous passion can my dross refine?
What beside interest can direct the line?
And should a galling truth, like this, be told,
By me, instructed here to slave for gold,
My prudent neighbours (who can read could see,
Another Savage(c) to be starved in me.
Faith is a powerful virtue every where;
By this once Bristol dreat for Cato . . .
But now the blockheads grumble, ... made,
Lord of this idol, being lord of trade,
They bawl'd for . . . when little in their eyes,
But cannot to the titled villain rise,
This state credulity a bait for fools,
Employs his lordship's literary tools;
. . . . a bishop of the chosen sect;
A ruling pastor of the Lord's elect:

c The celebrated Richard Savage, son to the Earl of Rivers, who died in jail at Bristol.

Keeps journals, posts, and magazines in awe,
And parcels out his only statute law.
Would you the bard's veracity dispute?
He borrows persecution's scourge of . . .
An excommunication satire writes,
And the slow mischief trifles till it bites.
This faith, the subject of a late divine,
Is not as unsubstantial as his line;
Though blind and dubious to behold the right,
Its optics mourn a fixt Egyptian night,
Yet things unseen are seen so very clear,
The new fresh muster would begin the year;
She knows that . . . by . . . and conscience led,
Will holds his honours till his favour's dead,
She knows that . . . . e'er he can be great,
Must practice at the target of the state;
If then his erring pistol should not kill,
Why . . . . must remain a . . . . still
His gracious mistress, gen'rous to the brave,
Will not neglect the necessary knave,
Since pious . . . . is become his Grace,
. . . . turns pimp, to occupy her place.
Say . . . . in the honours of the door,
How properly a rogue succeeds a whore.
She knows the subject almost slipt my quill
Lost in that pistol of a woman's will)
She knows that . . . will exercise his rod,
The worthiest of the worthy sons of God.
Ah! (exclaims Catcott) this is saying much;
The scripture tells us peace-makers are such.
Who can dispute his title? Who deny
What taxes and oppressions testify?
Who of the . . . beatitude can doubt?
O! was but . . . as sure of being out!
And (as I end whatever I begin)
Was Chatham but as sure of being in!
. . . . foster-child of fate, dear to a dame
Whom satire freely would, but dare not, name.
Ye plodding barristers, who hunt a flaw,
What treason would you from the sentence draw?
Tremble, and stand attentive as a dean,
Know royal favour is the dame I mean:
To sport with royalty my muse forbears,
And kindly takes compassion on my ears.
When once Shebbeare in glorious triumph stood,
Upon a rostrum of distinguish'd wood,
Who then withheld his guinea, or his praise,
Or envied him his crown of English bays?
But now Modestus,(*d*) truant to the cause,
Assists the pioneers who sap the laws,

d The signature of a writer in the newspapers of the time.

Wreaths infamy around a sinking pen,
Who could withhold the pillory again ?
. . . lifted into notice by the eyes
Of one whose optics always setting rise ;
Forgive a pun, ye rationals, forgive
A flighty youth as yet unlearnt to live;
When I have conn'd each sage's musty rule,
I may with greater reason play the fool ;
. . . . and I in ancient lore untaught,
Are always with our natures in a fault ;
Though . . . . would instruct us in the part,
Our stubborn morals will not err by art.
Having in various starts from order stray'd,
We'll call imagination to our aid.
See . . . astride upon a wrinkled hag,
His hand replenish'd with an open bag;
When fly the ghosts of taxes and supplies,
The sales of places, and the last excise:
Upon the ground, in seemly order laid;
The Stuarts stretch the majesty of plaid :
Rich with the poor dependence bow the head,
And see their hopes arising from the dead.
His countrymen were muster'd into place,
And a Scotch piper rose above his Grace;
But say, astrologers, could this be strange ?
The lord of the ascendant ruled the change;
And music, whether bagpipes, fiddles, drums,
All that has sense, or meaning overcomes.
See now this universal fav'rite Scot,
His former native poverty forgot,
The highest member of the corse of state,
Where well he plays at blindman's buff with fate ;
If fortune condescends to bless his play,
And drop a rich Havannah in his way,
He keeps it with intention to release
All conquests at the general day of peace ;
When first and foremost to divide the spoil,
Some millions down might satisfy his toil;
To guide the car of war he fancied not,
Where honour and no money could be got.
The Scots have tender honours to a man ;
Honour's the tie which bundles up the clan :
They want one requisite to be divine,
One requisite in which all others shine ;
They're very poor ; then who can blame the hand
Which polishes by wealth its native land ?
And to complete the worth possest before,
Gives every Scotchman one perfection more;
Nobly bestows the infamy of place,
And . . . struts about in doubled lace.

Who says . . . barter'd peace, and wisely sold
His king, his . . . countrymen, for gold?
When ministerial hirelings proofs deny,
If Musgrave (e) could not prove it, how can I?
No facts unwarranted shall soil my quill,
Suffice it there's a strong suspicion still.
When . . . his iron rod of favour shook,
And bore his haughty temper in his look;
Not yet contented with his boundless sway,
Which all perforce must outwardly obey,
He thought to throw his chain upon the mind:
Nor would he leave conjecture unconfin'd.
We saw his measures wrong, and yet in spite
Of reason we must think those measures right;
Whilst curb'd and check'd by his imperious reign,
We must be satisfied and not complain.
Complaints are libels, as the present age
Are all instructed by a law-wise sage,
Who, happy in his eloquence and fees,
Advances to preferment by degrees;
Trembles to think of such a daring step
As from a tool to chancellor to leap,
But lest his prudence should the law disgrace,
He keeps a longing eye upon the mace.
Whilst . . was suffered to pursue his plan,
And ruin freedom as he rais'd the clan;
Could not his pride, his universal pride,
With working undisturb'd be satisfied?
But when we saw the villainy and fraud,
What conscience but a Scotchman's could applaud?
But yet 'twas nothing—cheating in our sight,
We should have humm'd ourselves, and thought him right:
This faith, established by the mighty Thane,
Will long outlive the system of the Dane;
This faith—but now the number must be brief,
All human things are center'd in belief;
And (or the philosophic sages dream)
All our most true ideas only seem;
Faith is a glass to rectify our sight,
And teach us to distinguish wrong from right.
By this corrected . . . appears a Pitt,
And candour marks the line which . . . writ;
Then let this faith support our ruin'd cause,
And give us back our liberties and laws;
No more complain of fav'rites made by lust,
No more think Chatham's patriot reasons just,

e Dr. Samuel Musgrave, who, in 1769, exhibited a charge against some great persons, of having sold the peace concluded in 1762. He was examined before the House of Commons, 29th January, 1770, when his information was voted frivolous.

But let the Babylonish harlot see
We to her Baal bow the humble knee.
Lost in the praises of that fav'rite Scot,
My better theme, my Newton, was forgot:
Blest with a pregnant wit, and never known
To boast of one impertinence his own,
He warp'd his vanity to serve his God,
And in the paths of pious fathers trod.
Though genius might have started something new,
He honour'd lawn, and prov'd his scripture true;
No literary worth presum'd upon,
He wrote, the understrapper of St. John;
Unravell'd every mystic simile,
Rich in the faith, and fanciful as me;
Pull'd revelation's secret robes aside,
And saw what priestish modesty would hide:
Then seiz'd the pen, and with a good intent
Discover'd hidden meanings never meant.
The reader who, in carnal notions bred,
Has Athanasius without rev'rence read,
Will make a scury kind of lenten feast,
Upon the tortur'd offals of the beast;
But if, in happy superstition taught,
He never once presum'd to doubt in thought;
Like Catcott, lost in prejudice and pride,
He takes the lit'ral meaning for his guide;
Let him read Newton, and his bill of fare;—
What prophecies unprophesied are there!
In explanations he's so justly skill'd,
The pseudo prophet's mysteries are fulfill'd;
No superficial reasons have disgrac'd
The worthy prelate's sacerdotal taste:
No flimsy arguments he holds to view,
Like . . . . he affirms it, and 'tis true.
Faith, Newton, is the tott'ring churchman's crutch,
On which our blest religion builds so much;
Thy fame would feel the loss of this support,
As much as Sawney's instruments at court:
For secret services without a name,
And mysteries in religion are the same.
But to return to state, from whence the muse
In wild digression smaller themes pursues;
And, rambling from his Grace's magic rod,
Descends to lash the ministers of God.
Both are adventures perilous and hard,
And often bring destruction on the bard;
For priests, and hireling ministers of state,
Are priests in love, infernals in their hate;
The church, no theme for satire, scorns the lash,
And will not suffer scandal in a dash;

Not . . . so tender in his juggling game,
Not . . . so careful of his lady's name.
Has sable lost its virtue? Will the bell
No longer scare a straying sprite to hell?
Since souls, when animating flesh, are sold
For benefices, bishoprics, and gold;
Since mitres, nightly laid upon the breast,
Can charm the night-mare conscience into rest;
And learned exorcists very lately made
Greater improvements in the living trade;
Since Warburton (of whom in future rhymes)
Has settled reformation on the times;
Whilst from the teeming press his numbers fly,
And, like his reasons, just exist and die;
Since in the steps of clerical degree
All through the telescope of fancy see,
(Though fancy under reason's lash may fall,
Yet fancy in religion's all in all:)
Amongst these cassock'd worthies is there one
Who has the conscience to be freedom's son?
Horne, patriotic Horne, will join the cause,
And tread on mitres to procure applause.
Prepare thy book and sacerdotal dress,
To lay a walking spirit of the press,
Who knocks at midnight at his lordship's door,
And roars in hollow voice—an hundred more.
An hundred more! his rising greatness cries,
Astonishment and terror in his eyes;
An hundred more! by G—— I won't comply:
Give, quoth the voice, I'll raise a hue and cry;
O'er a wrong scent the leading beagle's gone,
Your interrupted measures may go on;
Grant what I ask, I'll witness to the Thane,
I'm not another Fanny of Cock Lane.
Enough, says Mungo, reassume the quill,
And what we can afford to give, we will.
When . . . the ministry and people's head,
With royal favour pension'd . . . . dead;
His works, in undeserved oblivion sunk,
Were read no longer, and the man was drunk.
Some blockhead, ever envious of his fame,
Massacred . . . . in the doctor's name;
The public saw the cheat, and wonder'd not,
Death is of all mortality the lot.
. . . . has wrote his elegy, and penn'd
A piece of decent praise for such a friend;
And universal Cat-calls testified,
How mourn'd the critics when the genius died.
But now, though strange the fact to Deists seem,
His ghost is risen in a vernal theme,

And emulation madden'd all the row,
To catch the strains which from a spectre flow;
And print the reasons of a bard deceas'd,
Who once gave all the town a weekly feast.
As beer, to ev'ry drinking purpose dead,
Is to a wondrous metamorphose led,
And open'd to the actions of the winds,
In vinegar a resurrection finds;
His genius dead, and decently interr'd,
The clam'rous noise of duns sonorous heard,
Sour'd into life, assum'd the heavy pen,
And saw existence for an hour again;
Scatter'd his thoughts spontaneous from his brain,
And prov'd we had no reason to complain;
Whilst from his fancy figures budded out,
As hair on humid carcases will sprout.
Horne, set this restless, shallow spirit still,
And from his venal fingers snatch the quill.
If, in defiance of the priestly word,
He still will scribble floridly absurd,
North is superior to a potent charm,
To lay the terrors of a false alarm:
Another hundred added to his five,
No longer is the stumbling-block alive;
Fix'd in his chair, contented and at home,
The busy rambler will no longer roam;
Releas'd from servitude (such 'tis to think)
He'll prove it perfect happiness to drink:
Once (let the lovers of . . . . weep)
He thought it perfect happiness to sleep;
. . . . wondrous composition came,
To give the audience rest, the author fame:
A snore was much more grateful than a clap,
And pit, box, gallery, prov'd it in a nap.
Hail . . . . chief of bards, thy rigid laws
Bestow'd due praise, and critics snored applause.
If from the humblest station, in a place
By writers fix'd eternal in disgrace;
Long in the literary world unknown
To all but scribbling blockheads of its own;
Then only introduc'd, unhappy fate!
The subject of a satire's little hate;
Whilst equally the butt of ridicule,
The town was dirty, and the bard a fool: —
If from this place, where catamites are found
To swarm like Scots on honorary ground,
I may presume to exercise the pen,
And write a greeting to the best of men;
Health to the ruling minister I send,
Nor has that minister a better friend,

Greater, perhaps, in titles, pensions, place,
He inconsiderately prefers his Grace:
Ah North! a humble bard is better far,
Friendshp was never found near . . . . star;
Bishops are not by office orthodox;
Who'd wear a title when they've titled Fox?
Nor does the honorary shame stop here,
Have we not . . . . . .
If noble murders, as in tale we're told,
Made heroes of the ministers of old,
In noble murders . . . . 's divine,
His merit claims the laureated line.
Let officers of train bands wisely try
To save the blood of citizens, and fly:
When some bold urchin beats his drum in sport,
Or tragic trumpets entertain the court;
The captain flies through every lane in town,
And safe from danger wears his civic crown;
Our noble secretary scorn'd to run,
But with his magic word discharg'd the gun,
I leave him to the comforts of his breast,
And midnight ghosts, to howl him into rest.
Health to the minister of . . . , the tool,
Who with the little vulgar seems to rule;
But since the wiser maxims of the age
Marks for a noddy Ptolemy the sage;
Since Newton and Copernicus have taught
Our blund'ring senses ever are in fault;
The wise look further, and the wise can see
The hands of Sawney actuating thee;
The clock-work of thy conscience turns about,
Just as his mandates wind thee in and out.
By this political machine my rhymes
Conceive an estimation of the times;
And, as the wheels of state and measures move,
See how time passes in the world above:
Whilst tott'ring on the slippery edge of doubt,
. . . . . sees his train bands flying out;
Thinks the minority acquiring state
Will undergo a change, and soon be great;
. . . issues out his hundreds to the crew,
Who catch the atoms of the golden dew;
The etiquette of wise Sir Robert takes
The doubtful stand resolv'd, and one forsakes;
He shackles every vote in golden chains,
And . . . . in his list of slaves maintains.
Rest . . . . hapless spirit, rest and drink,
No more defile thy claret glass with ink;
In quiet sleep repose thy heavy head,
. . . . disdains to —— upon the dead;

Administration will defend thy fame,
And pensions add importance to thy name.
When sovereign judgment owns thy works divine,
And every writer of reviews is thine,
Let busy . . . . vent his little spleen,
And spit his venom in a magazine.
Health to the minister! nor will I dare
To pour out flattery in his noble ear:
His virtue, stoically great, disdains
Smooth adulation's entertaining strains,
And, red with virgin modesty, withdraws
From wond'ring crowds and murmurs of applause.
Here let no disappointed rhymer say,
Because his virtues shun the glare of day,
And like the conscience of a . . . . dean,
Is never by the subtlest optic seen,
That virtue is with . . . a priestish jest,
By which a mere non-entity's exprest.
No, ... is strictly virtuous, pious, wise,
As ever pension'd . . . . testifies.
But, reader, I had rather you should see
His virtues from another than from me:
Bear witness, Bristol, nobly prove that I,
By thee or . . . . was never paid to lie.
Health to the minister! his vices known,
(As every lord has vices of his own,
And all who wear a title think to shine
In forming follies foreign to his line;)
His vices shall employ my ablest pen,
And mark him out a miracle of men,
Then let the muse the healing strain begin,
And stamp repentance upon every sin.
Why this recoil?—And will the dauntless muse
To lash a minister of state refuse?
What! is his soul so black, thou canst not find
Aught like a human virtue in his mind?
Then draw him so, and to the public tell
Who owns this representative of hell:
Administration lifts her iron chain,
And truth must abdicate her lawful reign.
Oh, prudence! if by friends or counsel sway'd,
I had thy saving institutes obey'd;
And, lost to every love but love of self,
A wretch like Catcott, living but in pelf;
Then happy in a coach or turtle feast,
I might have been an alderman at least.
Sage are the arguments by which I'm taught,
To curb the wild excursive flights of thought:
Let . . . wear his self-sufficient air,
Nor dare remark, for Harris is a mayor;

If Catcott's flimsy system (*a*) can't be prov'd
Let it alone, for Catcott's much belov'd;
If . . . . bought a baron for a strange,
The man has credit, and is great on change;
If . . . ungrammatically spoke,
'Tis dang'rous on such men to break a joke;
If you from satire could withhold the line,
At every public hall perhaps you'd dine.
I must confess, exclaims a prudent sage,
You're really something clever for your age;
Your lines have sentiment, and now and then
A dash of satire stumbles from your pen;
But ah! that satire is a dang'rous thing;
And often wounds the writer with its sting;
Your infant muse should sport with other toys,
Men will not bear the ridicule of boys.
Some of the aldermen, (for some, indeed,
For want of education cannot read;
And those who can when they aloud rehearse,
What Collins, happy genius! titles verse,
So spin the strains sonorous through the nose,
The hearer cannot call it verse or prose,)
Some of the aldermen may take offence
At your maintaining them devoid of sense;
And if you touch their aldermanic pride,
Bid dark reflection tell how Savage died!
Go to . . . . and copy worthy . . .
Ah! what a sharp experienc'd genius that;
Well he prepares his bottle and his jest,
An alderman is no unwelcome guest;
Adult'rate talents and adult'rate wine
May make another drawling rascal shine;
His known integrity outvies a court,
His the dull ale, original the port:
Whilst loud he entertains the sleepy cits,
And rates his wine according to his wits,
Should a trite pun by happy error please,
His worship thunders at the laughing Mease; *b*
And . . . inserts this item in his bill,
Five shillings for a jest with ev'ry gill.
How commendable this to turn at once
To good account the vintner and the dunce,
And, by a very hocus pocus hit,
Dispose of damag'd claret and bad wit.
Search through the ragged tribe who drink small beer,
And sweetly echo in his worship's ear

a Catcott on the Deluge.

b Matthew Mease, vintner. He kept the Bush, and was succeeded by John Weeks, who married his sister. Mr. Gold, apothecary, married another sister. Mease's father kept the Nag's Head, in Wine Street.

What are the wages of the tuneful nine,—
What are their pleasures when compar'd to mine?
Happy I eat, and tell my num'rous pence,
Free from the servitude of rhyme or sense;
Though sing-song Whitehead ushers in the year
With joy to Briton's king and sovereign dear,
And, in compliance to an ancient mode,
Measures his syllables into an ode;
Yet such the sorry merit of his muse,
He bows to deans and licks his lordship's shoes.
Then leave the wicked, barren way of rhyme,
Fly far from poverty—be wise in time—
Regard the office more—Parnassus less—
Put your religion in a decent dress;
Then may your interest in the town advance,
Above the reach of muses or romance.
Besides, the town (a sober, honest town,
Which smiles on virtue, and gives vice a frown)
Bids censure brand with infamy her name,
I, even I, must think you are to blame.
Is there a street within this spacious place
That boasts the happiness of one fair face,
Where conversation does not turn on you,
Blaming your wild amours, your morals too,
Oaths, sacred and tremendous oaths? You swear
Oaths which might shock a Luttrell's soul to hear;
These very oaths, as if a thing of joke,
Made to betray, intended to be broke;
Whilst the too tender and believing maid,
(Remember pretty . . . .) is betray'd;
Then your religion, ah beware! beware!
Although a deist is no monster here;
Yet hide you tenets—priests are powerful foes,
And priesthood fetters justice by the nose;
Think not the merit of a jingling song
Can countenance the author's acting wrong;
Reform your manners, and with solemn air
Hear Catcott pray, and R——s squeak in prayer.
R——s, a reverend, cully mully puff;
Who thinks all sermons, but his own, are stuff;
When harping on the dull, unmeaning text,
By disquisitions he's so sore perplex'd,
He stammers, instantaneously is drawn
A border'd piece of inspiration lawn,
Which being thrice unto his nose applied,
Into his pineal gland the vapours glide;
And now we hear the jingling doctor roar,
On subjects he dissected thrice before.
Honour the scarlet robe, and let the quill
Be silent when old Isaac eats his fill.

Regard thy interests, ever love thyself,
Rise into notice as you rise in pelf:
The muses have no credit here, and fame
Confines itself to the mercantile name.
Then clip imagination's wing, be wise,
And great in wealth, to real greatness rise:
Or if you must persist to sing and dream,
Let only panegyric be your theme;
With pulpit adulation tickle Cutts,(*a*)
And wreath with ivy, Garden's tavern butts;
Find sentiment in Dampier's empty look,
Genius in Collins, harmony in Rooke:
Swear Broderip's horrid noise the tuneful spheres,
And rescue Pindar from the songs of Shears.
Would you still further raise the fairy ground,
Praise Broughton,—for his eloquence profound,
His generosity, and his sentiment,
His active fancy, and his thoughts on Lent;
Make North or Chatham canonize his grace,
And beg a pension or procure a place.
Damn'd narrow notions! notions which disgrace
The boasted reason of the human race;
Bristol may keep her prudent maxims still,
I scorn her prudence, and I ever will;
Since all my vices magnified are here,
She cannot paint me worse than I appear;
When raving in the lunacy of ink
I catch my pen and publish what I think.(*b*)

Not content with attacking his enemies in rhyme, in the foregoing poem, Chatterton addressed a series of letters to various high personages, assailing them with no little violence. The following letters by him, under the signature of "Decimus," were published in the Middlesex Journal, in the year 1770, and have never until now been reprinted. That Chatterton's political sentiments were crude and unsettled, I think all must allow, but believing these to be their only objections, I have inserted them here; many who are ardent admirers of the poet not being aware that such letters were ever penned by him.

a Dr. Cutts Barton, dean of Bristol, vide p. 175.

b Some of the lines in this poem appear, with some slight alterations, in the "Whore of Babylon," and also in an unpublished poem, entitled the "Exhibition."

In Chatterton's pocket-book, presented to Mr. Cottle, by Mrs. Newton, I have seen his own list of these political letters; some of them I have not been enabled by any means to procure, and I do not think that they are in the possession of any collector. As the productions of a boy of seventeen they are extraordinary; and "if," says Mr. Cottle, "the result had been less melancholy, it would have been amusing to find our young bard magisterially addressing some of the first personages in the land."

LETTER I.

"To the Duke of G——n.

"Sir,

"Your resignation is a step which will cause as much speculation in the political world, as any harlequinade you have already acted. Those who imagine you are at last convinced of your insufficiency to support the measures you have hitherto endeavoured to establish, forget that the most striking part of your character is an obstinate perseverance in the wrong. Others, who are as little acquainted with you, as not to doubt your veracity, may be satisfied with your own reasons, and see the affair in whatever light you would choose to set it. But those who would know the real cause of your retreat, must trace it to the root of all authority and power—the Earl of Bute. It was the influence of this sun of state, that ripened your latent genius into life. He drew your talents out of obscurity; he raised you to the pinnacle of place, and you have, (as in duty bound) been his pack-ass till your late retreat. 'Tis true, the measures which have set the nation in a flame, were executed by you; but they were planned by him, and his more inventive projectors. I would not seem to lessen your character as a minister; but it is well known that your talent does not lie in scheming; and you are very incapable of guiding, but upon the lifeless, insipid plan, you first set out on. These were qualifications in the eye of the Thane; a jesuitical minister, who has parts to intrigue for himself, will pay little regard to the instruction of another. Your happy vacuity of invention, raised you to that dignity you so nobly maintained. As an instrument, you acquitted yourself to general satisfaction. You bore the infamy of every unconstitutional measure, with a temerity truly stoical; you have heard unmoved the cries of the wretched; and was pleased to countenance murder, by calling a just and commendable desire of liberty, riot and licentious-

ness. It was certainly a little galling to find, that, notwithstanding all your labour and public infamy, you could not be permitted to nominate a friend or dependant, to a lucrative post, without the consent of the Thane, first meanly obtained. Your little sense of honour might have been touched; but you submitted. After such a slavish submission to the evil genius of England, it was impossible to expect any other effects from your administration, than what have happened. We saw every measure pursued, with that erring obstinacy, which characterizes the Earl of Bute: the ministry were ever in the wrong, and still insisting on the rectitude of their actions; but had their actions been right, we had been obliged to chance; for they cannot, dare not, assert the rectitude of their intentions.

"But this may be wandering from the point, in regard to your late resignation. I will proceed to it immediately. The Thane grew weary of being obliged to dictate on every trifling occasion; if he was not continually advising, the helm was all confusion and mistake. He imagined, if he ordered the principal matters, your genius for jockeyship might manage the frivolous. But, though you could not proceed without a director, you had the ministerial vanity to seem to despise the assistance you depended on. The Thane nominated some of his trusty friends, to assist you in such cases. Nothing is more natural, than for a beggarly Scot to forget himself in prosperity. Your worthy colleagues, conscious of their superior talents for guiding, were ever assuming an equality, which must disgust a person of less rank and haughtiness than the Duke of G—n.

"This you took occasion to resent. The all-powerful Thane, enraged at such behaviour from a creature his hands had formed, began to exert his authority; and had you not timely resigned, we should have seen you kicked out, with as little ceremony as you were taken in. Thus have I endeavoured to set the matter in a true light, and beg pardon if I have offended in speaking truth.

"It is something surprising to hear you complain of being linked in administration with wretches justly the detestation of the public: but was your Grace ever regarded in any other light? Did you give, or receive, dishonour from your worthy assistants? That you have not been suffered to pursue your own lenient plans, is no matter of wonder, when you were admitted as minister, on condition that you proposed no plans of your own.

"The people are indeed to be pitied. They have a king, (the best of kings, in the language of flattery) who never hears the truth. They petition, and are not regarded; and if they assume a becoming spirit of freedom, it is licentiousness.

"I shall conclude with observing, that your whole administration has been derogatory to the honour and dignity of the crown; for the honour of the crown is the liberty of the subject.

"DECIMUS.

"Bristol, Feb. 16, 1770."

LETTER II.

"For the Middlesex Journal, 17th April, 1770.

"To the Princess of Gotham.

"It were an affront to your understanding, to suppose that you are unacquainted with the murmurs of the people concerning you. I hope that many of the aspersions thrown out against you, are as ill founded as infamous. You cannot forget your dignity so far as to be the tool of power, by which a tyrannous favourite protects his wretches of administration. Your ridiculous vanity in assuming the statesman, and conveying orders dictated by that minion, may make you more contemptible than the meritorious peace-maker you copy from: but till you have his genius for vice, you never will be honoured as the inventor of these master-strokes of tyranny, which we have severely felt. You are reported to be the fountain which feeds the different streams of oppression through the kingdom.

"By you, the right of election was, before its perpetration, contrived to be destroyed, the constitution perverted, and a venal parliament impowered to establish an infamous precedent for future ministers to act upon. By you, men of no principle were thrust into offices they did not know how to discharge, and honoured with trusts they only accepted to violate; being made more conspicuously mean, by communicating error, and often vice, to the character of the person who promoted them. None but a sovereign power can make little villains dangerous; the nobly vicious, the daringly ambitious, only rise from themselves. Without the influence of ministerial authority Mansfield had been a pettifogging attorney, and Warburton a bustling country curate. The first had not lived to bury the substance of our laws, in the shadow of his explanations; nor would the latter have confounded religion with deism, and proved of no use to either. By you, every measure of oppression is ushered into the world; and Sir Gilbert, happy in your private conversation, presumes to direct his lordship in the affairs of the nation; but all the above charges are trifling, when compared to that atrocious one of fomenting discords between the chief magistrate of the people and his subjects. That you possess the royal ear, and employ your influence there, in the most dangerous manner, representing the complaints of an injured nation, as the voice of faction, and advising a misled ruler to pursue measures which will end in the destruction of his fame: that you have carried ministerial tyranny farther than the most oppressive of the Stuarts dared to do; this is the voice of rumour. With what justice it accuseth you, I dare not singly avouch; but the thoughts of the multitude I have written; their suggestions, their murmurs, increase with their grievances. If a remonstrance is a libel, the spirit of an Englishman will no more petition for redress, but redress himself. The state of affairs very much resembles the eve of the troubles of Charles the First. Unhappy monarch! thou hast a claim, a dear-bought claim, to our pity; nothing but thy death could

purchase it. Hadst thou died quietly, and in peace, thou hadst died infamous; thy misfortunes were the only happy means of saving thee from the book of shame. What a parallel could the freedom of an English pen strike out! Both are misled, and both by women! but may the fate of the former never attend the present: may the future regulation of his conduct compensate for the injured credulity of his youth; may he see for himself, and remember he is a king. Though it may be doubtful, whether the favoured Earl of Bute hangs self-balanced on his own influence, or is greatly little, through your partial indulgence; yet all agree that your authority in office supersedes that of the prime minister, who should be the head of the trusts, the three estates jointly repose in him. It would be an usurpation, even in a king, to nominate officers merely from motives of favour. As a magistrate, he should discharge his duty, by honouring with his confidence men of abilities and integrity. But what shall we say, if a woman presumes to intrude such tools as North and Sandwich into offices of the highest trust; and to prefer men to places which require abilities, who neither write nor speak English? What shall we say, but that we are slaves, and ever shall be so, till we know how to free ourselves?

"DECIMUS.

"Bristol, April 10, 1770."

LETTER III.

"FOR THE MIDDLESEX JOURNAL, 10TH MAY, 1770,

"To the Earl of H———h.

"My Lord,

"If a constant exercise of tyranny and cruelty has not steeled your breast against all sensations of compunction and remorse, permit me to remind you of the recent massacre at Boston. It is an infamous attribute of the ministry of the Thane, that what his tools begin in secret fraud and oppression, ends in murder and avowed assassination. Not contented to deprive us of our liberty, they rob us of our lives; knowing, from a sad experience, that the one without the other is an insupportable burden. Your lordship has bravely distinguished yourself among the ministers of the present reign. Whilst North and the instruments of his r——l mistress, settled the plan of operations, it was your part to execute; you were the assassin, whose knife was ever ready to furnish the cause. If every feeling of humanity is not extinct in you, reflect, for a moment reflect, on the horrid task you undertook, and perpetrated. Think of the injury you have done to your country, which nothing but the dissolution of a parliament, not repesenting the people, can ever erase. Think of the odium you and your coherents have thrown on the character of a ————, unhappy in the choice of his ministers, and blind obedience to maternal authority; that———, whose innocent credulity is the

ruin of our constitution; whose undesigning simplicity will injure us more than the most tyrannous encroachments of the Stuarts; who deserves to be believed, when by himself, but should not be permitted to run blindly into destruction, by adopting the violent proceedings of his unworthy ministers.

Think of the recent murders at Boston. O, my lord! however you may force a smile into your countenance, however you may trifle in the train of dissipation, your conscience must raise a hell within. I cannot think you so hardened a ruffian, as to view without concern the miseries you have occasioned. If greatly villainous, you could rejoice in the ruin of a nation—the distresses of a private family, the cries of the widow, must awaken the torture of your soul. Since your lordship first sold yourself to the infamy of a minister, to draw in the team of the witch of the isle, what has been your reward? The Duke of Grafton had very little to give of any thing, but disgrace and infamy; of that you greatly partook. But pecuniary recompences were seldom to be met with; his Grace had a strong passion for gaming; the immense sums which his r——l mistress issued out to pay the troop of titled vassals, and keep them from mutiny, were lavished by his Grace on the dice. Arabella, and Newmarket. You, and instruments of more consequence, have more than once been baulked of your pay. Mungo protests, no city porter could be more laborious, or worse paid. Titles were sufficiently prostituted, in the dignified persons of Barrington, Grafton, and Clare; your lordship could incur no additional contempt by a ducal crown: indeed, you sought it not; warned by the disappointment of Rigby, not to solicit what you could never obtain. Poor Rigby! whose labour in carrying so long the burthen of state, could not entitle him to a barony, to stamp his infamy with his coat of arms on his posterity.

"How then could your lordship receive reward, adequate to the merit of your services, but by place? There was no other method to recompence your former servitudes, than by engaging you in a new one, which would be its own reward. In your department you have behaved consistently; tyranny made you a secretary, and you governed tyrannically; the last bloody transaction is written in characters indelible, and will make you detested to the latest posterity.

"DECIMUS.

"Bristol, April 27."

LETTER IV.

"FOR THE MIDDLESEX JOURNAL, 15TH MAY, 1770.

"To the P——— D——— of W———.

"You are called upon by the united voices of all the friends of liberty and their country, to vindicate your conduct. When the fate of the nation trembles upon a minute, it is no time to trifle; ceremony and an appearance of respect must give way to plain truth and

sincerity. The constitution has already suffered too much by an ill-timed veneration for the ———. 'Tis now the duty of an Englishman, who is a loyal subject, to throw off the unnecessary covering, and attempt to open the eyes of his misled s———. To tell him boldly who are his enemies, and to assist him in removing those enemies from his confidence. I am willing to believe that you are not the principal agent in the misfortunes of the present reign; you may be duped by the artifices of a villain, who has found the way to impose on your good nature, and make himself of consequence in your eyes. You may be imposed on as well as his ———; but that you have been instrumental in those transactions is undoubted; your influence in the ministerial junto cannot be denied. I would wish your R—— H—— would know how to act worthy your situation in life: and not debase yourself by mingling with a group of ministers, the most detestable that ever embroiled a kingdom in discord and commotion. Your consequence in the council can arise only from your power over his ———; and that power you possess but by the courtesy of an unaccountable infatuation. Filial duty has nothing to do with the question; a king has no mother, no wife, no friend, considered as a king; his country, his subjects, are the only objects of his public concern. It is amazing to me that his ——— cannot, or at least does not, distinguish between private obligations and public; whatever respect you pay to the former, you have no title to any on the latter account; though, as a mother, you might be commendable, yet, as a subject, you are highly blameable; you have associated with his enemies: avowedly and openly assisted those enemies in their most criminal designs; and did all you could do to bury the fortunes of the ——— in the constitution of the country; you have estranged from him the hearts of his subjects, and left him only the infamous appellation of a v—— c—— P———. One of the three kingdoms expresses themselves highly satisfied with your conduct: they might have said highly obliged to it, if conferring infamy with places or pensions is conferring an obligation. But the friendship of Scotland is not to be depended upon; it is ominous. His ——— has made but an ill exchange in bartering the hearts and approbations of two kingdoms; he might have trusted with safety for the pretended friendship of one, which was never trusted but to betray.

"To your kind management of his infant years may, with justice, be attributed all the past, present, and future troubles and misfortunes of his reign. Bred to notions of despotism, and instructed to govern by a warm stickler for monarchy and tyranny, could we look for any milder measures than his ——— has taken. Our ——— has been more unfortunate than he could possibly deserve, since his misfortune began almost with his birth. Instead of being put under the care of an able tutor, who could teach him how to rule the hearts of his people, he was left to the tuition of one who, had he wished to do otherwise, could instruct him only how to make himself feared and hated. His ———'s education may be considered as the foundation on which all his misfortunes are or will be raised. It was the interest of the Earl of Bute, as a firm friend to the house of Stuart, to instil

into him principles which should not fail to ruin him in the love of the people, and make the throne totter under the house of Hanover. This was his plan. Let us now consider how he has succeeded. His ——— imbibed every pernicious tenet he was taught to support his regal dignity with; he looked upon his future crown as something which should exalt him above the state of mortal men, and was filled with every poison of absolutely monarchy. Bute saw, with rapture, the improvement of the predestined t——: he had studied the tempers of the English, and hoped to give them a —— who should disgust; such a —— whose behaviour should make his subjects wish for another. How unhappy must a m—— be, thus destined to abuse his dignity! whose repeated lesson was, to maintain the authority of the crown at the expense of the rights of the subject: who was taught that kings are the representatives of God; and answerable to none for their conduct. But, thank heaven, though his pernicious doctrine is so deeply inculcated on the mind of our s——, it has not had the desired effect; spite of the united efforts of you, the Earl of Bute, and the cocoa-tree; an opposition too powerful for you to quash, will frustrate every design you can inflame. Mr. Wilkes stands now at the head of this opposition; in him you find an enemy, as long as you are an enemy to the constitution of this country; his enmity extends no further; it has nothing meanly personal. As he fights in a glorious cause, he scorns to debase that cause, by copying the littleness which characterised your resentment against him. Whilst the Duke of Cumberland lived, he checked the progress of your diabolical junto. Conscious of his integrity, you desponded of soothing him; and fearing his rigorous justice, you kept out of sight as much as the posture of affairs would permit you. Notwithstanding the many obligations this country was under to him, by his delivering us from the tyranny of a Stuart; and then preserving us from falling into the ministerial slavery of a friend to the Stuarts; you and the junto had the daring insolence to asperse his sacred character, and endeavoured to rob him of the love of the people; but that love was founded on a basis your strongest endeavours could not shake—his virtue. The Earl of Bute gloried in the infamy of having manufactured the peace; he did not so avowedly confess that by your help he had established it. The Stuarts were ever fond of peace, and loved to bask in the sunshine of public tranquillity: intestine broils only dignify their annals. The granting this dishonourable peace, was the first means of beginning a domestic war: the nation was in general displeased at it; a revenge for the many undeserved injuries we had received from our continual enemies, was just, was laudable; and granting them a cessation of arms, was only giving them time to prepare themselves for future hostilities. The French, at the close of the war, were in the utmost distress; the navy but small, and out of repair; the army imbecilitated, and on the point of mutiny; and the whole nation trembling under the English flag, and dissatisfied with the conduct of their ministers. The best attribute of the king is mercy; but it was certainly here ill-timed. How can we sufficiently admire the clemency, which so royally condescended to stop the torrent of blood, and sheathe the ravaging sword of war, by ceding

all our valuable conquests, which had cost us so much blood; (but, in the system of the present ministry, English blood is of no estimation;) whilst, in the humility of our desires, we retained whatever could be of no use to us, and was but an incumbrance to the enemy. This concession shall bear the name of Bute to posterity, and grace his monument with the infamy he so richly deserves. The French are again in high spirits; they see the prospect brighten on every side, and are vigourously preparing every necessary material for the carrying on a future war, with better accommodations, and, in all probability, better success. No sooner had our glorious monarch given peace to Europe, but he began to turn his thoughts on the ease which peace allowed him; but you, stung with resentment at the writings of a man obnoxious to your favourite minister, the Earl of Bute, disturbed his serenity. Unaccountable are the prejudices of age; what could so bias you to that enemy of this country is to me a mystery I cannot dive into. The North Briton contained facts, which could not be evaded by a plain denial. An affirmation that it was a seditious libel, was not sufficient to invalidate its arguments. However, Mr. Wilkes having gloriously headed the opposition, and given great disgust by divulging important truths, which should not be told; you began a persecution which does honour to his fortitude, and displays how little it is in your power to injure his noble spirit. You have continued this persecution with all the littleness which distinguishes the creatures of the ministry; you have humbled yourself to the meanest offices in the state, and acted only as a mere machine of convenience, by which the Thane received the approbation of . . . . May you be taught what your birth and royal alliances require; and make a better use of the gifts which fortune has so blindly lavished upon you.

"DECIMUS.

"May 10, 1770."

LETTER V.

"FOR THE MIDDLESEX JOURNAL, 22ND MAY, 1770.

"To the Prime Minister.

"My Lord,

"As a lover of justice, I cannot see you blamed for measures in which you act only in obedience to a higher power, without endeavouring to vindicate you. It is an unfortunate circumstance that you are saddled with the title of premier; people who know nothing of the matter think you act as such.—It shall be my task to inform them better, and rescue the reputation of an innocent servant from ruin. As character is all menial slaves have to depend upon, 'tis a cruelty beneath humanity to deprive you of your only support, by indulging the caprice of patriotism, and mistaking the servant for the master.

"That we have suffered in regard to our liberties is undoubted; that the constitution is now falling to decay, nothing but the fee'd

conscience of Sir Fletcher Norton can deny. But they are infants in politics who charge you, or even his Grace, with the whole infamy of these glorious transactions——No—there are still higher powers, from whose hands we are to expect good or evil; and yet this is not the k——. I am charitable enough to believe his majesty is no more a principal than your lordship; the only difference between you I take to be this, the one is paid, and the other pays, and dearly too, for his labour, Who these higher powers are is no secret; their influence has been felt since the last memorable peace, and their influence is now laying in additional causes to increase the distractions of this unhappy kingdom.

"As a servant to these powers I have nothing to accuse you with: you have implicitly obeyed every command which Jeremiah Dyson has honoured you with. I feel some little hurt to my pride, as an Englishman, in seeing a thing which represents a minister, the director of the affairs of the nation, degraded so low as to be the servant of titled valets and petty clerks.

"Sir Gilbert mouths his orders like an oracle; he speaks by inspiration from above, and his word is fate. The merit of this favoured counsellor is a little uncommon; his talents are too contemptible for examination: in the mid-way state, between a city alderman and idiotcy, he has all that little cunning which distinguishes fools; his talkative qualifications are not worth notice; and yet he is a chief director in the first junto of the state. His only merit lies in what he has seen—what he has heard—and what he has read concerning certain matters of which we speak darkly. But how, in the name of wonder, can those accomplishments qualify him for the council board? It might be the means of richly shutting his mouth, and none but a German genius would make it instrumental in learning him to speak. The insolence of this confidant is great; the Duke of Grafton thought it insupportable; but your lordship has less pride than his Grace, perhaps less commendable pride.

"From him and his colleagues flow, through the channel of your office, every measure which meets with deserved opposition.

"You are the only porter in these matters; it is not for your humble hopes to aspire to the assertion of your right.

"Conscious of the influence of the personage, who took you from a dependant, menial service of the Duke of Bedford, and raised you to the empty dignity of state, you let that personage preside, and, conscious of what you was, learn to obey. Humility is a capital Christian virtue, but not a political one; a little constitutional pride, would do your country more service than all the virtues your irreverend hireling can daub you with.

"You may be a good husband—a good father—I cannot deny it, I know nothing of your concerns; but private virtues, or private vices, in a minister, are of no public account; I look not to the man, but to the tool of state, the slave of an infamous association, composed of creatures exalted out of obscurity, only by their villainy: and headed by a person an Englishman must blush to name. But, my lord, as you are the instrument of conveyance, through you I lay be-

fore the junto the following queries, written by an Englishman, who dares to assert in person whatever he has advanced here.

"Is there among the infamous association at Carlton house, one member, daring enough to acknowledge himself a limb of that infernal body?

"Has any one measure of consequence been taken since the accession of his present majesty, but what was planned, or approved of, by the Earl of Bute, and the Princess Dowager of Wales?

"Was Mr. Wilkes's offence the North Briton, the Essay on Woman, or only a private quarrel with the Princess Dowager—he, as an Englishman, having dared to assert what he knew?

"Has the Carlton-house gang one man of repute among them? Or can the talents of any individual, or the whole string of rogues, be thought capable of directing the state?

"Is there one honest man now in the administration of public affairs? If there is one, let him be pointed out, for the author cannot find him?

"These queries are submitted to the consciences of the ministerial troop, though the writer fears that conscience has lost her force in the breast of that statesman, who could plunge his country into such a ruin, as now seems to hang over it. You, my lord, how mean and servile soever your department is, may be of some use in averting the impending storm. Fly to the council, with your face whitened with fear; tell them, that justice is at the door, and the axe will do its office: tell them, whilst the spirit of English freedom exists, vengeance has also an existence; and when Britons are denied justice from the powers who have the trust of their rights, the constitution hath given them a power to do themselves justice.

"DECIMUS.

"May, 15, 1770.

LETTER VI.

"FOR THE MIDDLESEX JOURNAL, 26TH MAY, 1770.

"As we live to see the polite arts possess the place which liberty and the good of the constitution should be honoured with, in his majesty's favour and protection, I flatter myself that the following criticisms on an exhibition of sign paintings, may not be beneath the notice of the virtú.

"DECIMUS.

"May 17, 1770.

"FIRST DAY'S EXHIBITION.

"1. THE WHORE OF BABYLON, BY THE WHISPERER. This is an old piece, new touched, and, by several masterly features, appears to have been once the P———— D———— of W————.

"2. A NORTH PROSPECT OF CARLTON-HOUSH, BY THE SAME. With what propriety can this be called a prospect? It represents three

rogues in a gin shop, sharing their last acquired booty: one, in the dress of a Highlander, is taking some innocent familiarities with the bawd, who sits above on an empty hogshead.

"3. The Union, by the North Briton. An Englishman sleeping, and a Scotchman picking his pocket.

"1. The K——. A sign for a button maker. The painter, who has not fixed his name to this performance, is certainly a very loyal subject. His m——— has that innocent vacancy of countenance which distinguishes the representation of angels and cherubims; without guilt, without meaning; without every thing but an undesigning simplicity.

"5. A Conversation-piece, by the Whisperer. This is a daring performance: it represents the member of a certain council-board. The principal figures are, the president receiving instructions from an old woman; and the k——chewing thistles.

"6. ——— . A great personage, and a greater personage, receiving orders from the Earl of Bute.

"7. The Marquis of Granby; a sign for a turner. This is an old Janus, modernized by the addition of a regimental coat.

"8. The modern Demosthenes. An alderman reading a speech from the crown of his hat: the gravity of this orator's countenance is finely touched; and none but those who have seen Sir Richard Glynn, can form an idea of it.

"9. We three Loggerheads, by Germanicus. Represents the czarina and the grand signor boxing. The former appears to have the advantage, and has a label coming out of her mouth, with these words, I *have learnt to drub*. The latter is frighted at the appearance of a candle in the tail of a kite, which he mistakes for a comet. The third figure is the King of Prussia, who is stripping for the combat, and seems eager to engage. There is great humour preserved throughout the whole piece.

"10. Sir Robert Ladbroke; a sign for a gin-shop. The revolutions of fortune are worthy the meditations of a Hervey. The father of the city, after having dissected the affairs of the metropolis, can now only direct an old woman where to get drunk.

"11. The genius of bristol, by Bonner. Represents a fish-woman sleeping on a cask: her shield a cheese, with her arms blazoned: three hogs couchant in the mire; her lance a spit, with a goose on it. There are several smaller figures in the group: a turn-spit dog, a sleeping alderman, and a Welch Rabbit.

"Second Day's Exhibition.

"12. A Piece of Modern Antiquity, by Horace Walpole. This is no other than a striking portrait of the facetious Mrs. Clive. Horace, finding it too large to be introduced in his next edition of Virtu, has returned it on the town.

"13. The Dragoon dragooned, by Marplot. This is an excellent piece, and has but one deficiency—it wants meaning.—It represents Lord Barrington firing a musket with his eyes shut; and a great personage shooting at him with a bow and arrow; under the latter are these words, 'A fool's bolt is soon shot.'

"14. Taste, by Phillipina Burton. A complication of elegant figures: the design seems a little perplexed; colouring, very masterly and strong.

"15. The Masquerade, by Truth. Represents the court on a levee day: the company are masked in their own faces only.

"16. The Jubilee, by Garrick. The painter in the character of the bottle-conjurer. In his hand is a book, inscribed, 'The way to grow rich, a ballad farce.

"17. Fortitude, by Hugh Kelly. This has no relation to the fortitude of this unfortunate author, in bidding defiance to the censure of the town: the piece will turn to more account; it represents the ministry.

"18. A Word to the Wise, by the same. The painter *in propria persona*, holding a purse in one hand, and a catcall in the other.

"19. All in the Wrong, by a Director. The court of directors, fighting on account of a certain general, who in the mean time is making off with the bullion.

"Statues, &c. &c.

"20. The Earl of Bute. The English and Scotch disagree concerning this figure. The connoisseurs of the latter assert, that it is not perfect, because it wants a head; whilst the opposite party as strenuously maintain that it could not be perfect unless it wanted a head.

"21. His M———. Some sacrilegious villains having stolen the former head, which was lacquered with gold, the exhibitor hath supplied the deficiency with a wooden one.

"22. Mr. Wilkes in a Roman habit. A bold, majestic figure: in his right hand the till of rights, and in the other, the sword of justice.

"23. The Harlot's Progress, by the Duchess of K———, in Silk. It were to be wished that ladies of quality would employ their time as well as her Grace has done. It is really surprising to see how well she has played her own cards, and kept one of the higher powers from losing the game.

"24. The Keeper, by Miss R———. Represents the notorious Jemmy Twitcher, licking the dust from the feet of his Dulcinea: whilst her fille de chambre conveys away her gallant. Jemmy, for the greater propriety, is black and all black.

"25. The last Peace. Modelled in gingerbread, and ready to fall in pieces with the slightest touch.

LETTER VII.

"To the Freeholders of the City of Bristol.

"Gentlemen,

"As a fellow citizen, I presume to address you on a subject which I hoped would have animated an abler pen. At this critical

situation, when the fate of the constitution depends upon the exertion of an English spirit, I confess my astonishment at finding you silent. The second city in England should not be ashamed to copy the first, in any laudable measure. Let not a false pride mislead you to neglect the care of your liberties. Though you were not the first, in the spirited application to the throne, you will lose no glory in the imitation. Your silence cannot be attributed to your disapprobation of the proceedings of the livery of London.

"When an infamous set of wretches take shelter under the dignity of the crown, and from that sacred covert, wound the dearest rights of the subject, it is pusillanimity, it is a treason to our country, to view it with indifference.

"The reception your petition met with, should animate you to demand a satisfactory answer to the grievances you complained of; and if you cannot have redress, know on what pretence you are denied that justice. The apostacy of one of your former leaders can be no detriment to your measures; he is too inconsiderable to disconcert an affair of so much importance, as your liberty, and the constitution of your country. Reflect on the importance of the measure you are under an obligation to take. It is not a transient emolument you seek; it is the inheritance of your posterity; an inheritance, without which all other possessions will be unserviceable.

"Whilst thus you sit idly looking on, you do society the greatest injury it is in your power to do it. As subjects, Englishmen, and members of society, you are under a necessity to endeavour to preserve inviolate the freedom of an Englishman.

"If, after every glorious attempt to rescue our invaluable rights from the wretches of power, the pernicious counsels of persons, who are a disgrace to their dignities, should still mislead an unhappy k——, and effectually prevent the purpose of your remonstrance; you have done your duty, and discharged your conscience.—But till you have done your duty by remonstrating, you are accessory to every future proceeding of the tools of administration; and equally concerned in every scene of murder and oppression, which the ruffians of state have chalked out in their plan of operations.

"I do not address myself to the corporation; I know too well their selfish regard to interest. In the cause of liberty, they will gain nothing but the consciousness of having done a good action; a pleasure so long a stranger to the breast of any one of them, that none can know how to deserve it. They are too contemptible to injure the cause of liberty by their authority; and too mercenary, to seduce any of its leaders by their generosity. How meanly infamous have they made themselves, in selling their consciences to the man, whose conscience they once bought. Lord C——, however titled and outwardly advanced in the world, is still internally the little wretch he ever was. It must be confessed he has cunning; but that is the common qualification of a pick-pocket: had he been born in a lower station in life, he must have been one. He is a slave to slaves; and has even his vices, though in large quantities, from second hand. Nothing can reflect with greater acrimony on the intellects of the corporation, than the whole tenor of their behaviour to Lord C——: as it is generally

known, so it is too ridiculous for recapitulation. No person could with greater propriety than Lord C——, represent the corporation of Bristol; he is their very counterpart, little, mean, and contemptible.—But I lose time upon them.

"To you, then, ye citizens of Bristol, who look above such mercenary examples—to you, who have honour and disinterestedness, I address myself. Be it your task to take off the load of shame, which your superiors in command throw upon the city. Look not to their superiority in office, but to their inferiority in principle, spirit, and real worth. Now is the moment to prove yourselves Englishmen, and disappoint the evil designs of the enemies of this country.

"Remember the speech of the glorious COMYNGE, in whose repeated mayoralties, honour and virtue were not unknown in the corporation. When the unhappy dissensions first broke out between the houses of Lancaster and York, he immediately declared himself for the latter. His lady, fearful of the consequences, begged him to desist, and not ruin himself and family. 'My family,' replied the brave citizen, 'is dear to me: heaven can witness how dear! But when discord and oppressions begin to distract the realm, my country is my family; and THAT it is my duty to protect.'

"DECIMUS.

"London, May 21."

LETTER VIII.

FROM THE POLITICAL REGISTER.

"To the Right Hon. the Earl of Dartmouth.

"My Lord,

"An honest, independent Englishman who detests flattery and adulation, in sincerity of heart congratulates your lordship on your appointment to the important charge of conducting the affairs of the British colonies. The whole nation applauds the happy choice his majesty has made of so able, so conscientious, so temperate a minister. It is considered as a favourable presage of a change of sentiments at court. The public in general form the highest expectations, from your unspotted character, from your known attachment to the principles of religious and civil liberty, and from your generous concern for the welfare of your country, that you will exert the influence you cannot fail to acquire in the closet, to protect, to countenance, and support, the just pretensions of his majesty's subjects to partake alike of his paternal care and affection.

"In a future address I may have the honour to propose some conciliating measures, to be taken at home, to render every branch of administration equally popular, and to make the people almost adore their sovereign: but for the present I shall confine myself to those objects which fall within your particular department.

"There have been times, my lord, when an arbitrary minister would not have been permitted to steal out of office with impunity,

after having shamefully oppressed one part of the British empire, still groaning beneath the tyranny of his dictatorial power. But we have now been long used to see the worst services the best rewarded: and the last instance is, that of your predecessor, the scourge of America, who, if he had continued his notorious mal-administration of the colonies only a few months longer, would have found the weight of the just indignation of his American brethren too heavy for him to have borne. Apprehensive of this, he dexterously avoided the impending blow by stepping aside. In his native obscurity let us leave him, while I lay before your lordship the actual state of one of the British settlements, which, instead of being made a most valuable acquisition to the mother country, by the commercial benefits to be derived from it, has been rendered the seat of internal discord and commotion, through the violent measures of the abandoned tools of his power.

"Your lordship cannot be a stranger to the disputes which have subsisted in the ceded island of GRANADA, from the time that the form of government, established and amicably settled by the first governor, on the basis of the treaty of peace, and in conformity to the king's proclamation, was altered, or rather subverted, by the mandates, private instructions, and other prerogative acts of the crown, impoliticly obtained, and illegally issued from your predecessor's office. The repeated petitions and memorials of the king's natural born subjects on this head ought to be found in your office; for persuaded, as the injured parties are, that Lord Hillsborough never let them have access to the throne, they doubt not the preservation of them by the vigilance of the official secretary. These papers will save me the trouble of recapitulating the progress of despotism in Granada, till it arrived at its full height by the last acts of your predecessor's administration. The manœuvres of the Lieutenant-governor Fitzmaurice, (the prototype of Sir Francis Bernard) of his jesuitical secretary Staunton, and of all the abettors of the French party, Mr Pownal has long since got by heart, and if your lordship wants further information relative to the same subject, I can refer you to abler and better authorities. It shall therefore be my business to take up the matter (in this matter) where my brother-writers seem to have left it; and to convince your lordship that it is highly expedient, from the present posture of affairs in Granada, to reverse all the measures of your predecessor, respecting its government, without loss of time.

"On the strength of a promise made by the Duke of Grafton, to seat as many as he possibly could of his jockey and gaming companions in ministerial saddles, Gordon was sent to Brussels, and Leybourne to Granada. The latter, a young man, who had never had the least experience of public affairs, was appointed to a government of the most delicate nature, rendered still more so by the odious measures that had been taken to enforce obedience to unconstitutional mandates. Without countenance, without any persuasive influence, without any fixed principle within himself, but that of making his fortune, by an implicit submission to his singular instructions he has dared to accomplish, to complete, as far as in him lies, Lord Hillsborough's illegal, oppressive plan.

"The house of representatives of the British subjects of Grenada, is

at present composed of members chosen by the united interest of the French and Irish Roman catholic subjects; persons of low and mean situations in life, needy dependants on the French adopted subjects, with but one Englishman amongst them, and he a man of no consequence, are the respectable legislative body of this unfortunate island. The men, under the direction of a raw governor, and an overbearing attorney-general, (who supplanted a modest, humane, equitable man) have no objection to act in conjunction with the French Roman catholic members, who, contrary to the first constitution of the island, have been admitted to sit in the assembly, and have been sworn into the king's council by prerogative mandates.

"But all the British subjects of property in the island, who are animated by a sense of their duty to their native country, are determined not to acknowledge the legality of any acts passed by such an assembly. They positively refuse, and will persist, to the last extremity, in refusing to pay any taxes imposed upon them by disqualified members of the council and house of representatives; and the universal disgust taken to the governor increases the confusion; in short, it has overpowered him, and his master. Mr. Leybourne is in a languid state of health, and Lord Hillsborough has wisely retired to Ireland.

"In this state of affairs no public business can proceed, for no act of the government will be deemed valid so long as Mr. Leybourne enforces his instructions, and commands British subjects to admit French Roman catholic subjects to privileges appertaining solely to Protestant natives. The necessity, therefore, of recalling the present governor, of dissolving the present assembly, and of restoring the first, the only legal form of government established in this island, shall be made apparent, and some other obnoxious steps of which I have just received advice, shall be laid before your lordship in my next; the friends of the natural-born subjects in London being well assured that they shall find in you, my lord, an impartial judge, who will not add to their sufferings by misrepresenting their conduct to his majesty.

"PROBUS."

LETTER IX.

"FOR THE FREEHOLDER'S MAGAZINE.

"To Lord N——h.

"My Lord,

"There is not, perhaps, a more exalted and refined pleasure, than that which we feel from the contemplation of the great and illustrious characters of antiquity. Indeed, we partake so much in their exploits, and imbibe so much of their virtues, that while we read we may be said 'to live o'er each scene.' What threw me into this train of reflection, at present, my lord, was reading the history of my favourite prince, Caligula. What a happiness must it have been, my lord, to have lived under the auspicious reign of that emperor, who was as munificent in rewarding merit, as he was sagacious in the dis-

covery of it; indeed he took such a fatherly care in providing for the good of his subject, that at last discovering a genius, where it was least expected, in his *horse* I mean, he advanced him to the first honours of the state. The emperor had, no doubt, my lord, suffered by the ignorance and misconduct of former counsellors; and, willing to appease the justly incensed people, he did not chuse *any thing* for a minister, as some later monarchs have done, but he took to support the weight of government this faithful and generous beast of burden.

"This conduct of Caligula, my lord, was perhaps owing to gratitude, as well as to sagacity; the minister in question having long before *firmly supported* him in an *inferior* capacity. That your lordship had attempted something of a like nature, in *doing the business of the crown*, as it is called, is allowed by your enemies; but whether this was sufficient to entitle you to a similar degree of eminence is yet to be decided. We were all, my lord, surprised at your sudden exaltation; nor, I dare say, my lord, when your noble father pressed you to accept of the *premiership*, did your lordship immediately recollect this precedent in your favour.

"But to return, my lord. Notwithstanding this prudent choice in Caligula, there were not then wanting in Rome some dangerous incendiaries, who misrepresented this step, painting it in the most ridiculous colours. To all this the minister was silent, not from a consciousness of guilt, but from a natural aversion he entertained to party debate. Indeed it was commonly objected to him, that he was *no speaker* in their house, or senate; but we, my lord, at this enlightened period, cannot sufficiently admire his *dumb administration*.

"I am sorry, my lord, history has been defective in many things requisite to be known of this great minister; I mean his birth, progenitors, and education; not that the latter is of much consequence in one placed so near, and in some measure related to the crown. Many, I know, are desirous of being informed of his person and private life, whether he was fitted for a whiskey or a dung cart; a sprightly nobleman, or a country parson; in short, whether he had good blood in his veins or not. But for my part, my lord, I entertain no doubts on this head; for while I admire his abilities as a statesman, I canot but allow him the virtues of private life, or horse capacity: much less can I deny him that small addition to his greatness, nobility of blood. I need not further attempt to vindicate his cause, which has already been so strenuously asserted in the person of his decendant, now in the possession of Lord Talbot; this nobleman, who has risked his life in the glorious contest, has silenced the most obstinate of his opponents.

"During the whole administration, my lord, of this great statesman, he could not justly be charged with a single *faux pas*, or by any means increasing the murmurs of the people; had he at any time led his royal master into any thing that was *dirty*, he had still abilities sufficient to have carried him through; not leaving him in the mire, to which he had brought him, as some later ministers have done.

"I am, my lord, &c.

"T. C,"

In the Middlesex Journals, for May 3, 17, and 24, 1770, are the following paragraphs, in the notices to correspondents. What the precautions, mentioned in the first of these notices were, I have not been able to ascertain; they may refer to the omission of the names of the individuals satirised.

"Decimus has our sincere thanks, and may depend on our making use of the precautions he requires."

"Decimus may be assured his two last essays are in the editor's hands, and will be published in due time."

"The address to the Freeholders of Bristol is come to hand."

Unsuccessful in his attempt to procure Mr. Walpole's influence in his behalf, and his contempt for the duties of his profession daily increasing, he appears to have looked forward to suicide as the only means of breaking his thraldom. He frequently informed his kitchen associates at Mr. Lambert's that he would destroy himself, and used arguments to prove that such a course was justifiable. His temper, he remarked to his sister, was becoming sour from severe study, and he said it was his intention to form an acquaintance with a young female in the neighbourhood, in the hope that such a connection might prove a corrective to his austerity of temper. A poem was accordingly addressed to a Miss Rumsey, and a correspondence was the result. Mrs. Newton states, that "he would also frequently walk the College Green, with the young girls who statedly paraded there to show their finery," but she utterly disbelieved the reports which charged him with profligacy and libertinism: and Mr. Thistlethwaite, who knew him well, says, "the opportunities which a long acquaintance with him afforded me, justify me in saying, that whilst he lived in Bristol he was not

the debauched character he has been represented. Temperate in his living, moderate in his pleasures, and regular in his exercises he was undeserving of the aspersion. I admit that amongst his papers may be found many passages, not only immoral, but bordering upon a libertinism gross and unpardonable. It is not my intention to attempt a vindication of those passages, which, from the regard I bear his memory, I wish he had never written, but which I nevertheless believe to have originated rather from a warmth of imagination, aided by a vain affectation of singularity, than from any natural depravity, or from a mind vitiated by evil example."

Mr. Lambert's mother having heard her son's apprentice declare his suicidal intentions, became exceedingly alarmed. Mr. Lambert, however, considered Chatterton's threats to be merely the idle words of a discontented boy, and would not be convinced of their reality until he found, one day, a copy book on his desk, in which was written the following document, entitled "The last Will and Testament of Thomas Chatterton." Dr. Gregory states, that he has been informed, on good authority, "that it was occasioned by the refusal of a gentleman, whom he had complimented in his poems, to accommodate him with a supply of money."

"CHATTERTON'S WILL. 1770.

"All this wrote between 11 and 2 o'clock, Saturday, in the utmost distress of mind. April 14, 1770.

"N. B. In a dispute concerning the character of David, Mr. ——— argued that he must be a holy man, from the strains of piety that breathe through his whole works—I being of a contrary

opinion, and knowing that a great genius can effect any thing, endeavouring in the *foregoing Poems(a)* to represent an enthusiastic Methodist, intended to send it to Romaine, and impose it upon the infatuated world as a reality; but thanks to Burgum's generosity, I am now employed in matters of more importance.

"Burgum, I thank thee, thou hast let me see,
That Bristol has impress'd her stamp on thee,
Thy generous spirit emulates her may'rs,
Thy generous spirit with thy Bristol's pairs.
Gods! what would Burgum give to get a name
And snatch his blundering dialect from shame!
What would he give, to hand his memory down
To time's remotest boundary?—A Crown.(b)
Would you ask more, his swelling face looks blue;
Futurity he rates at two pounds two.
Well Burgum, take thy laurel to thy brow;
With a rich saddle decorate a sow,
Strut in Iambics, totter in an Ode,
Promise, and never pay, and be the mode.
"Catcott, for thee, I know thy heart is good,
But ah! thy merit's seldom understood;
Too bigotted to whimsies, which thy youth
Receiv'd to venerate as Gospel truth,
Thy friendship never could be dear to me,
Since all I am is opposite to thee.
If ever obligated to thy purse
Rowley discharges all; my first chief curse!
For had I never known the antique lore
I ne'er had ventur'd from my peaceful shore,
To be the wreck of promises and hopes,
A Boy of Learning, and a Bard of Tropes;
But happy in my humble sphere had mov'd
Untroubled, unsuspected, unbelov'd.
"To Barrett next, he has my thanks sincere,
For all the little knowledge I had here.
But what was knowledge? Could it here succeed?
When scarcely twenty in the town can read.
Could knowledge bring in interest to maintain
The wild expenses of a Poet's brain;
Disinterested Burgum never meant
To take my knowledge for his gain per cent.

a What the foregoing poems were are not known.

b Mr. Burgum gave Chatterton five shillings for drawing up his pedigree.

When wildly squand'ring ev'ry thing I got,
On books and learning, and the Lord knows what,
Could Burgum then, my critic, patron, friend!
Without security attempt to lend?
No, that would be imprudent in the man;
Accuse him of imprudence if you can.
He promis'd, I confess, and seem'd sincere;
Few keep an honorary promise here.
I thank thee, Barret, thy advice was right,
But 'twas ordain'd by fate that I should write.
Spite of the prudence of this prudent place,
I wrote my mind, nor hid the author's face.
Harris, ere long, when looking from the press
My numbers make his self-importance less,
Will wrinkle up his face, and damn the lay
And drag my body to the triple way—
Poor superstitious mortals! wreak your hate
Upon my cold remains ——

"This is the last will and testament of me Thomas Chatterton, of the city of Bristol; being sound in body, or it is the fault of my last surgeon: the soundness of my mind, the coroner and jury are to be judges of, desiring them to take notice, that the most perfect masters of human nature in Bristol distinguish me by the title of the Mad Genius; therefore, if I do a mad action, it is conformable to every action of my life, which all savour'd of insanity.

"Item. If after my death, which will happen to-morrow night before eight o'clock, being the Feast of the Resurrection, the coroner and jury bring it in lunacy, I will and direct, that John Farr, Esq., and Mr. John Flower, at their joint expense, cause my body to be interred in the tomb of my fathers, and raise the monument over my body to the height of four feet five inches, placing the present flat stone on the top, and adding 6 tablets.

"On the *first* to be engraved, in old English characters:

Hous qui par ici paser
Pur l'ame Guatcroine Chatterton prier

Le Cors di oi ici gist
A'ame receybe Thu Crist. MCCI.

"On the *second* tablet, in old English characters:

Orate pro animabus Alanus Chatterton, et Alicia Uxeris ejus, qui quidem Alanus obiit v die mensis Novemb, MCCCCXII, quorum animabus propinetur Deus, Amen.

"On the *third* tablet, in Roman characters:

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF

THOMAS CHATTERTON,

Subchaunter of the cathedral of this city, whose ancestors were residents of St. Mary Redcliffe since the year 1140. He died the 7th of August, 1752.

"On the *fourth* tablet, in Roman Characters:

TO THE MEMORY OF

THOMAS CHATTERTON;

Reader judge not; if thou art a Christian—believe that he shall be judged by a superior power—to that power alone is he now answerable.

"On the *fifth* and *sixth* tablets, which shall front each other:

Atchievements, viz. one the one, vert, a fess, or; crest, a mantle of estate, gules, supported by a spear, sable, headed, or. On the other, or, a fess vert, crest, a cross of knights templars.—And I will and direct that if the coroner's inquest bring it in felo-de-se, the said monument shall be notwithstanding erected. And if the said Paul Farr and John Flower have souls so Bristolish as to refuse this my request, they will transmit a copy of

my will to the society for supporting the bill of rights, whom I hereby empower to build the said monument, according to the aforesaid directions. And if they, the said Paul Farr and John Flower, should build the said monument; I will and direct that the 2nd edition of my Kew Gardens, shall be dedicated to them in the following dedication—To Paul Farr and John Flower, Esqrs., this book is most humbly dedicated by the author's ghost.

"Item. I give all my vigour and fire of youth to Mr. George Catcott, being sensible he is most in want of it.

"Item. From the same charitable motive, I give and bequeath unto the Reverend Mr. Camplin, senior, all my humility. To Mr. Burgum all my prosody and grammar, likewise one moiety of my modesty, the other moiety to any young lady who can prove, without blushing, that she wants that valuable commodity. To Bristol all my spirit and disinterestedness, parcels of goods unknown on her quay since the days of Canning and Rowley! 'Tis true a charitable gentleman, one Mr. Colston, smuggled a considerable quantity of it, but it being proved he was a papist, the worshipful society of aldermen endeavoured to throttle him with the oath of allegiance. I leave also my religion to Dr. Cutts Barton, dean of Bristol, hereby empowering the sub-sacrist to strike him on the head when he goes to sleep in church. My powers of utterance I give to the Reverend Mr. Broughton, hoping he will employ them to a better purpose than reading lectures on the immortality of the soul: I leave the Reverend Mr. Catcott, some little of my free-thinking, that he may put on spectacles of reason and see how vilely he is duped in believing the scriptures literally. I wish he and his brother George would know how far I am their real enemy,

but I have an unlucky way of raillery, and when the strong fit of satire is upon me, I spare neither friend nor foe. This is my excuse for what I have said of them elsewhere. I leave Mr. Clayfield the sincerest thanks my gratitude can give, and I will and direct that whatever any person may think the pleasure of reading my works worth, they immediately pay their own valuation to him, since it is then become a lawful debt to me, and to him as my executor in this case.

"I leave my moderation to the politicians on both sides of the question. I leave my generosity to our present right worshipful mayor, Thomas Harris, Esq. I give my abstinence to the company at the sheriff's annual feast in general, more particularly the aldermen.

"Item. I give and bequeath to Mr. Matthew Mease a mourning ring, with this motto, 'Alas, poor Chatterton!' provided he pays for it himself. —Item. I leave the young ladies all the letters they have had from me, assuring them that they need be under no apprehensions from the appearance of my ghost, for I die for none of them.—Item. I leave all my debts, the whole not five pounds, to the payment of the charitable and generous chamber of Bristol, on penalty, if refused, to hinder every member from a good dinner, by appearing in the form of a bailiff. If in defiance of this terrible spectre, they obstinately persist in refusing to discharge my debts, let my two creditors apply to the supporters of the bill of rights.—Item. I leave my mother and sister to the protection of my friends, if I have any. Executed in the presence of Omniscience this 14th of April, 1770.

"Thos. Chatterton.

"CODICIL.

"It is my pleasure that Mr. Cocking and Miss Farley print this my will the first Saturday after my death.

"T. C."

Before the discovery of this will, Mr. Lambert found on Chatterton's writing desk a letter addressed to Mr. Clayfield, stating "his distresses, and that on Mr. Clayfield's receiving that letter, he (Chatterton) should be no more." At this letter Mr. Lambert, being alarmed, sent to Mr. Barrett, thinking he might persuade him from this meditated attempt on his life, who, sending immediately for Chatterton, questioned him closely upon the occasion in a tender and friendly manner, but forcibly urged to him the horrible crime of self-murder, however glossed over by present libertines; blaming the bad company and principles he had adopted. This betrayed him into some compunction, and by his tears he seemed to feel it; at the same time he acknowledged that he wanted for nothing, and denied any distress on that account. He next day sent the following letter.(*a*)

"To Mr. Barrett.

"Sir,

"Upon recollection I don't know how Mr. Clayfield could come by his letter, as I intended to have given him a letter, but did not In regard to my motive for the supposed rashness, I shall observe, that I keep no worse company than *myself*. I never drink to excess, and have without vanity too much sense to be attached to the mercenary retailers of inquity. No;—it is my PRIDE, my damned, native, unconquerable PRIDE, that plunges me into distraction. You must know that nineteen-twentieths of my composition is pride. I must either live a slave, a servant, have no will of my own, no sentiments of my own which I may freely declare as such, or

(*a*) Barrett.

die. Perplexing alternative!—But it distracts me to think of it. I will endeavour to learn humility, but it cannot be here. What it will cost me on the trial heaven knows.

"I am,

"Your much obliged, unhappy, humble Servant,

"T. C."

In a letter written about the same time to Mr. Baster, he says:

"Damn the muses—I abominate them and their works—they are the nurses of poverty and insanity. Your smiling Roman heroes were accounted such, as being always ready to sacrifice their lives for the good of their country. He who, without a more sufficient reason than common place scurrility, can look with disgust on his native place, is a villain and a villain not fit to live. I am obliged to you for supposing me such a villain.

"I am,

"Your very humble Servant,

"THOMAS CHATTERTON."

Mr. Lambert considering it no longer prudent to retain Chatterton in his service, after what had occurred, dismissed him, when he had been in his employ two years, nine months, and thirteen days; before, however, he quitted the scrivener's office, he had addressed the following letters to some of his friends.

From Chatterton to his Friend Mr. Wm. Smith.

"Infallible Doctor,

"Let this apologize for long silence.—Your request would have been long since granted, but I know not what it is best to compose; a Hindicasyllabum carmen Hexastichon, Ogdastich, Tetrametrum, or Septennarius. You must know I have been long troubled with a poetical cephalaphonia, for I no sooner begin an acrostic, but I wander into a threnodia. The poem ran thus: the first line, an acatalictos; the second, an otislogia of the first; the third, an acyrologia; the fourth, an epanalepsis of the third; fifth, a diatyposis of beauty; sixth, a diaporesis of success; seventh, a brachy catalecton; eighth, an ecphonesis of explexis. In short, an enpynion could

not contain a greater synchysis of such accidents without syzygia. I am resolved to forsake the Parnassian mount, and would advise you to do so too, and attain the mystery of composing smegma. Think not I make a mysterismus in mentioning smegma. No; my mnemosque will let me see (unless I have an amblyopia) your great services, which shall be always remembered by

"FLASMOT EYCHAORITT."

To Mr. Stephens, his relation at Salisbury.)

"Sir,

"If you think vanity is the dictator of the following lines, you will not do me justice. No, sir, it is only the desire of proving myself worthy your correspondence, has induced me to write. My partial friends flatter me with giving me a little uncommon share of abilities. It is Mr. Stephens alone, whose good sense disdains flattery, whom I appeal to. It is a maxim with me that compliments of friends *is* more dangerous than railing of enemies. You may inquire, if you please, for the Town and County Magazine, wherein all signed D. B. and Asaphides, are mine The pieces called Saxon, are originally and totally the product of my muse; though I should think it a greater merit to be able to translate Saxon. As the said magazine is by far the best of its kind, and I shall have some pieces in it every month; and if I vary from my said signature, will give you notice thereof. Having some curious anecdotes of paintings and painters, I sent them to Mr. Walpole, author of the Anecdotes of Painting, Historic Doubts, and other pieces, well known in the learned world. His answer I make bold to send you. Hence I began a literary correspondence, which ended as most such do. I differed with him in the age of a MS. He insists on his superior talents, which is no proof of that superiority. We possibly may publicly engage in one of the periodical publications; though I know not who will give the onset. Of my proceedings in this affair, I shall make bold to acquaint you. My next correspondent of note is Dodsley, whose collection of modern and antique poems are in every library. In this city my principal acquaintance are Mr. Barrett, now writing, at a vast expense, an ancient and modern History of Bristol; a task more difficult than the cleansing the Augean stable. Many have attempted, but none succeeded in it; yet will this work, when finished, please not only my fellow citizens, but all the world. Mr. Catcott, author of that excellent treatise on the Deluge, and other pieces, to enumerate which would argue a supposition that you were not acquainted with the literary world. To the studies of these gentlemen I am always admitted; and they are not below asking my advice in any matters of antiquity. I have made a very curious collection of coins and antiquities. As I cannot afford to have a gordlabine to keep them in, I commonly give them to those who can. If you pick up any Roman, Saxon, English coins, or other antiques, even a sight of them would highly oblige me. When you quarter your arms in the mullet, say,

Or, a Fess. Vert by the name of Chatterton. I trace your family from Fitz Stephen, son of Stephen, Earl of Ammerle, in 1095, son of Od, earl of Bloys, and lord of Holderness.

I am, your very humble Servant,

"THOMAS CHATTERTON."

To his friend Baker, in Charles Town, South Carolina.

"Dear Friend,

"I must now close my poetical labours, my master being returned from London. You write in a very entertaining style; though I am afraid mine will be the contrary. Your celebrated Miss Rumsey is going to be married to Mr. Fowler, as he himself informs me. Pretty children! about to enter into the comfortable yoke of matrimony, to be at their own liberty: just apropos to the old law—but out of the frying pan into the fire! For a lover, heavens mend him: but for a husband! O excellent! what a female Machiaval this Miss Rumsey is! a very good mistress of nature to discover a *demon* in the habit of a parson; to find a spirit so well adapted to the humour of an English wife, that is, one who takes off his hat to every person he chances to meet, to shew his staring horns, and very politely stands at the door of his wife's chamber, whilst her gallant is entertaining her within. O mirabili! what will human nature degenerate into. Fowler aforesaid declares he makes a scruple of conscience of being too free with Miss Rumsey before marriage. There's a gallant for you! why a girl with anything of the woman would despise him for it. But no more of him. I am glad you approve of the ladies in Charles Town; and am obliged to you for the compliment of including me in your happiness; my friendship is as firm as the white rock when the black waves roar around it, and the waters burst on its hoary top when the driving wind ploughs the sable sea, and the rising waves aspire to the clouds, turning with the rattling hail. So much for heroics. To speak in plain English: I am, and ever will be, your unalterable friend. I did not give your love to Miss Rumsey, having not yet seen her in private, and in public she will not speak to me, because of her great love to Fowler; and on another occasion. I have been violently in love these three-and-twenty times, since your departure; and not a few times came off victorious. I am oblig'd to you for your curiosity, and shall esteem it very much, not on account of itself, but as coming from you. The poems, &c., on Miss Hoyland, I wish better, for her sake and yours. The Tournament I have only one canto of, which I send herewith; the remainder is entirely lost. I am, with the greatest regret, going to subscribe myself, your faithful and constant friend, 'till death do us part,

"THOMAS CHATTERTON.

"Mr. Baker, Charles Town,
South Carolina."

Discharged from the office of Mr. Lambert, and knowing but little of his profession, for in a letter written after his arrival in London, he says, referring to a clearance which Mr. Lambert demanded, "As to the clearance I am ever ready to give it; but really I understand so little of the law, that I believe Mr. Lambert must draw it out." Chatterton resolved to leave the city, where he conceived he had been treated with such indignity. The periodical press he looked forward to as an ample means of support, and he had received promises of employment from the editors of several papers and magazines. His friend, Mr. Thistlethwaite, anxious for his welfare, interrogated him as to the object of his views and expectations, and what mode of life he intended to pursue on his arrival in London. The answer he received was "a memorable one." "My first attempt," said he, "shall be in the literary way. The promises I have received are sufficient to dispel doubt; but should I, contrary to my expectations, find myself deceived, I will, in that case, turn methodist preacher. Credulity is as potent a deity as ever, and a new sect may easily be devised. But if that too shall fail me, my last and final resource is a pistol." "Most of his friends and acquaintance," according to Mr. Barrett, "contributed a guinea each towards his journey" to London, where he arrived on the 25th April, 1770; and his patron adds, "he there settled, but carried his libertine principles with him." What kind of libertinism Mr. Barrett refers to I know not: there is abundant evidence to prove that Chatterton was not the character some have represented him to have been. During his stay with Lambert, it is stated by Mrs. Newton and Mrs. Thistlethwaite, that he was "exemplary in his habits;" and for three years he was never once

found out of the office at the stated hours of attendance; and only once exceeded the family hours, which was at Christmas, when he passed the evening with a party of friends under the roof of his mother, whose indulgence detained him until the hour of eleven. As a son and a brother his conduct was most exemplary. His leisure hours were spent beneath his mother's roof; and Mrs. Newton, in her painfully interesting letter, declares her conviction that "he was no debauchee, though some had reported it."

Many attacks have been made on the moral character of Chatterton: that he had faults cannot be denied; but if the statements put forth by his accusers are correct, he must have indeed been a monster of iniquity. The boy who wrote the following beautiful lines could scarcely have been an infidel; and if some of his poems exhibit a certain looseness of diction, we must remember that such language was partially tolerated in the times in which they were written:

"THE RESIGNATION.

O God, whose thunder shakes the sky;
Whose eye this atom globe surveys;
To thee, my only rock, I fly,
Thy mercy in thy justice praise.

The mystic mazes of thy will,
The shadows of celestial light,
Are past the power of human skill,—
But what th' Eternal acts is right.

O teach me in the trying hour,
When anguish swells the dewy tear,
To still my sorrows, own thy pow'r,
Thy goodness love, thy justice fear.

If in this bosom aught but Thee
Incroaching sought a boundless sway,
Omniscience could the danger see,
And Mercy look the cause away.

Then why, my soul, dost thou complain?
Why, drooping, seek the dark recess?
Shake off the melancholy chain,
For God created all to bless.

But ah! my breast is human still;
The rising sigh, the falling tear,
My languid vitals' feeble rill,
The sickness of my soul declare.

But yet, with fortitude resign'd,
I'll thank th' inflicter of the blow;
Forbid the sigh, compose my mind,
Nor let the gush of mis'ry flow.

The gloomy mantle of the night,
Which on my sinking spirit steals,
Will vanish at the morning light,
Which God, my East, my Sun, reveals."

Mr. James Montgomery, of Sheffield, in a letter which I lately received from him, says, with reference to this poem, that it "shows at least some 'light from heaven' breathing through the darkness of his soul, which affected me so deeply, when, as a young man, I read them, that I responded to them from the depth of my heart, with a sympathy which I endeavoured to express in one of my earlier poems."

"A dying swan of Pindus sings
In wildly-mournful strains;
As Death's cold fingers snap the strings,
His suffering lyre complains.

Soft as the mist of evening wends
Along the shadowy vale;
Sad as in storms the moon ascends,
And turns the darkness pale:

So soft the melting numbers flow
From his harmonious lips;
So sad his woe-wan features show,
Just fading in eclipse.

The Bard to dark despair resign'd,
With his expiring art,
Sings 'midst the tempest of his mind
The shipwreck of his heart.

If Hope still seem to linger nigh,
And hover o'er his head,
Her pinions are too weak to fly,
Or Hope ere now had fled.

Rash Minstrel! who can hear thy songs,
Nor long to share thy fire?
Who read thine errors and thy wrongs,
Nor execrate the lyre?

The lyre that sunk thee to the grave,
When bursting into bloom,
That lyre the power to genius gave
To blossom in the tomb.

Yes; till his memory fail with years,
Shall Time thy strains recite;
And while thy story swells his tears,
Thy song shall charm his flight."

Very different were the feelings of Mr. Alexander Chalmers, one of Chatterton's greatest libellers. "Mr. C——'s life of Chatterton," says a writer in the Quarterly Review (*b*) "is written in the spirit of pharisaic morality, which blinds the understanding as much as it hardens the heart. He tells the history of the Rowley papers just as a pleader would have told it at the Old Bailey, if Chatterton had been upon trial for forging a bill of exchange! After saying that 'his general conduct during his apprenticeship was decent and regular; and that, on one occasion only, Mr. Lambert thought him deserving of correction for writing an abusive letter in a feigned hand to his old schoolmaster;' he adds, in true Old Bailey logic, 'so soon did this young man learn the art of deceit which he was now preparing to practice on a more extensive scale.' When this letter was written Chatterton was

(*b*) No. XXII. for July, 1814.

hardly fifteen!—Upon publishing his first modern antique in Felix Farley's Bristol Journal, the subject excited inquiry, and the paper being traced to him, he was consequently interrogated, says Mr. Chalmers, probably without much ceremony, where he obtained it. '*And here his unhappy disposition showed itself in a manner highly affecting in one so young, for he had not yet reached his sixteenth year, and according to all that can be gathered, had not been corrupted either by precept or example.*'"

Mr. Chalmers was not contented with blackening the moral character of Chatterton. He says of his poems, with the most dignified composure, "they are only wonderful when considered as the production *of a boy*, and that the coldness with which the collected edition of his works was received by the public, is, perhaps, a proof that it will not perpetuate the fame of an author, who has concealed his best productions under the garb of a barbarous language, which few will be at the trouble of learning." That edition, however, fully answered the end the talented and benevolent editors (Mr. Robert Southey and Mr. Joseph Cottle) had in view; it rendered the sister of Chatterton comfortable in the evening of her days; and the writer records the names of those gentlemen here, with unfeigned pleasure, as men, who, with high and honourable feeling, rendered an act of justice to the dear and only relative of a man of high and distinguished genius. As for the fame of Thomas Chatterton, which this biographer thinks it will not be possible to perpetuate, Mr. C——'s opinion will never be weighed in the scale against it. The history of the Bristol boy will always attract curiosity to his poems, and that curiosity will be amply gratified; and whilst Mr. Chalmers states that "*his deceptions, his prevari-*

cations, his political tergiversations, &c., were such as should have been looked for in men of advanced age, hardened by evil associations, and soured by disappointed pride or avarice;" let it be remembered, that his "deceptions" and "prevaricatious" only relate to the poems and papers attributed to Rowley, which are things very unlike the effect of disappointed pride and avarice! and to call his essays on political controversy *political tergiversation*, is as preposterous an abuse of language, as it would be to call Mr. Chalmers a judicious critic or candid biographer.

Dr. Sherwin, of Bath, author of a pamphlet on the Rowleian Controversy, also vindicates the character of Chatterton in the following passage: (*a*)

"It is recorded in Dr. Johnson's celebrated Life of Savage, that that eccentric genius paid the debt of nature in Bristol. I think the fact worthy of notice; and I am the more induced to remind you of the circumstance, from my being in possession of a volume of Johnson's Lives of the Poets, at the conclusion of which I find the following marginal note written in a neat and very legible hand:—

"'It is impossible to read this most eloquent and interesting narrative without drawing comparisons, and recollecting the fate of poor Chatterton;—a youth possessed of abilities fully equal, and, if we believe in his being the author of the poems attributed to Thomas Rowley, far superior to those of Savage;—a youth who, notwithstanding all the obloquy and calumny heaped upon his memory, we have the strongest reasons for believing, was never once intoxicated with strong drink during the course of his life; who was never known to have borrowed a single shilling from any

(*a*) From a MS. letter furnished me by Mr. Tyson.

of his comrades(*d*) or acquaintance; (*d*) who, in the receipt of a slender weekly income, the produce of his pen, was in the habit of making presents to his nearest relatives; and who, during his most pressing necessities, died [in what manner is not *certainly*(*e*) known] without leaving one debt behind him. It is impossible, I say, not to draw the comparison betwixt such a youth and the ungrateful, unprincipled, reprobate, spendthrift and drunkard, who has here obtained not only the extenuating apologies, but even the eulogies of the most celebrated moralist of the age; whilst the noble and high spirited youth had, on the contrary, every juvenile indiscretion aggravated, and even the very circumstances which have immortalised his name, and which ought to have embalmed his memory, shamefully traduced under the odious appellation of a forgery, in the worst and most disgraceful sense of the word; and that too by a combination of eminent literary characters, who have assumed and (with many) have acquired the honourable distinction of arbiters of taste, and masters of opinion.'"

Chatterton has been designated by many as the Crichton of his time; but that extraordinary in-

d "Should the acknowledgment, contained in the verses called his Will, seem to cast a doubt upon this assertion, it is only necessary to observe in reply, that whatever pecuniary obligations or favours he might have received from Mr. Catcott were repaid fifty fold, in the estimation even of Mr. Catcott himself, by the different communications.

> "If ever obligated to thy purse,
> Rowley discharges all: my first chief curse!
> For had I never known the antique lore,
> I ne'er had ventur'd from my peaceful shore;
> But happy in my humble sphere, had mov'd
> Untroubled, *unsuspected*, unbeloved."

e "If ever a certain essay on the marks of literary imitation should be published, some doubt will be thrown on the truth of the generally received opinion, that he really put an end to his own life."

dividual cannot be fairly compared with him, when we consider either the precocity or the sum of his talents. It must be remembered that the admirable Crichton studied at the University of St. Andrews under Rutherford and Buchanan, and that when he left that seat of learning, he was rather more than three years older than Chatterton was at the time of his death; Crichton, therefore, derived all the advantages of an elegant and classical education, whilst Chatterton received his scanty stock of scholastic lore from a charity school, where only reading, writing, and arithmetic were taught. The end, both of Chatterton and Crichton, was disastrous, too often the fate of great geniuses; one perished in his pride and "solemn agony" in a garret, in High Holborn, and the other fell by his pupil in the streets of Mantua. Full of hope, confident of success, and the desperate resolution of suicide which he had formed, being probably diverted for a time by his escape from professional thraldom, Chatterton, lured by the promises of booksellers,(*f*) who flattered his abilities to reap

f How much Chatterton, with all his knowledge, knew of the arts of booksellers, may be gathered from the following poem, which he has denominated "The Art of Puffing, by a Bookseller's Journeyman."

"Vers'd by experience in the subtile art,
The myst'ries of a title I impart;
Teach the young author how to please the town:
And make the heavy drug of rhyme go down.
Since Curl, immortal, never dying name,
A double plea in the book of fame,
By various arts did various dunces prop,
And tickled every fancy to his shop;
Who can like Pottinger ensure a book?
Who judges with the solid taste of Cooke?
Villains exalted in the midway sky,
Shall live again, to drain your purses dry:
Nor yet unrivall'd they; see Baldwin comes,
Rich in inventions, patents, cuts, and hums:

their prolific harvest from his exertions, dependent upon his own resoures for the future, and with no other experience than the past, left for ever the city of his birth, from which he had never before been absent for a day; and set forth to play his unexperienced part in the great metropolis. In the following lively letter to his mother, he describes the incidents of his journey:

"London, April 26, 1770.

"Dear Mother,

"Here I am, safe and in high spirits.—To give you a journal of my tour would not be unnecessary. After riding in the basket to Brislington, I mounted the top of the coach, and rid easy; and was agreeably entertained with the conversation of a quaker *in dress*, but little so in personals and behaviour. This laughing Friend, who is a carver, lamented his having sent his tools to Worcester, as otherwise he would have accompanied me to London. I left him at Bath; when, finding it raining pretty fast I entered an inside passenger to Speenhamland, the half-way stage, paying seven

The honourable Boswell writes, 'tis true,
What else can Paoli's supporter do?
The trading wits endeavour to attain,
Like booksellers, the world's first idol—gain:
For this they puff the heavy Goldsmith's line,
And hail his sentiment, tho' trite, divine;
For this, the patriotic bard complains,
And Bingley binds poor liberty in chains;
For this was every reader's faith deceiv'd,
And Edmund swore what nobody believ'd:
For this the wits in close disguises fight;
For this the varying politicians write;
For this each month new magazines are sold,
With dullness fill'd and transcripts of the old.
The Town and Country struck a lucky hit,
Was novel, sentimental, full of wit;
Apeing her walk, the same success to find,
The Court and City hobbles far behind:
Sons of Apollo learn, merit's no more
Than a good frontispiece to grace her door;
The author who invents a title well,
Will always find his cover'd dullness sell;
Flexney and every bookseller will buy,—
Bound in neat calf, the work will never die.

"Vamp.

"July 22, 1770."

shillings. 'Twas lucky I did so, for it snowed all night, and on Marlborough Downs the snow was near a foot high.

"At seven in the morning I breakfasted at Speenhamland, and then mounted the coach-box for the remainder of the day, which was a remarkable fine one.—Honest gee-hoo complimented me with assuring me, that I sat bolder and tighter than any person who ever rid with him. Dined at Stroud most luxuriantly, with a young gentleman who had slept all the preceding night in the machine; and an old mercantile genius, whose school-boy son had a great deal of wit, as the father thought, in remarking that Windsor was as old as our Saviour's time.

"Got into London about five o'clock in the evening; called upon Mr. Edmunds. Mr Fell, Mr. Hamilton, and Mr. Dodsley. Great encouragement from them; all approved of my design:—shall soon be settled. Call upon Mr. Lambert; shew him this, or tell him, if I deserve a recommendation, he would oblige me to give me one; if I do not, it will be beneath him to take notice of me. Seen all aunts, cousins—all well—and I am welcome. Mr. T. Wensley is alive, and coming home. Sister, grandmother, &c., &c., &., remember.

"I remain, your dutiful Son,

"T CHATTERTON."

Flushed at first with the imaginary dawn of noontide splendour which was never to shine upon him; and believing his numerous essays in the periodical publications of the day to be so many steps on the ladder of preferment; he hastened, in his second and third communications, to pour out the fulness of his intoxicated heart to that mother who was never to see him more.

"Shoreditch, London, May 6th, 1770

"Dear Mother,

"I am surprised that no letter has been sent in answer to my last. I am settled, and in such a settlement as I would desire I get four guineas a month by one Magazine: shall engage to write a History of England, and other pieces, which will more than double that sum. Occasional essays for the daily papers would more than support me. What a glorious prospect! Mr. Wilkes knew me by my writings since I first corresponded with the booksellers here. I shall visit him next week, and by his interest will insure Mrs. Ballance the Trinity-House. He affirmed that what Mr. Fell had of mine could not be the writings of a youth; and expressed a desire to know the author. By the means of another bookseller I shall be introduced to Townshend and Sawbridge. I am quite familiar at the Chapter Coffee-

house, and know all the genuises there. A character is now unnecessary; an author carries his character in his pen. My sister will improve herself in drawing. My grandmother is, I hope, well. Bristol's mercenary walls were never destin'd to hold me—there, I was out of my element: now, I am in it—London! Good God! how superior is London to that despicable place, Bristol!—Here is none of your little meannesses, none of your mercenary securities, which disgrace that miserable hamlet. Dress, which is in Bristol an eternal fund of scandal, is here only introduced as a subject of taste; if a man dresses well, he has taste; if careless, he has his reasons for so doing, and is prudent. Need I remind you of the contrast? The poverty of authors is a common observation, but not always a true one No author can be poor who understands the arts of booksellers. – Without this necessary knowledge, the greatest genius may starve; and with it, the greatest dunce live in splendour. This knowledge I have pretty well dipped into.—The Levant, man-of-war, in which T. Wensley went out, is at Portsmouth; but no news from him yet. I lodge in one of Mr. Walmsley's best rooms. Let Mr. Cary copy the letters on the other side, and give them to the persons for whom they are designed, if not too much labour for him.

"I remain, your's, &c.

"T. CHATTERTON.

"P. S. I have some trifling presents for my mother, sister, Thorne, &c.

"Sunday Morning."

For Mr. T. Cary.

"I have sent you a task. I hope no unpleasing one. Tell all your acquaintance for the future to read the Freeholder's Magazine. When you have anything for publication, send it to me, and it shall most certainly appear in some periodical compilation. Your last piece was, by the ignorance of a corrector, jumbled under the considerations in the acknowledgements. But I rescued it, and insisted on its appearance.

"Your friend,

"T. C.

"Direct for me, to be left at the Chapter Coffee-house, Pater-noster-row."

"Mr. Henry Kator.

"If you have not forgot Lady Betty, any Complaint, Rebus, or Enigma, on the dear charmer, directed for me, to be left at the Chapter Coffee-house, Pater-noster-row—shall find a place in some Magazine or other; as I am engaged in many.

"Your friend,

"T. CHATTERTON."

" Mr. William Smith.

"When you have any poetry for publication, send it to me, to be left at the Chapter Coffee-house, Pater-noster-row, and it shall most certainly appear.

" Your friend,

" T C."

" Mrs. Barker.

" The sooner I see you the better—send me as soon as possible Rymsdyk's address. (Mr. Cary will leave this at Mr. Flower's, Small-street.)"

" Mr. Mason.

" Give me a short prose description of the situation of Nash—and the poetic addition shall appear in some Magazine. Send me also whatever you would have published, and direct for me, to be left at the Chapter Coffee-house, Pater-noster-row.

" Your friend,

" T. CHATTERTON."

" Mr. Mat. Mease.

" Begging Mr. Mease's pardon for making public use of his name lately—I hope he will remember me, and tell all his acquaintance to read the Freeholder's Magazine for the future.

" T. CHATTERTON.

" Tell MR. THAIRE, MR. GASTER, MR. A. BROUGHTON, MR. J. BROUGHTON, MR. WILLIAMS, MR. RUDHALL, MR. THOMAS, MR. CARTY, MR. HANMER, MR. VAUGHAN, MR. WARD, MR. KALO, MR. SMITH, &c., &c.,—to read the Freeholder's Magazine."

" King's Bench, for the present, May 14, 1770.

" Dear Madam,

" Don't be surprised at the name of the place. I am not here as a prisoner. Matters go on swimmingly: Mr. Fell having offended certain persons, they have set his creditors upon him, and he is safe in the King's Bench. I have been bettered by this accident: his successors in the Freeholder's Magazine knowing nothing of the matter, will be glad to engage me, on any terms. Mr. Edmunds has been tried before the House of Lords, sentenced to pay a fine, and thrown into Newgate. His misfortunes will be to me of no little

service. Last week, being in the pit of Drury Lane Theatre, I contracted an immediate acquaintance (which you know is no hard task to me) with a young gentleman in Cheapside; partner in a music shop, the greatest in the city. Hearing I could write, he desired me to write a few songs for him: this I did the same night, and conveyed them to him the next morning. These he shewed to a Doctor in Music, and I am invited to treat with this Doctor, on the footing of a composer for Ranelagh and the Gardens. *Bravo, hey boys, up we go!* —Besides the advantage of visiting these expensive and polite places gratis; my vanity will be fed with the sight of my name in copper-plate, and my sister will receive a bundle of printed songs, the words by her brother. These are not all my acquisitions; a gentleman who knows me at the Chapter, as an author, would have introduced me as a companion to the young Duke of Northumberland, in his intended general tour. But, alas! I spake no tongue but my own! But to return once more to a place I am sickened to write of, Bristol. Though, as an apprentice, none had greater liberties, yet the thoughts of servitude killed me: now I have that for my labour I always reckoned the first of my pleasures, and have still my liberty. As to the clearance, I am ever ready to give it; but really I understand so little of the law, that I believe Mr. Lambert must draw it. Mrs. L—— brought what you mentioned. Mrs. Hughes is as well as her age will permit her to be, and my cousin does very well.

"I will get some patterns worth your acceptance, and wish you and my sister would improve yourselves in drawing, as it is here a valuable and never-failing acquisition. My box shall be attended to; I hope my books are in it, if not, send them; and particularly Catcott's Hutchinsonian jargon on the Deluge, and the MS. Glossary composed of one small book, annexed to a larger. —My sister will remember me to Miss Sandford. I have not quite forgot her; though there are so many pretty milliners, &c. that I have almost forgot myself.—Cary will think on me; upon inquiry, I find his trade dwindled into nothing here. A man may very nobly starve by it; but he must have luck indeed, who can live by it. Miss Rumsey, if she comes to London, would do well as an old acquaintance, to send me her address. London is not Bristol. We may patrole the town for a day, without raising one whisper, or nod of scandal. If she refuses, the curse of all antiquated virgins light on her: may she be refused when she shall request! Miss Rumsey will tell Miss Baker, and Miss Baker will tell Miss Porter, that Miss Porter's favoured humble servant, though but a *young* man, is a very old lover; and in the eight-and-fiftieth year of his age; but that, as Lappet says, is the flower of a man's days; and when a lady can't get a young husband, she must put up with an old bed fellow. I left Miss Singer, I am sorry to say it, in a very bad way: that is, in a way to be married. But mum — Ask Miss Suky Webb the rest; if she knows, she'll tell ye. I beg her pardon for revealing the secret; but when the knot is fastened, she shall know how I came by it. Miss Thatcher may depend upon it, that, if I am not in love with her, I am in love with nobody else: I hope she is well; and if that whining, sighing, dying pulpit-fop, Lewis, has not finished his languishing lectures, I

hope she will see her amoroso next Sunday. If Miss Love has no objection to having a crambo song on her name published, it shall be done. Begging pardon of Miss Cotton for whatever has happened to offend her, I can assure her it has happened without my consent. I did not give her this assurance when in Bristol, lest it should seem like an attempt to avoid the anger of her *furious* brother. Inquire, when you can, how Miss Broughton received her billet. Let my sister send me a journal of all the transactions of the females within the circle of your acquaintance. Let Miss Watkins know, that the letter she made herself ridiculous by, was never intended for her; but for another young lady in the neighbourhood, of the same name. I promised, before my departure, to write to some hundreds, I believe; but, what with writing for publications, and going to places of public diversion, which is as absolutely necessary to me as food, I find but little time to write to you As to Mr Barrett, Mr. Catcott, Mr. Burgum, &c , &c., they rate literary lumber so low, that I believe an author, in their estimation, mut be poor indeed! But here matters are otherwise; had Rowley been a Londoner, instead of a Bristowyan, I could have lived by copying his works. In my humble opinion, I am under very few obligations to any person in Bristol; one, indeed, has obliged me; but as most do, in a manner which makes his obligation no obligation. My youthful friends and acquaintances will not take it in dudgeon, that I do not write oftener to them, than I believe I shall: but, as I had the happy art of pleasing in conversation, my company was often liked, where I did not like; and to continue a correspondence under such circumstances, would be ridiculous. Let my sister improve in copying music, drawing, and everything which requires genius: in Bristol's mercantile style those things may be useless, if not a detriment to her; but here they are highly profitable. Inform Mr. Rhise that nothing shall be wanting, on my part, in the business he was so kind as to employ me in; should be glad of a line from him, to know whether he would engage in the marine department; or spend the rest of his days, safe, on dry ground. Intended waiting on the Duke of Bedford relative to the Trinity-House; but his Grace is dangerously ill. My grandmother, I hope, enjoys the health I left her in. I am Miss Webb's humble servant. Thorne shall not be forgot, when I remit the small trifles to you. Notwithstanding Mrs. B's not being able to inform me of Mr. Garsed's address, through the closeness of the pious Mr. Ewer, I luckily stumbled upon it this morning.

"THOMAS CHATTERTON.

"Monday Evening,

"(Direct for me, at Mr. Walmsley's, at Shoreditch—only."

"To Mr. T. Cary.

London,——— 1770.

"Dear Arran! now prepare the smile,
Be friendly, read, and laugh awhile.

* * * * *

"But by the Lord I have business of more importance than poetry. As I wanted matter for a sheet in the 'Town and Country Magazine,' you will see this in print metamorphosed into high life.

"You accuse me of partiality in my panegyric on Mr. Allen. (*a*) Pardon me, my dear friend, but I believe there are very few in Bristol who know what music is. Broderip (*b*) has no taste, at least, no real taste. Step into Redcliff Church, look at the noble arches, observe the symmetry, the regularity of the whole; how amazing must that idea be which can comprehend at once all that magnificence of architecture; do not examine one particular beauty or dwell upon it minutely, take the astonishing whole into your empty pericranium, and then think what the architect of that pile was in building, Allen is in music. Step aside a little and turn your attention to the ornaments of a pillar of the chapel; you see minute carvings of minute designs, whose chief beauties are deformity or intricacy. Examine all the laborious sculpture; is there any part of it worth the trouble it must have cost the artist, yet how eagerly do children and fools gaze upon these littlenesses. If it is not too much trouble, take a walk to the College, view the labyrinths of knots which twist round that mutilated piece, trace the windings of one of the pillars, and tell me if you don't think a great genius lost in these minutiæ of ornaments. Broderip is a complete copy of these ornamental carvers; his genius runs parallel with theirs, and his music is always disgraced with littlenesses, flowers, and flourishes. What a clash of harmony Allan dashes upon the soul. How prettily Broderip tickles their fancy by winding the same dull tune over again. How astonishingly great is Allen when playing an overture from Handel. How absurdly ridiculous is Broderip when blundering in, and new modelling the notes of that great genius; how emptily amusing when torturing and twisting airs which he has stolen from Italian operas. I am afraid, my dear friend, you do not understand the merit of a full piece; if you did, you would confess to me that Allen is the only organist you have in Bristol — but of this enough. If you have not music enough to enter into a dispute with me on the merits of Mr. Allen, engage one who has, to throw down the gauntlet, and I shall be ever ready to take it up.

"A song of mine is a great favourite with the town, on account of the fulness of the music. It has much of Mr. Allen's manner in the air. You will see that and twenty more in print after the season is over. I yesterday heard several airs of my burletta sung to the harpsichord, horns, flutes, bassoons, hautboys, violins, &c., and will venture to pronounce, from the excellence of the music, that it will take with the town. Observe, I write in all the magazines. I am surprised you took no notice of the last London: in that, and the magazine coming out to-morrow, are the only two pieces I have the vanity to call poetry. (*c*) Mind the Political Register, I am very intimately acquainted with the editor, who also is editor of another

a See the poem of "Kew Gardens," p. 108.

b Ib. p. 127.

c "The African Eclogues."

publication. You will find not a little of mine in the 'London Museum,' and 'Town and Country.'

"The printers of the daily publications are all frightened out of their patriotism, and will take nothing unless 'tis moderate or ministerial. I have not had five patriotic essays this fortnight, all must be ministerial or entertaining.

"I remain, your's, &c.

"T. CHATTERTON."

The remaining letters which he wrote to his mother and sister are inserted here, according to their dates. They are full of sanguine anticipation, and of devoted affection to his relatives. When he himself was living on a penny tart and a glass of water per day, he sent little presents to his Bristol friends, and tried, with an amiable feeling, to conceal from them his want of success.

"Tom's Coffee-House, May 30, 1770.

"Dear Sister,

"There is such a noise of business and politics in the room, that my inaccuracy in writing here is highly excusable. My present profession obliges me to frequent places of the best resort. To begin with, what every female conversation begins with, dress: I employ my money now in fitting myself fashionably, and good company; this last article always brings me in interest But I have engaged to live with a gentleman, the brother of a Lord (a Scotch one indeed,) who is going to advance pretty deeply into the bookselling branches: I shall have lodging and boarding, genteel and elegant, gratis: this article, in the quarter of the town he lives, with worse accommodations, would be £50 per annum. I shall have, likewise, no inconsiderable premium; and assure yourself every month shall end to your advantage: I will send you two silks this summer; and expect, in answer to this, what colours you prefer. My mother shall not be forgotten. My employment will be writing a voluminous History of London, to appear in numbers the beginning of next winter. As this will not, like writing political essays, oblige me to go to the coffee-house, I shall be able to serve you the more by it; but it will necessitate me to go to Oxford, Cambridge, Lincoln, Coventry, and every collegiate church near; not at all disagreeable journeys, and not to me expensive. The Manuscript Glossary, I mentioned in my last, must not be omitted. If money flowed as fast upon me as honours, I would give you a portion of £5000. You have, doubtless, heard of the Lord Mayor's remonstrating and addressing the King: but it will be a piece of news

to inform you that I have been with the Lord Mayor on the occasion. Having addressed an essay to his Lordship, it was very well received; perhaps better than it deserved; and I waited on his Lordship, to have his approbation, to address a second letter to him, on the subject of the remonstrance, and its reception. His Lordship received me as politely as a citizen could; and warmly invited me to call on him again. The rest is a secret.—But the devil of the matter is, there is no money to be got on this side of the question. Interest is on the other side. But he is a poor author, who cannot write on both sides. I believe I may be introduced (and if I am not, I'll introduce myself) to a ruling power in the Court party. I might have a recommendation to Sir George Colebrook, an East-India Director, as qualified for an office no ways despicable; but I shall not take a step to the sea, whilst I can continue on land. I went yesterday to Woolwich to see Mr. Wensley; he is paid to-day. The artillery is no unpleasant sight, if we bar reflection, and do not consider how much mischief it may do. Greenwich Hospital and St Paul's Cathedral are the only structures which could reconcile to me to any thing out of the Gothic. Mr. Carty will hear from me soon: multiplicity of literary business must be my excuse. I condole with him, and my dear Miss Sandford, in the misfortunes of Mrs. Carty: my physical advice is, to leech her temples plentifully; keep her very low in diet; as much in the dark as possible. Nor is this last prescription the advice of an old woman: whatever hurts the eyes, affects the brain: and the particles of light, when the sun is in the summer signs, are highly prejudicial to the eyes; and it is from this sympathetic effect, that the head-ache is general in summer. But, above all, talk to her but little, and never contradict her in any thing. This may be of service. I hope it will. Did a paragraph appear in your paper of Saturday last, mentioning the inhabitants of London's having opened another view of St. Paul's; and advising the corporation, or vestry of Redcliff, to procure a more complete view of Redcliff church? My compliments to Miss Thatcher: if I am in love I am; though the devil take me if I can tell with whom it is. I believe I may address her in the words of Scripture, which no doubt she reveres; 'If you had not ploughed with my heifer,' (or bullock rather,) 'you had not found out my riddle.' Humbly thanking Miss Rumsey for her complimentary expression, I cannot think it satisfactory. Does she, or does she not, intend coming to London? Mrs. O'Coffin has not yet got a place: but there is not the least doubt but she will in a little time.

"Essay-writing has this advantage, you are sure of constant pay; and when you have once wrote a piece which makes the author inquired after, you may bring the booksellers to your own terms. Essays on the patriotic side fetch no more than what the copy is sold for. As the patriots themselves are searching for a place, they have no gratuities to spare. So says one of the beggars, in a temporary alteration of mine, in the Jovial Crew:

"A patriot was my occupation,
It got me a name but no pelf:

Till, starv'd for the good of the nation,
I begg'd for the good of myself.
Fal, lal, &c.

"I told them, if 'twas not for me,
Their freedoms would all go to pot;
I promis'd to set them all free,
But never a farthing I got.
Fal, lal, &c.

"—On the other hand, unpopular essays will not even be accepted; and you must pay to have them printed; but then you seldom lose by it. Courtiers are so sensible of their deficiency in merit, that they generally reward all who know how to daub them with the appearance of it. To return to private affairs.—Friend Slude may depend upon my endeavouring to find the publications you mention. They publish the Gospel Magazine here. For a whim I write in it. I believe there are not any sent to Bristol; they are hardly worth the carriage—methodistical, and unmeaning. With the usual ceremonies to my mother and grandmother; and sincerely, without ceremony, wishing them both happy; when it is in my power to make them so, it shall be so: and with my kind remembrance to Miss Webb and Miss Thorne, I remain, as I ever was,

"Yours, &c., to the end of the chapter,
"THOMAS CHATTERTON.

"P. S. I am this moment pierced through the heart by the black eye of a young lady, driving along in a hackney-coach.—I am quite in love: if my love lasts till that time, you shall hear of it in my next."

"June 19, 1770.

"Dear Sister,

"I have a horrid cold.—The relation of the manner of my catching it may give you more pleasure than the circumstance itself. As I wrote very late Sunday night or rather very early Monday morning,) I thought to have gone to bed pretty soon last night; when, being half undressed, I heard a very doleful voice, singing Miss Hill's favourite bedlamite song. The hum-drum of the voice so struck me, that though I was obliged to listen a long while before I could hear the words, I found the similitude in the sound. After hearing her with pleasure drawl for above half an hour, she jumped into a brisker tune, and hobbled out the ever-famous song, in which poor Jack Fowler was to have been satirized.—'I put my hand into a bush: I prick'd my finger to the bone: I saw a ship sailing along: I thought the sweetest flowers to find:' and other pretty flowery expressions, were twanged with no inharmonious bray.—I now ran to the window, and threw up the sash, resolved to be satisfied whether or not it was the identical Miss Hill, *in propria persona*.—But, alas! it was a person whose twang is very well known, when she

is awake, but who had drank so much royal bob (the gingerbread-baker for that, you know, that she was now singing herself asleep. This somnifying liquor had made her voice so like the sweet echo of Miss Hill's, that if I had not considered that she could not see her way up to London, I should absolutely have imagined it her's.—There was a fellow and a girl in one corner, more busy in attending to their own affairs, than the melody.

(This part of the letter for some lines, is not legible)

". . . . . the morning from Marybone gardens; I saw the fellow in the cage at the watch-house, in the parish of St. Giles; and the nymph is an inhabitant of one of Cupid's inns of Court. There was one similitude it would be injustice to let slip. A drunken fishman, who sells souse mackarel, and other delicious dainties, to the eternal detriment of all two-penny ordinaries: as his best commodity, his salmon, goes off at three half-pence the piece; this itinerant merchant, this moveable fish-stall, having likewise had his dose of bob-royal, stood still for awhile, and then joined chorus, in a tone which would have laid a half dozen lawyers, pleading for their fees, fast asleep: this naturally reminded me of Mr. Haythorne's song of

'Says Plato, who oy oy oy should men be vain ?'

"However, my entertainment, though sweet enough in itself, has a dish of sour sauce served up in it: for I have a most horrible wheezing in the throat: but I don't repent that I have this cold; for there are so many nostrums here, that 'tis worth a man's while to get a distemper, he can be cured so cheap.

"June 29th, 1770.

"My cold is over and gone. If the above did not recall to you mind some scenes of laughter, you have lost your ideas of risibility.'

"Dear Mother,

"I send you in the box, six cups and saucers with two basons for my sister.—If a china tea pot and cream pot, is in your opinion, necessary, I will send them; but I am informed they are unfashionable, and that the red china, which you are provided with, is more in use. A cargo of patterns for yourself, with a snuff box, right French, and very curious in my opinion.

"Two fans—the silver one is more grave than the other, which would suit my sister best.—But that I leave to you both.

"Some British herb snuff, in the box; be careful how you open it. (This I omit lest it injure the other matters.)

"Some British herb tobacco for my grandmother; some trifles

for Thorne. Be assured whenever I have the power, my will won't be wanting to testify that I remember you.—

"Your's,

"T. CHATTERTON.

"July 8th, 1770.

"N. B.—I shall forestall your intended journey, and pop down upon you at Christmas. —

"I could have wished you had sent my red pocket book, as 'tis very material.

"I bought two very curious twisted pipes for my grandmother; but both breaking, I was afraid to buy others, lest they should break in the box; and being loose, injure the china. Have you heard anything further of the clearance?

"Direct for me at Mrs. Angel's, Sack-maker, Brook Street, Holborn.

"Mrs. Chatterton."

"Dear Sister,

"I have sent you some china and a fan. You have your choice of two. I am surprised that you chose purple and gold I went into the shop to buy it; but it is the most disagreeable colour I ever saw—dead, lifeless, and inelegant. Purple and pink, or lemon and pink, are more genteel and lively. Your answer in this affair will oblige me. Be assured, that I shall ever make your wants my wants; and stretch to the utmost to serve you. Remember me to Miss Sandford, Miss Rumsey, Miss Singer, &c., &c., &c.

"As to the songs, I have waited this week for them, and have not had time to copy one perfectly: when the season's over, you will have 'em all in print. I had pieces last month in the following Magazines:—

"Gospel Magazine,
Town and Country, viz.
Maria Friendless,
False Step,
Hunter of Oddities,
To Miss Bush, &c.
Court and City. London. Political Register, &c., &c.

"The Christian Magazine, as they are not to be had perfect, are not worth buying. I remain,

"Your's,

"T. CHATTERTON.

"July 11, 1770."

"I am now about an Oratorio, which, when finished, will purchase

you a gown. You may be certain of seeing me before the 1st January, 1771. The clearance is immaterial. My mother may expect more patterns. Almost all the next Town and Country Magazine is mine. I have an universal acquaintance:—my company is courted every where; and, could I humble myself to go into a compter, could have had twenty places before now;—but I must be among the great; state matters suit me better than commercial. The ladies are not out of my acquaintance. I have a deal of business now, and must therefore bid you adieu. You will have a longer letter from me soon—and more to the purpose.

" Yours',

" T. C.

" 20th July, 1770."

" To Mr. G. Catcott.

" London, August 12, 1770.

" Sir.

" A correspondent from Bristol had raised my admiration to the highest pitch by informing me, that an appearance of spirit and generosity had crept into the niches of avarice and meanness;—that the murderer of Newton (Ferguson) had met with every encouragement that ignorance could bestow; that an episcopal palace was to be erected for the enemy of the Whore of Babylon, and the present turned into a stable for his ten-headed beast—that a spire was to be patched to St. Mary Redcliffe, and the streets kept cleaner, with many other impossibilities: but when Mr. Catcott (the CHAMPION of Bristol) doubts it, it may be doubted. Your description of the intended steeple struck me. I have seen it, but not as the invention of Mr.——. All that he can boast is Gothicising it. Give yourself the trouble to send to Weobley's, Holborn, for a View of the Church of St. Mary de la Annunciation, at Madrid, and you will see a spire almost the parallel of what you describe. The conduct of — — is no more than what I expected: I had received information that he was absolutely engaged in the defence of the Ministry, and had a pamphlet on the stocks, which was to have been paid with a translation. In consequence of this information, I inserted the following paragraph in one of my exhibitions:

" 'Revelation Unravelled, by ——.

" 'The Ministry are indefatigable in establishing themselves; they spare no expense, so long as the expense does not lie upon *them*. This piece represents the tools of Administration offering the Doctor a pension, or translation, to new-model his Treatise on the Revelations, and to prove Wilkes to be an Atheist.'

" The editor of Baddeley's Bath Journal has done me the honour to murder most of my hieroglyphics, that they may be abbreviated for his paper. Whatever may be the political sentiments of your inferior clergy, their superiors are all flamingly Ministerial. Should your

scheme for a single row of houses in Bridge-street take place, conscience must tell you, that Bristol will owe even that beauty to avarice; since the absolute impossibility of finding tenants for a double row is the only occasion of your having but one. The Gothic dome I mentioned was not designed by Hogarth. I have no great opinion of him out of his ludicrous walk—there he was undoubtedly inimitable. It was designed by the great Cipriani. The following description may give you a faint idea of it. From an hexagonal spiral tower (such I believe Redcliffe is) rose a similar palisado of Gothic pillars, three in a cluster on every angle, but single and at equal distance in angular spaces. The pillars were trifoliated (*as* Rowlie *terms it*) and supported by a majestic oval dome, not absolutely circular, (that would not be Gothic) but terminating in a point, surmounted with a cross, and on the top of the cross a globe. The two last ornaments may perhaps throw you into a fit of religious reflection, and give rise to many pious reflections. Heaven send you the comforts of Christianity! I request them not, for I am no Christian. Angels are, according to the orthodox doctrine, creatures of the epicene gender, like the Temple beaux . . . .

"I intend going abroad as a *surgeon*.—Mr. Barrett has it in his power to assist me greatly, by *his* giving me a physical character. I hope he will. I trouble you with a copy of an Essay I intend publishing.

"I remain,

"Your much obliged humble Servant,

"Thomas Chatterton.

"Direct to me at Mrs. Angel's, Sack-maker, Brook-street, Holborn."

It will be seen by the foregoing letters, that Chatterton's first residence in London was at Mrs. Walmsley's, in Shoreditch, where also lodged Mrs. Ballance, a relative of his. Mrs. Ballance describes him as having been exceedingly proud; once, when after he had been in London three weeks, she recommended him to obtain a situation in some office, he stormed about the room like a madman, and told her, that he hoped, with the blessing of God, very soon to be sent prisoner to the Tower, which would make his fortune. His expectations rose to the highest degree, from the circumstance of his introduction to the Lord Mayor Beckford, and from this he looked forward to the most prosperous results. He had addressed an essay to him which

had met with approbation. Beckford died soon after, and the young bard is said to have been almost frantic, and to have exclaimed that he was ruined; but the genuineness of his sorrow may be questioned, on a perusal of the calculation made by his eulogist, as to the pecuniary advantages resulting from his death.(*a*)

Early in the month of July he removed from Mrs. Walmsley's to a Mrs. Angel's, sack-maker, in Brook-street, Holborn. His finances were becoming more and more contracted. The booksellers were far from being as liberal as he had anticipated, and his pride could not brook, that his friends, to whom, on first reaching the metropolis, he had communicated his dreams of greatness, should witness the decline of his hopes. In the pocket-book with Chatterton took with him to London, and which was presented to Mr. Cottle by the poet's sister, is Chatterton's private cash account: it throws some light on his transactions was his bookselling patrons.

"Recd. to May 23, of Mr. Hamilton, for Middlesex	£1	11	6
Recd. of B.	1	2	3
—— of Fell, for the Consuliad . .		10	6
—— of Mr. Hamilton, for Candidus and Foreign Journal . .		2	0
—— of Mr. Fell		10	6
—— Middlesex Journal		8	6
—— Mr. Hamilton, for 16 Songs .		10	6
	£4	15	9

Four pounds, fifteen shillings, and ninepence for four months' literary labour! But the worst is yet to be told. In the same book, at a period a little preceding his starvation and death, he has recorded, (who can tell with what agony of mind?) that the

a Vide p. 102.

various publishers owed him ten pounds, nineteen shillings, and sixpence.

In the depth of his distress and poverty, he addressed a letter to his former friend, Mr. Barrett, in which he applied to him for a recommendation to the appointment of surgeon's mate to Africa. This was refused, and his last hope forsook him; but his native unconquerable pride still remained. Reduced to extreme indigence, he yet shrank from incurring obligations from strangers. Mrs. Angel stated, that for two days, when he did not absent himself from his room, he went without sustenance of any kind; on one occasion, when she knew him to be in want of food, she begged he would take a little dinner with her; he was offended at the invitation, of which he hinted he was not in want, and assured her he was not hungry. Mr. Cross, also, an apothecary in Brook-street, gave evidence that he repeatedly pressed Chatterton to dine or sup with him; and when, with great difficulty, he was one day prevailed on to partake of a barrel of oysters, he was observed to eat most voraciously.

Three days before his death, when walking in company with a friend in St Pancras' churchyard, reading the epitaphs, he was so deep in thought as he walked on, that not perceiving a grave which was just dug he fell into it; his friend observing his situation came to his assistance, and as he helped him out, told him, in a jocular manner, he was happy in beholding the resurrection of genius. Poor Chatterton smiled, and taking his companion by the arm, replied, "My dear friend, I feel the sting of a speedy dissolution. I have been at war with the grave for some time, and find it is not so easy to vanquish as I imagined: we can find an asylum from every creditor but that." His friend endeavoured to divert his thoughts from the gloomy

reflection; but what will not melancholy and adversity subjugate?

In the desperate circumstances in which he was now placed, his mind reverted to what he had unhappily accustomed himself to regard as a last resource. I am not of those who would defame the character of Chatterton because he committed suicide. When we remember his hopes, and the blight that fell upon them, his youth, his despair, and his extreme poverty, can the result be a matter of wonder? Insanity was hereditary in his family, and a combination of adverse circumstances acting on his too excitable mind, fostered the seeds of mental disase. "Chatterton," said Lord Byron, "*I* think was mad." The christian charity of those must be little indeed who seek to depreciate his *character* on account of the manner of his death.

"I wonder not, yet mourn, that he
Should darkly turn away
From waking pain to dreamless sleep;
No kind or fostering ray
Shone o'er him;—all his path below
Was overgloom'd by clouds of woe.
When hopes like rainbow colours pass'd,
(Too bright, too beautiful to last,)
His daring hand unstrung the lyre,
Yet shall its music never die!
But he, with all these 'souls of fire,'
Who with a master's magic spell
Have struck the minstrel's harp so well,
Shall share an immortality.
Be theirs, who desecrate his name,
A lasting heritage of shame!"

On the 24th of August, 1770, Thomas Chatterton, at the age of seventeen years and nine months, overcome by despair and distress, terminated his clouded career by swallowing poison—according to the best authorities, *arsenic in water*, and died in consequence the next day. His room, when

broken open, was found covered with little scraps of paper, and all his unfinished pieces were cautiously destroyed before his death. An inquest was held on his body, and he was interred in the burying-ground of Shoe-lane workhouse. Whether his body was exhumed and reinterred in Bristol, is purely a matter of speculation. I refer the reader to Mr. Cumberland's appendix, from whence he may form his own opinion on the subject. A few days after the unhappy termination of Chatterton's life, Dr. Fry, head of St. John's College, in Oxford, went to Bristol in order to search into the history of Rowley and Chatterton, and to patronise the latter. It was too late; the only intelligence he received was, that the young Bristol poet was no more.

Chatterton's face and person, is stated by those few who knew him, and with whom I have conversed, to have been manly, and all agree that there was something about him which instantaneously prepossessed you in his favour. Mr. Barrett and Mr. Catcott said he could never look at it long enough to see what sort of an eye it was, but it seemed to be a kind of a hawk's eye; he thought one could see his soul through it.

Mr. Barrett, the surgeon, particularly noticed his eyes, from the nature of his profession. He never saw such—one was still more remarkable than the other. You might see the fire roll at the bottom of them, as you sometimes do in a black eye, but never in grey ones, which his were. Mr. Barrett used often to send for him from Colston's school, and differ from him in opinion, on purpose to make him earnest, and to see how wonderfully his eye would strike fire, kindle, and blaze.

Genius and misfortune have never received more posthumous praise than in the unfortunate boy to

whom these pages relate. Warton, Malone, Croft, Dr. Knox, Dr. Sherwin, and others, in prose; and many a wreath has been woven for him by the sons and daughters of Song. Amid a host of authors, known and unknown, the following names are most conspicuous: Pye, Mrs. Cowley, Walter Scott, Hayley, Coleridge, James Montgomery, Dermody, Wordsworth, Henry Kirke White, and Shelley. Keats dedicated his "Endymion" to his memory; and a most substantial token of approbation of his genius, was the successful endeavour of Mr. Southey and Mr. Cottle to aid the poet's family by the publication of his collected works.

No monument as yet has been erected to the memory of the "marvellous boy." Prejudice has paralyzed the several efforts which have been made to erect some tribute to his genius. How much longer will this be a deserved stigma on the city of his birth?

It is not my intention here to enter into discussion on the question, as to whether the Rowley poems were, or were not, the production of Chatterton. If we may judge from his acknowledged works, I think there can be little doubt that the mind which produced the one, was equal to the performance of the other. There is scarcely any thing in the "antique poetry" superior to the following description of winter; it occurs in the elegy to the memory of Phillips:

"Pale rugged winter, bending o'er his tread;
His grizzled hair bedropt with icy dew;
His eyes, a dusy light, congeal'd and dead:
His robe, a tinge of bright eternal blue;

His train, a motley'd sanguine, sable cloud,
He limps along the russet dreary moor;
Whilst rising whirlinds blasting keen and loud,
Roll the white surges to the sounding shore."

The whole of this elegy goes far to establish his poetic claims, and the authenticity of his unacknowledged productions. His poem, also, entitled "The Resignation," is eminently beautiful.

That Chatterton possessed, in a very high degree, a satirical talent, no one will venture to deny; and were it asked why those pieces have not attained to that degree of popularity which Pope, Dryden, and Swift enjoy, it may be said, that it was owing to incidental circumstances in his situation and the choice of subjects, rather than to intellectual inability. He approaches very near to Pope in harmony, and to Dryden in richness: but he wants the refinement of the former to make his satires more piercing, and the strength of the latter to make it felt and applied to the parties for whom it was intended; his satire is generally too personal, and his saucy muse occasionally scurrilous. He partakes, with Churchill, of that unbridled party feeling which gives the appearance of a heart constantly overflowing with venom, and a pen for ever dipped in gall; *the appearance* only, for certainly this was not the case with Chatterton; but it originated in a consciousness of despised ability acting upon an excess of animal spirit. That he attempted occasionally to polish his numbers to the ivory elegance of Pope, will be seen by the following picture, where the cæsural pause seems measured by an ear as finely balanced as that of his great master;

"Pulvis, whose knowledge centres in degrees,
Is never happy but when taking fees;
Blest with a bushy wig and solemn grace,
Catcott admires him for a *fossile* face.
. . . . . .
Mouldering in dust the fair Lavinia lies,
Death and the doctor closed her sparkling eyes,
Oh! all ye powers, the guardians of the world,
Where is the useless bolt of vengeance hurl.

Say, shall this leaden sword of plague prevail,
And kill the mighty where the mighty fail?
Let the red bolus tremble o'er his head,
And with his guardian julep strike him dead!"

The following are equally as harmonious:

"Praise him for sermons of his curate bought,
His easy flow of words, his depth of thought:
His active spirit ever in display
His great devotion when he drawls to pray;
His sainted soul distinguishably seen,
With all the virtues of a modern dean!"

Whatever may have been the faults of Chatterton, let it be remembered that he was but a boy. Where is there one who had died so young, whose fame has survived so long? And it is but a fair presumption, that had he received half the patronage enjoyed by many far less deserving, he would have lived to have realized those ardent expectations excited by the perusal of his works—he would have lived to have merged the foibles of his early years in the splendour of enlightened manhood; they say, "best men are moulded out of faults;" he would have lived to have nobly earned, and proudly claimed, a most conspicuous elevation on the poetic mount. His career was indeed eventful, and can scarcely be better described than it is in the following beautiful stanza:

"Mid others of less note came one frail form,
A phantom among men; companionless
As the last cloud of an expiring storm,
Whose thunder is its knell: he, as I guess,
Had gazed on Nature's naked loveliness,
Actæon like, and now he fled astray
With feeble steps o'er the world's wilderness,
And his own thoughts along that rugged way
Pursued like raging hounds, their father and their prey."

SHELLEY.

APPENDIX. A.

COMMUNICATED BY G. CUMBERLAND, ESQ.

It was Sir Robert Wilmot who first informed me, that, at a basket-maker's in Bristol, whose name he had forgotten, he had heard it positively asserted that Chatterton lay buried in Redcliff Churchyard, and that he believed it was a fact, from the manner in which it had been communicated to him.

This report I stated to several natives of this city; but found no one who gave the smallest credit to the statement. After, however, some inquiry, I found that Mrs. Stockwell, of Peter Street, wife of Mr. Stockwell, a basket-maker, was the person who had communicated to Sir R. Wilmot her grounds for believing Chatterton to have been so interred; and on my requesting her to repeat to me what she knew of that affair, she commenced by informing me, that at ten years of age she was a scholar of Mrs. Chatterton, his mother, where she was taught plain work, and remained with her until she was near twenty years of age; and that she slept with her, and found her kind and motherly; insomuch, that there were many things which, in moments of affliction, she communicated to her, that she would not have wished to have been generally

known; and among others, she often repeated, how happy she was that her unfortunate son lay buried in Redcliff, through the kind attention of a relation or friend in London, who, after the body had been cased in a parish shell, had it properly secured and sent to her by the waggon; that when it arrived it was opened, and the corpse found to be black and half putrid, (having been burst by the motion of the carriage, or from some other cause) so that it became necessary to inter it speedily; and that it was early interred by Phillips, the sexton, who was of her family. That the effect of the loss of her son was a nervous disorder, which never quitted her, and she was often seen weeping at the bitter remembrance of her misfortune. She described him as having been sharp tempered, but that it was soon over; and often said he had cost her many uneasy hours, from the apprehension she entertained of his going mad; as he was accustomed to remain fixed for above an hour at a time quite motionless, and then he would snatch up a pen and write incessantly; but he was always, she added, affectionate!

While Mrs. Stockwell, whose maiden name was Day, lived with Mrs. Chatterton, she remembers her forming a great intimacy with a Mrs. Kirkland, the widow of a naval officer, who subsisted on a pension. This lady was a native of Scotland; and such was the confidence between her and Mrs. Chatterton, that she knew all the affairs of the family, being well acquainted with the spot where her son was deposited, and also the manner of his burial.

This person I engaged Mrs. Stockwell to inquire after, and found that she had been deceased about three months past, (this was, I think, on the 21st of October, 1808), and that she had left a daughter

in London, who, when Mrs. Chatterton took in plain work, worked for her, beside assisting in her school, and drawing patterns on muslin with a pen and indigo for many ladies in Bristol, being, as Mrs. Stockwell says, very clever at that employment.

Miss Hannah More also was sometimes, she says, taking tea with Mrs. Chatterton, to whom she, Mrs. C—, looked up with respect, and appointed her trustee with Mrs. Newton, her daughter.

Mrs. Newton left also a daughter to whom Miss H. More was trustee. This daughter died in 1807, in the house where Chatterton was born; I believe in the arch at Cathay. She remembers Mrs. Chatterton having an oval box full of her son's writings, which she shewed to inquiring friends; but what became of the contents she does not know, and has often heard her complain, that Mr. Catcott only gave her five guineas for all the papers her son had left with her when he went to London; and she believed that Mr. Catcott was the person who sold (for him) Chatterton's early manuscripts to the booksellers. She also recollects a gentleman, a stranger, calling on Mrs. Chatterton to enquire as to her son's place of interment, and that she would give him no satisfaction, being unwilling to have the subject canvassed by any one, not only on account of its being a clandestine interment, but for the pain the recollection gave her.

In addition to this, Mrs. Stockwell told the writer, that the grave was on the right hand side of the lime tree, middle paved walk, in Redcliff Churchyard, about twenty feet from the father's grave, which is, she says, in the paved walk, and where now Mrs. Chatterton and Mrs. Newton, her daughters, also lie. Also, that Mrs. Chatterton

gave a person, a Mr. Hutchinson, or Taylor, she forgets which, leave to bury his child over her son's coffin, and was much vexed to find that he afterwards put the stone over it, which, when Chatterton was buried, had been taken up for the purpose of digging the grave, and set against the church wall; and afterwards, when Mr. Hutchinson's or Mr. Taylor's wife died, they buried her also in the same grave, and put this stone over with a new inscription. (Query.—Did he erase the first or turn the stone, as this might lead to a discovery of the spot?)

Thus much for Mrs. Stockwell's information. I also found by her direction the wife of a hatter in Rosemary Lane, who remembered Mrs. Kirkland, and who testified that she had often heard her say, that Chatterton was privately buried in Redcliff Churchyard. The daughter of Mrs. Kirkland (afterwards Mrs. Suggs) she also thought lived in Luke Street, Mark Street, London, near Shoreditch, who probably would corroborate the fact.

Mrs. Newton, I believe, had a daughter, the niece of Chatterton, who died September, 1807, at the house of Mr. Bampfylde, a cooper, opposite the Lamb Inn, West Street; she possessed none of her uncle's manuscripts; but Mr. Richard Smith, of Park Street, it is said, has a poem of his, entitled "The Exhibition," never published. Being referred to Mrs. Jane Phillips, of Roll's Alley, Roll's Lane, Great Gardens, Temple Parish, (who is sister to that Richard Phillips, who was sexton at Redcliff Church in the year, 1772) she informed me that his widow and a daughter were living in Cathay; the widow is sexton, a Mr. Perrin, of Colston's Parade, acting for her.

She remembers Chatterton having been at his father's school, and that he always called Richard

Phillips, her brother, uncle, and was much liked by him. He liked him for his spirit, and there can be no doubt he would have risked the privately burying him on that account. When she heard he was gone to London, she was sorry to hear it, for all loved him, and thought he could get no good there.

Soon after his death, her brother, R. Phillips, told her that poor Chatterton had killed himself; on which she said, she would go to Madam Chatterton to know the rights of it; but that he forbad her, and said, if she did so, he should be sorry he had told it her. She, however, did go, and asking if it was true that he was dead, Mrs. Chatterton began to weep bitterly, saying, "My son indeed is dead!" And when she asked her where he was buried, she replied, "Ask me nothing, he is dead and buried."

She said, also, that she remembered his having a little room to himself to write in; attests his affectionate kindness to all his family; and recollects when his mother's thread-papers were found to be of old parchment, he said they belong to Redcliff Church, and on her saying she had them from his father's cupboard, he said, he would acquaint his uncle, Richard Phillips, of it. Mrs. Newton, his sister, she said, left a daughter who was sometimes with Miss More as assistant servant, and that this young woman it was who inherited £600 procured from the papers of Chatterton, and dying, left £100 to a young man, an attorney, her admirer. That a nurse, since dead, whose name she forgets, had many of Chatterton's papers, which were supposed to be of some value.

That the residue of Miss Newton's property went to the Newtons of the Little Minories, Lon-

don, who also had all her papers and settled her affairs, she dying near Lawford's Gate, Bristol.

I was next directed to a Mrs. Stephens, I believe daughter to Richard Phillips, the sexton of 1772, when Chatterton died. I found her at a house facing the Theatre, in King Street, her husband a cabinet-maker; I found them both at home, and she very readily gave me an account of all she knew of Chatterton, but said, that Richard Phillips never told her anything relative to his having interred him in Redcliff Churchyard. Indeed she said, if he had done so privately, it was not likely he would tell it to her, being very reserved on all occasions; but she thinks he would not have refused the hazardous office, being much attached to Chatterton, and friendly with his mother.

She also well remembers Thomas Chatterton, who being her school play-mate, was always, when young, rather cheerful. She described him as having a face as round as an apple, rosy dimpled cheeks, flaxen hair, and blue eyes; remembers his having a little bag under his petticoat before to carry his fruit and nuts in; and recollects, that when he was going to London, he took leave of her and others on the steps of Redcliff Church very cheerfully. That at parting he said, he would give them some gingerbread, and went over the way to Mr. Freeling's*(a)* to buy some. At eleven years old he would, she said, get on the steps of Redcliff Church, and repeat poetry to those whom he preferred among his play-fellows.

She also well remembers seeing, at Richard Phillips's, a picture, not framed, of Chatterton in his blue coat, his cap in his hand, with his mother leading him towards a tomb; the likeness of his mother being very great, and she thinks it was

a Father to the late Sir F. Freeling.

drawn by Chatterton ; it was only partly coloured, but his likeness was not so good as his mother's.

Richard Phillips's son, she told me, was then living in Orange Street, St. Paul's, who was named after Chatterton, Stephen Chatterton Phillips, once a shoe-maker, now a wounded sailor, (having lost his leg on board of a man-of-war) but has not a pension, and is an extra tide waiter. Him she represented as a good likeness of Chatterton, in many respects as to countenance; and, it was thought, he had something of his writing. This man I afterwards saw, and he confirmed all Mrs. Stephens reported of him.

Mrs. Stephens afterwards added, that on the wall, by a little door near the chancel, not far from Mrs. Chatterton's grave, was a piece of freestone with some memorial of the family on it; but that she thinks one Hutchinson took it and erased the names from it, and used it as a flat stone over the daughter or wife's grave. This corresponds with Mrs. Stockwell's account, and seems to explain why Mrs. Chatterton was offended at the grave, in which she had secretly buried her son, being used for any other beyond her neighbour's child, interred there by her own consent. She speaks of Mrs. Chatterton as the best of women.

On the 4th of November, 1808, I think, I called on Stephen Chatterton Phillips, son of Richard Phillips, the sexton of Redcliff, and found him at a little neat old-fashioned house in Orange Street, St. Paul's, sitting by a very comfortable fire with two very agreeable young women, who were both at needle-work. He was in a sailor's dress, with a wooden leg projecting from his trowsers. He received me very cordially, and told me he had nothing of Chatterton's hand but a few verses which the mother had given him, and which he

understood were found just after his death. These he had kept very carefully, and allowed me to copy them. There were others of his own writing when in Colston's school, from a copy preserved there; and all he could remember of them was, that a story went about, when he was at school, of a lad named Bess, called Crazy Bess by the boys, having got Chatterton to write some lines, satirizing the usher, who caught him finishing the last line, and corrected him severely for it. He also said, his father was not a man likely to tell him, or even his mother, if he had buried Chatterton privately, or likely to refuse such an office to one whom he esteemed. He added that his own mother probably knew many anecdotes of him, and that she lived at his sister's, Mrs. Nettleship's,*(a)* No. 47, Westmorland Place, City Road, London. The lines were as follows:

"Naked and friendless to the world exposed,
Now every scene of happiness is closed.
My mind's distressed and racked with anguish drear,
Adown my cheek oft rolls the falling tear!
My native place I ne'er again shall see,
Condemned to bitter want and misery:
Life's thorny path incautiously I've trod,
And bitterly I feel the chastening rod.
O who can paint the horrors of my mind,
The stings which guilty pleasures leave behind!
They rage, they rend, they tear my aching heart,
Increase the torment, agonize the smart;
What shall I do, O whither speed my way?
How shun the light of the refulgent day?
Each coming morn but ushers in fresh grief,
No friendly hand to bring me sweet relief;
The sigh I stifle, and the smile I wear
In secret—but increase the weight of care.
One comfort's left, and that's in speedy death,
What, rob myself of my own vital breath?
Yes: for my frame's so torn, I can't abide
Of keen reflection, the full flowing tide,

a This Mrs. Nettleship Mr. Cromac was to enquire after, but he died soon after I had given my papers to him.

Then welcome death! O God! my soul receive,
Pardon my sins, and this last act forgive.
I come, I fly, O how my mind's distrest,
Have mercy, heaven—when shall I find rest?"

The above lines were addressed by the late unfortunate Chatterton to Stephen Phillips, his cousin, a few days previous to his death, but I have heard say were intended for a Mr. Baker, of Charles Street, and after all they may not be his.

Mrs. Stephens also referred me for information to a woman of the name of Molly Hayfield, who, on being asked what she knew of the family, said, she had lived eight years with Mrs. Newton, and attended Mrs. Chatterton three years on account of her keeping her room with a cancer, which she got by being thrown down by a chaise at the time an air balloon was let off in Bristol, when her breast was bruised, of which she took little notice at the time; but three years after, it made its appearance, when, contrary to the advice of an eminent surgeon, she went to an old woman who broke it, and it was never afterwards cured, but caused her death. That Mrs. Chatterton was (attery) or passionate; and that neither Mrs. Newton or Mrs. Chatterton ever spoke to her at all about the son at any time. [She is a widow, and lives on Durdham Down, near the Black Moor's Head.]

MRS. EDKINS'S ACCOUNT.

Mrs. Edkins went to school to Chatterton's father, and was present when the son was born at the Pyle school—the father being dead before she was delivered. She speaks of Mrs. Chatterton as a truly worthy woman, full of excellent qualities; but of her husband as being unkind to her, and

that Mrs. Chatterton usually sent for her when in any great distress of mind.

From the Pyle school Mrs. Chatterton went to a house opposite the upper gate on Redcliff Hill, now an undertaker's shop, where a small room, looking into the garden, was used as a lumber room; and being under lock and key her son called it his own, depositing there his parchments and papers; and when at home on holidays he locked himself in, and frequently remained there without meals during the whole day, returning from it with hands and face completely begrimed, (I use her own words) and she well remembers his having a pounce bag of charcoal there, and the table covered with letters, papers, parchments, &c.; for, occasionally, when no one beside could get him to come down, he would at her earnest entreaty open the door, but sometimes not until she had told him that if he did not let her in, she would break it open, as his mother was uneasy at his so long stay alone, and without food. At other times she had recourse to persuasion, telling him she was going to see Miss Sukey Webb, a great favourite of his, and that would sometimes bring him down to tea, after an absence of the whole day; and on these occasions she always insisted on his cleaning his hands and face before they sat down to tea, on which he would say, that as his step-mother she must be obeyed, alluding to his having received his first food at her hands after he was born. She thinks he was at that time assiduously labouring at the Rowley manuscripts; and that just before he was bound apprentice to Mr. Lambert, he shut himself up more than ever. In this room he usually sat at a little square deal table, covered with a confusion of things; and the ground, and all around the room, was a complete litter of parchments.

On quitting this house Mrs. Chatterton took a house behind it, [a back house,] and there also he had a two-pair of stairs room, and was more to himself. Being a well grown lad, he was handsome she thought, and full of spirit at times, but often had fits of stupidity, even to the last.

On his talking of going to town, (London) she and his mother endeavoured to dissuade him from it; and when she was very pressing, he said, "What am I to do? you see how I am treated; would you have me stay here and starve?" He complained that all his mother's friends could do no more for her than put her into the benevolent school; and wished to be in some way able to maintain her. Of Mr. Lambert, his master, he was abhorrent, as he took every opportunity to vex, cross, and mortify him: and, if by chance, at any time, he found on his desk any scraps or effusions of poetry, he would instantly tear it to pieces, and, scattering it abroad, say, "There is your stuff," always speaking contemptuously of the lad and his compositions; and hence we may fairly conclude, that to this prejudiced Goth of a lawyer, we owe the loss of several of his early productions.

By this sort of treatment he was brought to hate a profession which before he had a great liking to. He was, in every respect, a good son, brother, and apprentice, keeping regular hours when on duty; a practice his mother had always promoted by refusing him the key of the study, when she thought it might induce him to stay too late in the evening. All his family loved him, as he was truly domestic, preferring his home even on holidays; and so ingenious that, when a child, if any thing was out of order, he was always set to mend it, in which he generally succeeded to the admiration of his mother; when older, his ingenuity in the mechanic

arts was surprising, and he used to observe, a man might do anything he chose. His mother, however, considered him in general as stupid, because, when quite a child, he would sit alone crying for hours, nobody knew what for; and once, when he was in one of his silent moods, his mother said, "When will this stupidity cease?" and Mrs. Edkins to rouse him, "I wish your father was alive, he would manage you," at which, starting, he replied, "I wish he was!" uttering a deep sigh, and spoke no more for a long time. Sometimes he would be very talkative; after long silence, or writing on parchment in a strange hand, as they thought, his mother often wondered where he got all the parchment, and Mrs. Edkins added, "I thought he was a lawyer before his time," and she thinks he chose to be articled to an attorney for the purpose of getting at old law hands: remembers the old deeds that came from the muniment room were used for any purpose, and at one time indiscriminately; and that there were many of them covered with strange figures of men's heads, &c., on the backs (perhaps of his drawing) as he could draw a little.

His person she well remembers, and thinks she could draw his picture; his air was proud; indeed all the family were proud, (I use her words) and he the proudest of them all. He had an uncle, a carpenter, who went to London before Chatterton was born. The father of Chatterton was a man of talent; but very negligent and ungenerous to his wife; he frequented singing clubs, and often refused her necessary money for the family.

A week before the news of Chatterton's death reached his mother, she had received a letter from him, and sent for Mrs. Edkins to read it to her. She was in tears and very uneasy; and although

Mrs. E—— used every argument to lessen her concern, saying, it was only one of his reveries, she would not be persuaded to consider it otherwise than as ominous. The letter stated, that walking in a church-yard a few days before writing, he had quitted the path, and wandering among the graves, he suddenly found himself on his face in one, by stumbling; but he added, in his humorous way, "it was not the quick and dead together;" for he found the sexton under him, who was digging a grave.

Mrs. Edkins said she loved the boy like a child of her own: he had seldom much money to spend, and she gave him frequently, when with Lambert, money to buy paper. On hearing him say, with a sad countenance, (for when with him he always looked full of trouble) "that paper is all gone," explaining to her that Lambert had got at it and destroyed it because written on, on subjects not appertaining to the office; and when he found his (Chatterton's) paper even in his drawer, he would frequently tax him, as if he ought not to have any, and, with great ill-nature in his manner, ask him where he got it? and on being answered, "very honestly," even this mild reply would only irritate Lambert, and he would instantly tear it, and throw it at him with great brutality, especially when covered with manuscript; and Mrs. Edkins thinks this conduct of his master grieved him most of anything, for he used to regret these ravages, not so much the letters written to friends, for those he said he could re-write, but his poetical compositions were for ever lost!

Once, she relates, that she went with Mrs. Chatterton to Mr. Lambert's, and Mrs. C—— asked Mr. Lambert, on his coming in, if her son was a good apprentice? adding, she hoped he was; to

which Lambert replied in the affirmative, "But there was no keeping boys from idleness." On which Mrs. Edkins observed, she trusted he did not neglect his business. "Are you," said he, "then of his kin?" and on her replying, "to be sure" (alluding to his always calling her his foster mother) he replied, "No otherwise than by neglecting to read law books." This encouraged her to speak in praise of his character and good qualities, when he interrupted her angrily, and said, "He wrote stuff," alluding to his poetry; and on her saying, if he was encouraged he could write anything, he grew cool, and almost rude.

This Lambert had ten pounds with him from Colston's school; and that which hurt Chatterton's feelings most, and made him speak of it with sighs was that he was made to take his meals with the servants.

Lambert, he said, had little business, and of course the clerk had little to do; but that, like the dog in the manger, he would neither employ him or let him employ himself; and that when he wrote a paper about killing himself, as worn out with vexations, she has no doubt he did it to induce Lambert (whom he represented to her as afraid of his own shadow) to let him go; for he once told Mrs. Edkins and his mother, that he would run away, if he could not get his dismission, as he was continually insulting him and making his life miserable.

This frightened them both, as they knew that if he did, he would be made to serve his time out in Bridewell if he was caught; and that, when she remonstrated with him on the subject, saying, "Why, Tommy, would you do this wrong thing?" he replied, with tears in his eyes, "To go to London in order to procure a guinea sometimes for his mother,

and some friend to hold him a little forward to enable him to help his dear sister." She never saw him in spirits, but mostly with a grave serious studying face.—(From every trait one may see he possessed a sort of grave humour.)

From twelve to seven, each Saturday, he was always at home, returning punctually a few minutes after the clock had struck, to get to his little room and shut himself up. In this room he always had by him a great piece of ochre in a brown pan—pounce bags full of charcoal dust, which he had from a Miss Sanger, a neighbour; also a bottle of black lead powder, which they once took to clean the stove with, and made him very angry. Every holiday almost he passed at home, and often, having been denied the key when he wanted it, (because they thought he hurt his health and made himself dirty) he would come to Mrs. Edkins and kiss her cheek, and coax her to get it for him, using the most persuasive expressions to effect his end;—so that this eagerness of his to be in this room so much alone, the apparatus, the parchments, (for he was not then indentured to Mr. Lambert) both plain as well as written on, and the begrimed figure he always presented when he came down at tea time, his face exhibiting many stains of black and yellow,—all these circumstances began to alarm them; and when she could get into his room, she would be very inquisitive, and peep about at every thing. Once he put his foot on a parchment on the floor, to prevent her from taking it up, saying, "You are too curious and clear sighted—I wish you would bide out of the room—it is my room." To this, she answered by telling him, that it was only a general lumber room, and that she wanted some parchment, some of his old Rowley's, to make thread-papers of; but he was offended, and

would not permit her to touch any of them, not even those that were not written on. But at last, with a voice of entreaty, said, "Pray, don't touch any thing here," and seemed very anxious to get her away; and this increased her fears, lest he should be doing something improper, knowing his want of money, and ambition to appear like others. At last they got a strange idea, that these colours were to colour himself, and that, perhaps, he would join some gipsies, one day or other, as he seemed so discontented with his station in life, and unhappy.

Many were the uneasinesses that his singularities cost his mother; and until he was six years and a half old they thought he was an absolute fool, and often when correcting him told him so; but at that period he began to know his letters. At seven he visibly improved, to his mother's joy and surprise; and at eight years of age he was so eager for books, that he read from the moment he waked, which was early, until he went to bed, if they would let him.

About nine she thinks he entered Colston's school, and was very proud of his election, thinking he should then get all the learning he wanted; but soon seemed much hurt, as he said, "he could not learn so much at school as he could at home, for," he said, "they had not enough books." At seven years old he was tenderly sensible of every one's distresses, and would frequently sit musing in a seeming stupor: at length the tears would steal, one by one, down his cheeks; for which, his mother, thinking to rouse him, sometimes gave him a gentle slap, and told him he was foolish; and when asked what he cried for, he would say, "Sister beat me—that's all." At eight a great change took place. When twelve years of age he could not bear to hear of any one suffering; and

passing over the Drawbridge, where at that time many beggars plied, she has seen him distribute all the halfpence he had in his pocket, and do without what he was going to purchase for himself; or if he had no money, and she gave a penny for him at his request, he would say, "he loved her for it, as much as if she had given it to himself." At that time he wished to be bound to Barrett; but Barrett objected to it, she thinks, and she doubts if he was kind to him.

His absence of mind was remarkable at times. She has asked him if he had put a letter into the post that she desired him to take there; and after she had repeated, "Did you? did you?" a great many times, he would start and say, "What were you talking of?—well I put your letter in ten minutes after you gave it me, to be sure I did;" and then, relapsing into his reverie, fetch a sigh from the bottom of his breast. A Mr. Carey was his most intimate friend; but he sometimes grieved him greatly,—once by reminding him of a debt of twenty shillings, before Mrs. Edkins,—this he could not bear.

His female intimates were many, and all very respectable, but a Miss Thatcher was his favourite. He talked like a lover to many, but was seriously engaged to none. He liked their company at the tea-table, and was immoderate in the indulgence in tea, drinking usually six or seven cups, telling her often when she was making it, "I'll stick to you to the last!"—but strong liquors he avoided, even when induced by importunity, and she never heard of his being intoxicated in his life. His language was always chaste; no improper expression ever fell from his lips before her, on any subject.

He was fond of Sunday rambles; but he would

take only a piece of bread and cheese in his pocket, and quench his thirst at the brook, returning home quite weary, yet never indicating it by word. When wet, they would make him change his stockings, but he would never propose it; and if he staid a little by the fire to rest or warm him, and so made it after eight o'clock, he would say, with a sigh, "Well, I must go, I suppose now, to be reproved;" on which his fond mother bid him always lay the blame on her, if too late at home.

Occasionally he would describe his long walks, but not generally. It should seem they laughed at him for these excursions at times, asking him, if his bread and cheese was not sweet on the cold grass? but he took all in good part from his bosom friends; and when he went to London (against Mrs. Edkins's advice) he told his sister, "that for all the good tea she had given him, he would, if he did well, send her as good a tea-pot and stand of silver as money could purchase." She had, she says, then a presentiment that she should see him no more, and entreated him to write if he failed in his expectations, that they might send for him back with speed.

His taste for satire had once, she says, nearly brought him into a fatal mischief. He related to her, that going one evening, after dark, over the Drawbridge, he was knocked down. At first he lay stunned, but on recovering his senses, he found the assailant repeating his blows, and exclaiming every time, "D—n you, I'll spoil your writing arm!" Chatterton called loudly for the watch, he said, but no watchman was on the stand; and had not some person come from a house near, (at which the man fled who had assaulted him) he thought he should have been killed; adding, "He did not spoil my writing arm:—no, but he spoiled my

coat, almost as great a misfortune; and I must not, I believe, write again." He was then only sixteen. At what age she does not know, but she says Wheatly painted his picture, (most likely when in London) and her son had seen it. His mouth, like that of his father's, was very large, and his uncle in London had a son who very much resembled him.

Thus much for Mrs. Edkins's account of the poet, which I have given as near as possible in her own words—without comment, as I think they give a very clear idea of his character, and seem to bear the stamp of truth. Of the mother of Chatterton, and his family, she also gave me, at the same time, some anecdotes. Mrs. Edkins, her mother, and her aunt, used to fetch Mrs. Chatterton plain work, to assist her in bringing up her family, and often themselves stitched the wristbands and collars of the shirts, in order to help her on, having great personal regard for her. She, Mrs. Edkins, (once a Miss James) having been among the scholars to Chatterton, the father, whom she represents always as a very brutal fellow, with a mouth so wide that he could put his clenched fist into it! The house he first lived in had only two sitting rooms, and he often passed the whole night roaring out catches, with his pot companions, or writing music for old Mr. Wells, musician—neglecting his prudent wife, and when reproached with it by her friend Mrs. E——, and asked what he married her for? he coolly replied, "Solely for a housekeeper!" Once at school she saw the old parchments and books so much talked of, and said to Chatterton, the father, "Why, I remember those papers were in Canning's house, and the church room," at which he was angry, and bid her hold her tongue, putting them up directly out of

sight, having that day been showing them to some gentlemen whom she did not know.

With respect to these papers, she remembers, when she was about seven years old, having seen them in that room which was called the King's room in Canning's house, when she lived there with her uncle, who was in the glass concern, and who generally kept the room locked up; but once or twice she went in, and saw the coffers with old papers, and three bound books, very thick folios, in which she and her companions tried to read, but could only make out one, a sort of account-book, wherein a goose was charged a groat, a fat sheep one shilling and sixpence, a lean one one shilling, a day's work a penny, as they thought; and she told her uncle they were wicked people to give no more, who replied, it was as much as a shilling then. They also saw in this room a large crucifix, very white, and she was frightened, thinking at first it was a dead man, as it lay on one side on the ground, close to the wall by the window.

Another time they opened a cupboard, over their play room, and near her uncle's room, where they saw a small crucifix; and began to think that the Catholics of former times killed people. They never ventured there any more. She also well remembers the coffer or coffers being removed by men with poles, to go to the church to be out of the way; and that there was a bath in Canning's house close by the chapel, paved with black and white slabs of marble, which had a brass cock to let in water, and a plug to let it out; she and her play-fellows having often bathed there secretly, until they got colds and so were found out. Mrs. Chatterton, she said, knew of these books as well as herself, and begged Mrs. Edkins never to mention them, thinking she might be blamed. The

covers were of parchment, and yellow by time; but the leaves, she thinks, were paper.

She saw Mrs. Chatterton soon after the death of her son, and the interview brought on a fit of hysterics in the mother. She told her she came chiefly to inquire after her health. "Aye," she said, "and something else." She then burst into a flood of tears, and they sat and wept together, but no more was said till they parted.

NOTE.—In this narrative I have placed before the country all the facts I was, at the time stated, able to gather from the parties with whom I had repeated interviews, and which should then have been published, had not a Mr. Cromac, editor of Burn's Miscellanies, undertaken to augment them, which he never lived to do. As far as they go, they are valuable statements, not merely to the antiquary, but to every man who admires the genius of a youth of too much sensibility to be able to resist the stormy elements with which he was surrounded from his infancy; and although winged for the skies, unable, from adverse circumstances, to expand his pinions in the full light of day in all their meridian glory.

APPENDIX. B.

CHATTERTON'S FIRST POETICAL PRODUCTION, COMMUNICATED BY WILLIAM TYSON, ESQ., F.S.A.

THE principal object of this communication is to identify the first poetical production of Chatterton; and, with that view, to prove that, instead of having commenced writing poetry after he was twelve years old, as stated in his sister's letter to Sir Herbert Croft, he published the "verses on the Last Day" to which she refers, and which are now for the first time reprinted, a few weeks after he had attained the *tenth* year of his age. Some other pieces will also be added to the juvenile productions of Chatterton that have hitherto remained unrecognised.

In the letter of Mrs. Newton, Chatterton's sister, to the author of "Love and Madness," detailing her recollections of the circumstances of her brother's life, she states that at *twelve* years old he was confirmed by the bishop; and she adds, "Soon after this, in the week he was door-keeper,(*a*) he made some verses on the Last Day, I think about eighteen lines.—Some satirical pieces we saw soon after."(*b*)

a At Colston's School.

b The works of Thomas Chatterton, vol. III, p. 460.

Mrs. Newton's communications in this letter are evidently what they profess to be, the result of recollection, and on a subject, as she acknowledges, painful to the writer, as well as undertaken at a period of ill health. With respect to dates, therefore, it is exceedingly probable that mistakes should occur, and especially where they do not tend to affect the credibility of the circumstances to which they relate.

That Mrs. Newton was incorrect in asserting that it was not till after he was twelve years old that Chatterton produced his first poetical attempts, is apparent from the statement of Sir Herbert Croft, that the satirical verses entitled "Sly Dick," as well as the Hymn for Christmas Day, were written by Chatterton at about the age of eleven ;(*c*) information which he must have derived either from Mrs. Newton, or from her mother, Mrs. Chatterton. The inaccuracy of Mrs. Newton's memory with respect to the date of her brother's first poetical efforts, is further proved, beyond all controversy, by the fact that the verses entitled "Apostate Will" bear the date in Chatterton's own hand writing, of April 14, 1764,(*d*) when he was not quite eleven years and five months old.

This point being established, it remains to determine to what limit Mrs. Newton's inaccuracy upon the subject may reasonably be supposed to extend.

There can be no doubt of the correctness of Mrs. Newton's statement, that her brother began to write poetry soon after he was confirmed. Her error, as to his age when he produced his first poetical efforts, arose from the period she assigned to his confirmation ; and the question about to be

c Ibid, vol. I, p. 1. *d* Ibid. vol. I. p. 10.

raised is, whether that event did not take place when he was ten years old, instead of twelve, as stated by Mrs. Newton.

In support of the assumption of the inaccuracy of her memory, in reference to the date of her brother's confirmation, it should be recollected that her letter was written on the 22nd of September, 1778, fourteen years after the period assigned by her as that when the event took place: and when the circumstances under which she wrote are also considered, it appears but reasonable to conclude that whether fourteen or sixteen years had elapsed since the period to which she refers, was a point on which her memory was not unlikely to prove fallacious.

Neither is there any improbability to contend with in assigning Chatterton's confirmation to so early a period of his life. More than five years had then elapsed since "the wond'rous boy" fell in love, to use his mother's expression, with the rudiments of literature; and such was the ardour he evinced in the pursuit of knowledge, that at the very time to which it is contended the circumstance of his confirmation should be assigned, he was in the habit, as his sister informs us, of expending what was given him for pocket money in hiring books from a circulating library.

In addition to these suggestions in favour of the supposition that Chatterton was confirmed at the age of ten instead of twelve years, the verses themselves, now produced as those which he wrote upon the occasion, combined with the circumstances connected with their publication, may be confidently adduced as tending in a very high degree to establish the position. Beside the identity of subject, they consist of sixteen lines, approximating to Mrs. Newton's statement in that respect, as nearly as

can be expected from the indeterminate manner in which she expresses herself; they contain abundant internal proof of the juvenility of the writer; they were inserted in the Bristol newspaper to which Chatterton, as well as his literary associates, were subsequently in the habit of communicating their productions; and they appeared in the seventh week after he had attained the tenth year of his age.

If the reasons thus stated should be considered sufficient to establish the fact that Chatterton was confirmed when he was ten instead of twelve years old, there can be no doubt as to the identity of the following lines, as those which he composed on the occasion. It is with a feeling of gratification that they are rescued from the obscurity in which they were enveloped, and placed before the public eye, as exhibiting the flutterings of the unfledged eaglet.

"ON THE LAST EPIPHANY, OR CHRIST COMING TO JUDGMENT.

"Behold! just coming from above,
The Judge, with majesty and love!
The sky divides, and rolls away,
T' admit him thro' the realms of day!
The sun, astonish'd, hides its face,
The moon and stars with wonder gaze
At Jesu's bright superior rays!
Dread light'nings flash, and thunders roar,
And shake the earth, and briny shore;
The trumpet sounds at heaven's command,
And pierceth thro' the sea and land;
The dead in each now hear the voice,
The sinners fear and saints rejoice;
For now the awful hour is come,
When ev'ry tenant of the tomb
Must rise, and take his everlasting doom."(a)

The notice of the reader shall now be directed

a Felix Farley's Bristol Journal, January 8, 1763.

to a satirical poem by Chatterton, hitherto unknown as such, and probably his first production in that class of composition. It was published in the seventh week after he had attained his eleventh year, and may consequently dispute the claim of priority with the verses entitled "Sly Dick," his earliest production hitherto known, and stated by Sir Herbert Croft to have been written about his eleventh year.

In Felix Farley's Bristol Journal of Saturday, December 17, 1763, and some following numbers, a succession of satirical attacks, in verse and prose, are inserted, on a churchwarden, who is accused of having ordered the levelling of the church-yard entrusted to his care, and of hauling away the clay to be used for the purposes of his trade as a brick-maker. One of the pieces states that the church-yard alluded to "is an appendage to the grandest structure in this city;" thus clearly indicating it to be that of St. Mary Redcliffe, the churchwarden of which for the year 1763 was Joseph Thomas; and by a familiar abbreviation of whose Christian name the person satirized is addressed in the lines about to be produced. With respect to their authorship, the locality of the circumstance to which they relate would directly point to Chatterton, in whose mind the subject could not fail of exciting an interest; in addition to which it presented a tempting opportunity of indulging the propensity to satire, which formed so prominent a trait in his character.

But Chatterton's title to the composition in question requires no other proof than a comparison with the satire entitled "Sly Dick," the commencement of which is here transcribed to facilitate the reader's immediate reference.

"Sharp was the frost, the wind was high
And sparkling stars bedeckt the sky;
Sly Dick in arts of cunning skill'd
Whose rapine all his pockets fill'd,
Had laid him down to take his rest
And soothe with sleep his anxious breast.
'Twas thus a dark infernal sprite."

. . . . . .

"THE CHURCHWARDEN AND THE APPARITION.

A FABLE.

"The night was cold, the wind was high,
And stars bespangled all the sky;
Churchwarden J*E. had laid him down,
And slept secure on bed of down;
But still the pleasing hope of gain
That never left his active brain,
Expos'd the church-yard to his view,
That seat of treasure wholly new.
'Pull down that cross,' he quickly cried.
The mason instantly complied;
When, lo! behold the golden prize
Appears—joy sparkles in his eyes,
The door now creaks,—the window shakes,
With sudden fear he starts and wakes,
Quaking and pale in eager haste
His haggard eyes around he cast,
A ghastly phantom, lean and wan,
That instant rose, and thus began:
'Weak wretch—to think to blind my eyes,
Hypocrisy's a thin disguise;
Your humble mien and fawning tongue
Have oft deceiv'd the old and young.
On this side now, and now on that,
The very emblem of the bat;
Whatever part you take, we know
'Tis only interest makes it so.
And tho' with sacred zeal you burn,
Religion's only for your turn.
I'm Conscience call'd;'—J*E greatly fear'd;
The light'ning flash'd, it disappear'd."(*h*)

The paper from which this poem is extracted, contains a letter, addressed to the printer, on the same subject, with the signature of "FULLFORD, *the Grave-digger*." To enter into any argument to prove

h Felix Farley's Bristol Journal, January 7, 1764.

that it was written by Chatterton would be trifling with the reader's judgment; for to no other person than the author of the "Bristowe Tragedy" would such a signature have occurred. The observation, however, should not be omitted, that this circumstance affords a decided proof of Chatterton's acquaintance with the subject of one of the finest of Rowley's poems, upwards of four years before the least intimation was given of the discovery of any ancient manuscripts. Here follows the letter.—

"Mr. Printer,

"Being *old* and having enjoyed my place many a long year, I have buried or rather dug the graves for one half of our parish; and could tell to an inch, *where* and *how* their bodies lie, and are ranged under grou. d:—and by this my skill am always consulted by my master, the sexton, where such and such a family are interred, and have never failed giving satisfaction in the discharge of my office. But, alas! I am like to be robbed, at once, of all my knowledge, procured at the expence of so many years' close study and application to business: for you must know, my HEAD MASTER, a great projector, has taken it into his head to level the church-yard; and by digging and throwing about his *clay* there, and defacing the stones, makes such confusion among the *dead*, and will so puzzle me, if he goes on, that no man *living* will be able to find where to lay them properly, and then he may dig the graves himself; for I foresee, I shall get the ill-will of the parish about it: for even the poor love to bury with their kindred: and all's but right that they should. I should be glad, therefore, to know the sense of the

public, whether any body has a just right, or needful call to dig in the church-yard, besides

"FULLFORD, *the Grave-digger.*

"P. S. As I intend dropping the business of Grave digger, now rendered so very troublesome, I propose renting my old spot of ground (the church-yard) when the green turf is all removed, and, for *decency's* sake, will prevent the *naked* appearance of it, by planting potatoes, raising some fine beds of onions, &c., as the mould is fat and good.—And I see no reason why I may not get a *profitable job* out of the church, as well as my GREAT MASTER,—as I find that's the game now-a-days, tho' decency, convenience, or the like, be the pretence.

This course of research might be successfully pursued, but enough has been done to point out a valuable source of reference to the future editor of the works of Chatterton.

FINIS.

J. S. Pratt, Stokesley, Yorkshire.

Just Published, Handsomely bound in Cloth, 5s.

THE HISTORY

OF

MODERN EUROPE,

FROM THE

COMMENCEMENT OF THE 16TH CENTURY TO THE YEAR 1850.

CONTENTS:

CHAP. I. View of the State of Europe to the 16th century.
II. Europe from the commencement of the 16th century to the Peace of Chateau Cambresis in 1559.
III. Europe from the accession of the Emperor Ferdinand, 1556, to the death of Henry IV. of France, 1610.
IV. England during the reigns of James I. and Charles I.
V. Europe from the death of Henry IV. of France to the Pyrenean Treaty, 1659.
VI. England during the Commonwealth and reign of Charles II.
VII. Europe from the accession of Louis XIV. to the League of Augsburg. 1686.
VIII. Great Britain and Ireland during the reign of James II.
IX. Europe from the League of Augsburg to the Conferences held at Gertruydenberg, 1710.
X. Europe from the Conferences at Gertruydenberg to the Treaty of Dresden, 1745.
XI. From the Scottish Rebellion, 1745, to the death of George II, 1760.
XII. From the accession of George III. to the Treaty between Russia and Turkey, 1791.
XIII. The French Revolution.
XIV. Europe from 1793 to the Treaty of Amiens, 1802.
XV. Europe from the Peace of Amiens to the Treaty of Tilsit, 1807.
XVI. From the Treaty of Tilsit to the dissolution of Napoleon's marriage.
XVII. War in Spain, 1810, to the Invasion of France by the Allies, 1814.
XVIII. From the Invasion of France to the Treaty of Peace, 1815.
XIX. From the Treaty of Peace to the French Revolution, 1830.
XX. From the French Revolution to the year 1850.

LONDON: PARTRIDGE AND OAKEY, PATERNOSTER ROW.

And may be had of all Booksellers.

A SELECT LIST OF BOOKS.

GENIUS AND INDUSTRY: the Achievements of Mind among the Cottages, by Edwin Paxton Hood. Dedicated, by permission, to the Earl of Carlisle. Cloth, 1*s.* 6*d.*

THE LITERATURE OF LABOUR; illustrious Instances of the Education of Poetry in Poverty; by ditto. Cloth, 1*s.* 6*d.*

THE GOOD OLD TIMES OF QUEEN BESS, by ditto. Cloth, 1*s.* 6*d.*

THE DARK DAYS OF QUEEN MARY, by ditto. Cloth, 1*s.* 6*d.*

SELF-EDUCATION: TWELVE CHAPTERS FOR YOUNG THINKERS, by ditto. Cloth, 1*s.* 6*d.*

THE PASTOR'S FAMILY; or, Faith and Fanaticism. By E. J. Standish. Cloth, 3*s.*

EMMA CLIFFORD; or, True and False Profession; 8vo. foolscap. Cloth, 3*s.*

PRAISE AND PRINCIPLE; or, For what shall I Live? 8vo. Cloth, 3*s.*

HOURS WITH THE MUSES, by J. Critchley Prince. Cloth, 1*s.* 6*d.*

DREAMS AND REALITIES, by ditto. Cloth, 1*s.* 6*d.*

THE MORNING OF LIFE; or, Thoughts for the Young; in Prose and Verse: Cloth, 1*s.*

LIFE OF EBENEZER ELLIOTT, the Corn Law Rhymer, by January Searle. Cloth, 1*s.*

LIFE AT HOME AND ABROAD; an Autobiography, by ditto. Cloth, 1*s.*

SHERWOOD FOREST, by ditto. Cloth, 1*s.*

THE COUNTRY SKETCH BOOK of Pastoral Scenes and Remarkable Places, by ditto. Cloth, 1*s.* 6*d.*

THE LIFE OF THOMAS CHATTERTON, by the author of "Pen Pictures," Cloth, 1*s.* 6*d.*

THE POETIC ROSARY: by J. Critchley Prince, Dedicated by permission to Charles Dickens, Esq. Handsomely gilt, 2*s.* 6*d.*

PEN AND INK SKETCHES OF POPULAR PEOPLE AT HOME AND ABROAD, Cloth, 1*s.* 6*d.*

LONDON: PARTRIDGE AND OAKEY, PATERNOSTER ROW.

92
C392 2
Dix, John 190219
The life of Thomas Chatterton

92
C392
190219

St. Mark's Library
The General Theological Seminary
175 Ninth Avenue
New York, N. Y. 10011

Please stamp date in left column, write your name legibly in center column and leave right column blank. Deposit circulation card in slot marked 'Circulation cards'.

There is no date due, but books must be returned promptly upon request. Do not lend books charged to you to others.
You are responsible for them.